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SECTION 1. PAGES 1 TO 16

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

IN endeavoring to frame up an Anti-Gambling Bill the Ottawa House has its work cut out. As a matter of fact, I very much doubt if such a bill can be enacted without unduly interfering with the rights and privileges of the subject. In Ontario, in the province of Quebec, and in the West a moderate amount of betting at race tracks is not only tolerated by a great proportion of the citizens, but is looked upon as a legitimate and time-honored institution. In this province there is unquestionably a wave of resentment against indiscriminate track betting, but at the same time the average citizen of Ontario is by no means given over to the idea that all race track betting should be done away with by a process of law.

We all realize that race tracks operated primarily for the bookmakers should have their claws cut. Tracks of the order of Fort Erie, and our more recent example, Dufferin Park, have no excuse for existence, but the condemnation of these gambling resorts does not make it by any means clear that a certain amount of betting should not be allowed upon the course operated by the Ontario Jockey Club. The cases are by no means parallel. One is managed by the first citizens of Ontario with the object of exploiting a fine old British sport, while the others are operated for the bookmakers, the horses and the racing being secondary considerations.

It is, however, quite possible to eliminate the bookmaker from Woodbine and still retain a certain amount of betting. In my opinion, the introduction of the Paris or French mutuals would be the solution of the question. The elimination of the book and the introduction of the Paris mutuals would in the first place do away with a certain number of shady characters who follow naturally in the wake of the bookmaker, and it would exclude all possibility of the bookmaker (a professional gambler) getting "next" to the jockeys, the trainers, and possibly the horses in an endeavor to make a killing. The Paris mutuals would naturally be operated by the Ontario Jockey Club, and a percentage of profits emanating from the same, could be given to charitable objects. Another point in favor of the Paris mutuals is the possible elimination of the small better, the man who cannot afford to lose the little he risks. The Paris mutuals would not recognize the "piker," the man with two dollars to bet. The lowest limit in the Paris mutuals is ordinarily $5, and this would naturally debar the very man whom the race track hurts from a financial point of view.

When E. B. Osler, M.P., vice-president of the Ontario Jockey Club, and also one of the executive board of the Toronto Stock Exchange, stated in the House of Commons that more men are hurt yearly in the stock market than on the Woodbine track, he is probably correct. Mr. Osler is a man of the world. He knows men and he knows conditions. He is practical. To him the world is real. He is not given to promoting theories brought to life amid musty books. He looks conditions straight in the face. He knows and we all know, or should know, that gambling is by no means confined to race tracks. If we are to teach the rising generations lessons which will bear fruit, we will be obliged to begin at the gambling at our own firesides; the games of bridge and poker and the dozen and one other devices and games of chance that are equally pernicious.

When we come to get to the very bottom of the gambling habit it is surprising how it reaches out into all conditions of life. The farmer gambles when he holds his wheat for a better price. The boy gambles when he plays marbles. The financier gambles in stocks and bonds. The real estate holder gambles when he buys and holds property for a rise. The miller gambles when he buys wheat for the season's grinding. Life insurance is a gamble, the company is betting against your dying before the time set in their mortality tables. The selling of marine insurance is a gamble, in fact, the very soul of trade and commerce is impregnated and infused with the gambling spirit.

Is it then anything remarkable that in addition to seeing a horse race one should desire to place a few dollars on his fancy?

The chief difficulty is that our reformers are, as Mr. Osler says, endeavoring to manufacture morality by acts of Parliament instead of by education and home and church influences.

I believe there is an earnest desire among Canadians to curtail race track gambling within reasonable limits, but it would be a grave mistake to imagine that any bill which Parliament might formulate and pass absolutely prohibiting, or more properly attempting to prohibit, the placing of bets on Canada's race tracks would result in anything more than an evasion of the law.

Confine horse racing in Canada to tracks that, like Cæsars wife, must be above suspicion, and curtail gambling to the Paris mutuals seems to be the only solution of the vexed problem.

⁂

A MAN who has not the nerve to sign his name writes in from Grand Valley, Ont., under date of December 3, regarding the series of articles on Cobalt mines which have been appearing in SATURDAY NIGHT. As an indication of what imbecility the mining craze will drive men to, I have but to quote one sentence: "I have it from the most reliable inside information that the property (Crown Reserve) is in the best possible shape, and will undoubtedly be selling at double its value inside of a year, when SATURDAY NIGHT will wish they had been on the other side of the fence."

For the benefit of this man, whoever he may happen to be, and others who may possibly be under a like misapprehension, I may state that so far as I am aware, no one connected with SATURDAY NIGHT deals in mining stocks. Personally, I have never bought nor sold a share of Cobalt stock. In fact, I believe in spending my own money, and have no intention of joining the ninety-five in every hundred who have lost their "wads" in Cobalt mines.

If the writer of the communication to SATURDAY NIGHT will get in touch with some disinterested mining man, competent of judging, he will probably find that the actual hard cash value of Crown Reserve at the moment is something like $3.50 per share. On its present showing, the stock is worth about this sum in real money. All over and above this price is a gamble. What the showings will be a year from now no one on earth knows, nor can they know.

There is no disposition on the part of SATURDAY NIGHT to undervalue the great mining possibilities of the Cobalt field or the Crown Reserve. What we have endeavored to do, however, is to warn people against buying mining shares on a margin; and, secondly, to tell those at the head of the great Cobalt mines that they should exhaust their energies in the camp rather than in the stock market. No good purpose is served when the president of a mining company such as the Crown Reserve continues to make statements which tempt people to invest in that property at its present prices. As I said before, it may be worth all Mr. Carson says it is, and more, and again, it may not. Not even the engineer in charge of the work is able to judge what the next year will bring forth.

My Grand Valley friend should bear in mind that an inside tip on a mining stock has about the same relative value and possibilities as an inside tip on a horse race.

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THE newspapers of the United States are giving much space to the details of the alleged plot whereby President Taft is to be side-tracked when the time comes for choosing his successor in 1912. The year 1912 is, as yet, a long way off as matters go politically, but if Mr. Taft in the next three years does not show a better grasp of public affairs than he has in his so far expired term, it should not be a hard task to find someone more amply qualified for the position. Smiling Bill as the chief executive officer of the United States of America has not proven a howling success. Even his friends admit this.

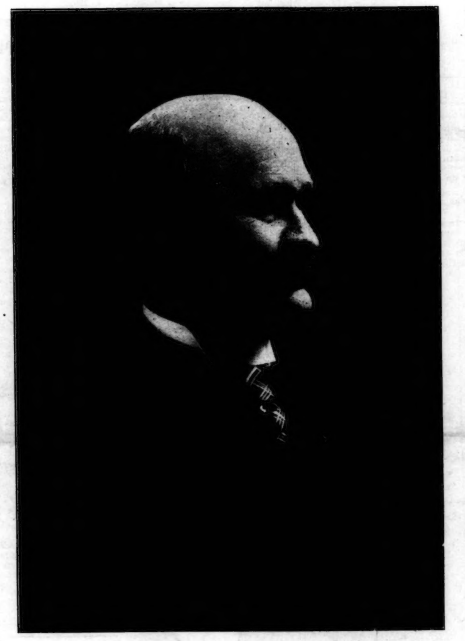
⁂

DURING the recent visit of Mrs. Pankhurst to Canada, I took occasion to refer to the methods of the English suffragette and the success of the movement—attained and attainable—in both Britain and Canada. A reply, in which the writer singes my back hair, will be found in another column. For one thing, "Mary Brown" objects to being placed on a pedestal. Have your own way, Mary Brown. She wants a vote in place of a pedestal. She desires to grind right into the dirt of politics. If it suits her I have no objection, though I very much doubt if the average woman will agree with her point of view.

However, when Mary Brown cavils at my statement that women receive considerations on this continent which are almost unknown abroad, she is in the first place doing Canadian men an injustice, and she is, moreover, placing Canadian women in a false position. If Mary Brown resided for a time in Germany, or France, or Belgium, or Russia, or Spain, or Italy, or even in England, she would in all probability come back with a better idea of the treatment generally accorded women on this continent. In Continental Europe a woman of the middle or lower class is more than a household drudge; she is a beast of burden. Whoever saw a Continental of these classes carrying a bundle when the woman was along? He marches on before, arms free, and she brings up the rear with the week's marketing on her head. In England the blacking of boots for the household falls to the lot of the servant girl if that particular establishment does not rise to the eminence of a "boots."

I would also like to set Mary Brown right on the question of the husband's responsibility for the debts of his wife. Mary Brown is sadly mixed in regard to this clause in our laws. The fact that a husband is responsible for the debts of his wife is in no sense a protection to him; quite the reverse. Men do place their property in their wives' names as a business precaution, but this is a very different matter from that to which I referred.

Mary Brown, in her communication, points to a "late finding," which makes "a wife a man's chattel, and he has the right to bestow his affections where he will, whereas the husband can sue and get damages in a similar case. If the facts of the case justify Mary Brown's conclusions, then I would suggest a commission of lunacy for those concerned.



H. C. McLEOD, FINANCIER.

Mr. McLeod, General Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has long been in favor of a governmental inspection of banks, and quite recently issued a pamphlet on the subject.

However, this case might be matched with the one in Brockville, where the husband was shot in the leg by the angry wife, and where nothing was done with the woman, save fining her for shooting off firearms within the city limits.

In conclusion, allow me to state, Mary Brown, that the rather unsavory inference drawn by you that men are considerate to women employes from ulterior motives only, or, to put it even more baldly, for what they hope to receive or do receive in return, is unworthy of you and quite worthy of a muck-raking magazine.

⁂

FROM present indications there is every reason to believe that the cause of woman suffrage is gaining ground on this continent. It's at least the fashion of the hour, adopted from our English sisters in much the same manner as are the latest things in British dress-goods. Whether the women of Canada and America have the tenacity, cohesiveness and persistency to follow the fight to the point where they can duly impress the men of these two countries with the fact that a sufficient number of them are in earnest, remains to be seen. When that time arrives, if it does, then the "lords of creation" will unquestionably grant their requests.

In Colorado where women have the right of ballot, there is now a movement on foot to send a woman to Congress. However, this is a revival, as it were, of the woman's interest in political affairs in that State for we are told that ever since the franchise was granted them, back in 1893, there has been but a languishing interest in political matters among women. Year after year the woman vote had fallen off. Without a protest, offices, which had been formerly filled by women, were taken away from them and placed at the disposal of the men. It was not until Judge Lindsey, of Denver, loomed into the lime-light that the women of Colorado again began to take an active interest in politics. Ben Lindsey proved himself a shrewd man as well as a good one, and he saw with a clear eye that his only chance to attain the desired end as a political figure, and incidentally beat out the political ringsters opposed to him, was to interest women. This he succeeded in doing, and at the same time he galvanized into life a new and, for the moment at least, a strong woman interest, in political affairs.

A contributing factor in this Colorado revival is, of course, the suffrage movement in England, and the visit to this continent of such women as Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Snowden.

It is, as yet, by no means proven, however, that Colorado women are prepared to stick to politics as are the men of the community. Perchance when the interest abroad in the movement lapses and wanes, as it may and as it has done from time to time, then the Colorado women may, in spite of the franchise, again sink into political lethargy. Only time will tell, but in the interval the experience in Colorado is an argument against the franchise rather than for it; and that on the best possible grounds—a general lack of interest and appreciation.

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IN Montreal, the other day, two women clerks, employed by D. H. Tolman, the loan shark, appearing before Mr. Justice Trenholme, were sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred dollars each, or in event of these sums not being paid to be confined in jail for the term of three months. This is the second occasion upon which the Montreal courts have felt obliged to arrest and fine women clerks in the employ of this old usurer, while in the city of Winnipeg justice in equal measure has been meted out. The pity is that Tolman cannot be gathered in, but the old fox is too sly for that. He decamps when trouble looms, placing his usury business in the hands of young women, many of whom are unaware of the serious consequences that ordinarily follow.

I am mentioning the case here for the reason that this same man Tolman is still operating in the city of Toronto. His advertisements, incorporating the statement that money will be advanced to salaried people and others without security, are appearing daily in the newspapers of this city, and it is to be presumed that the nefarious trade of gathering ignorant poor people into the meshes of the 150 per cent. per annum game is being carried on here as it was in other large Canadian centres previous to the intervention of the officers of the law.

The Usury Act clearly states that it is an indictable offense to charge more than 12 per cent. per annum for small loans, and this enactment the Tolman outfit has been breaking every day in the year. It seems strange that the trade of usury, indictable under a Dominion Act, and enforced in cities like Montreal and Winnipeg, should be allowed to thrive in Toronto.

If D. H. Tolman, who resides somewhere in the U.S., dared show his face in Montreal, he would unquestionably be clapped in jail without the option of a fine, but here, in Toronto, passing strange as it may appear, he is not only allowed to carry on his trade unnoticed by the officers of the law, but has the supreme impudence to call attention to his business in the columns of the daily papers.

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BRITISH Tories are highly elated at the action of the House of Lords in respect to the Lloyd-George Budget. On the other hand, the Liberals, the Socialists and the Labor party are also greatly pleased by the fact that their hereditary enemies, the Lords, have placed themselves in such a compromising position. So, under the circumstances, everyone should feel happy, but do they?

That the Lords in rejecting the Budget—Lord Lansdowne's plea that the Budget is not rejected, but merely shelved for the time being is not to be taken seriously—are assuming risks of a partial, if not a total eclipse, there is no denying. The gravity of the situation was so excellently summed up by Lord Loreburn, Lord Chancellor of the United Kingdom, when he arose in the House of Lords to reply to Lord Lansdowne, that I cannot do better than quote it in part:

"It will be, in my opinion, impossible that any Liberal Government should ever again bear the heavy burden of office unless it is secured against a repetition of treatment such as our measures have had to undergo for the last four years.

"If we (the Liberals) fail in the coming General Election, it will only be the beginning of a contest which can only end in one way. If we succeed, I hope we shall not flinch from that which will have to follow. We have not provoked this contest, nor at any time desired it, but we are not afraid of it. I hope that we will none of us fail to do our duty in preserving the Constitution of our country."

Lord Loreburn is described as having spoken slowly and clearly, without a moment's hesitation. He went straight for the constitutional point. He brushed aside Lord Lansdowne's sophisms. Was this rejection of the Budget legal? Yes. Was it constitutional? No.

Then, very simply and clearly, preaching like a St. Augustine to the barbarians, he tried to set forth to these "wild men" the elements of the British Constitution. First they laughed and sniggered, but in the end they listened. For it was with a touch of that old-world, noble enthusiasm that inspired Chatham and Edmund Burke that Lord Loreburn spoke of that strange mystic entity, the ancient "Constitution" of those islands. The phrases fell like blows, and then—in one short, quick sentence, which summed up all—"My lords, it is a step towards a constitutional revolution."

The speech was worthy of the man and worthy of the moment.

That Lady Cardigan's "Recollections" have under the circumstances been utilized as fuel with which to feed the flames against the Lords is not surprising. Even the staid old London Times admits that the picture as drawn by her is dark and likely to discredit the standing and character of Britain's hereditary rulers.

"It is a picture," says The Times, "of people who regard themselves as the cream of the earth, who have no serious occupation, and who spend their whole time in hunting, drinking, and making love to each other's wives

—a most delightful object-lesson, in fact, on the ancient adage about Satan and idle hands and mischief; and Lady Cardigan tells us all about it without the least affectation of being shocked."

To this The Review of Reviews adds its quoto in the following language: "Lady Cardigan, the widow of two nobles, who has rejected half the peerage who sought her hand in marriage, who is the personal friend of the King, and who still reigns in octogenarian majesty over her vast estates, is an unimpeachable witness. And what does her testimony amount to? So far as it goes it suggests to the masses of the common people of England that the aristocratic order which is now attempting to usurp supreme power over this nation is, from a moral point of view, very much like the aristocratic order which came to an end by the guillotine in France. For long years judgment hath tarried. But who knows but that the day of reckoning, the day of the wrath of the Lord, may be near at hand?"

⁂

THERE is a movement on foot here in Canada to raise funds for placing in Westminster Abbey a stained glass window in memory of the late John Bunyan. It's a case of better late than never, I presume. The late John, or "Pilgrim's Progress" fame departed this life two hundred and twenty-one years ago, and now the British nation, or at least a section of it, has awakened to the fact that one of the greatest writers of all times should be honored. Public appreciation for the really great is certainly a thing of slow growth.

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THE *denouement* of the Royal Commission's investigation into the buccaneering methods of the Montreal City Council seems to be at hand, for those more or less closely in touch with political affairs in Montreal and in Ottawa are said to be fully aware of the reasons why the investigation was brought to a sudden termination. It will be remembered that the small fish, in the City Council and out of it, were, during the sessions of the Royal Commission, fairly well landed, and it is also well to recollect that just at the moment when the bigger fish were in the process of being driven into the net, the investigation was called off. It now develops that had the investigation continued for even a few days longer, there would have been nothing to do but send at least eleven aldermen to jail for bribe taking. The men who handed out the coin were also to be considered. Both the bribe givers and the bribe takers were more or less in politics, and it was finally concluded by the Ottawa powers that be, that it would never do to proceed further.

So it was that Mr. Justice Cannon received orders to quit. That the Royal Commissioner did his full duty so far as he was able is generally admitted, but why was it found necessary to call off the investigation just at the time when results of importance were in sight?

In justice to Mr. Laflamme, K.C., it may be stated that on behalf of the citizens' "scrubbing committee" he asked that the enquiry be reopened.

Why was not the investigation continued? The question has so far remained unanswered. Perhaps a word or two in the Ottawa House might elicit some information.

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PUTTING the question in the House the other day in reference to the Rush-Bagot Convention which at the moment is not being scrupulously observed by the United States, Hon. George E. Foster stepped on dangerous ground. That the United States has placed more war vessels on the Great Lakes than is allowable under the convention, there is no doubt, and further that this procedure is in no wise meant as an unfriendly action toward Canada, there is also no doubt. The danger in the proceedings is that it sends jingoes off at half cock. In the organization of a great navy the Great Lakes naturally come in for some consideration from the United States. Not particularly because they are great lakes and lick our territory, but because the United States territory adjoining contains a large population which very naturally wishes a hand in the big naval programme.

Pretty soon we will have a naval programme of our own, such as it is, and then in all human probability we will want to build warships on the Great Lakes. In any event it appears certain that the Rush-Bagot Convention, which has taken good care of us all on both sides of the line for nearly a hundred years, is about to be abrogated. It remains to be seen what terms can be arrived at in a newly worded convention, for negotiations upon these lines must come sooner or later, or else the treaty will be entirely abandoned.

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SOME people are growling because it costs $8 per day to maintain the Toronto small-pox hospital, with only one patient in it. I see no way out of this but to allow the patient to stroll around until sufficient other patients are accumulated to bring down the average.

THE COLONEL.

Save the Wild Game.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Sir,—Now that another hunting season is past, I should like to draw the attention of our deer hunters to two amendments to the game laws which I submit ought to be made at the next meeting of the Legislature, when it is understood that they are to be revised, i.e., prohibiting the killing of does, and also the practice of "calling" in moose hunting.

The killing of cow moose was put a stop to some years ago, and why should not the same measure of protection be extended to the red doe?

To shoot one doe in the Fall just means that in nine cases out of every ten the number of deer in the woods the following season will be diminished by three. It has been urged that in the majority of cases it is a difficult matter to distinguish a buck from a doe, but the same excuse is quite applicable to the moose, and further, the antlers of the buck are at their prime during the hunting season. But apart altogether from the antlers as a distinguishing feature between the sexes, the man who cannot tell a buck from a doe at a reasonable distance, or even by their foot prints, would do well to take a few lessons from an expert before venturing out alone on a deer hunt.

Getting a pot shot at a bull moose by means of the method known as "calling" is so well known that there is no necessity to describe it here. Imitating the love notes of the female in order to beguile the head of her lord to the block is a very, very small piece of business, and ought to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every true sportsman. There are only a few weeks in the year when the opposite sexes of our wild animals, that bring forth their young only once a year, have any desire for the company of each other, and during that brief period it has been ordained that they should come together for the propagation of their species. All the hunter has to do is to take his stand by the side of a tree or bush, and with his birch-bark horn sound the call—it is a primitive and simple contrivance, and so easily made, that I have seen an Indian cut a section of bark from a tree, make the horn and give the call, all within five minutes. If there is a male within hearing distance there is at once an answer. The hunter keeps up the calls at proper intervals and the unsuspecting victim is within a few yards just as quickly as he can get there. Is this the average man's idea of fair play? The game has no means of finding out its danger except its native instincts, and when the lurking enemy is unmasked its only means of defence is a swift set of legs, while the hunter can choose his own time, his own covert, hears the victim approaching, knows exactly where to look for it, and is armed with the most death-dealing weapons that science and the ingenuity of man has been able to devise and construct. The moose is as easily stalked as is the red deer, in fact more so; his three native senses of hearing, sight and smell are no more acute or in more constant practice, while his huge bulk makes him a much more conspicuous object in the woods. Then why should the dice be thus kept loaded? Judging from the experiences which I have seen written up in the press, the main object of the hunter seems to be to procure a good head for an office or drawing-room and to be able to say, "I have slain a moose." I must say that I have never had any such ambition, and I would rather see one of the noble animals meandering through its native wilds than look upon the carcases of a dozen that my hand had bereft of life.

Let the taxidermist exhaust all his arts, use his most artistic skill, set up a head in the most approved style, and it is at best but an indifferent effigy of the same head when mounted on the neck of the live animal.

If a gentleman is anxious to kill a moose, let him shoulder his rifle and penetrate its haunts in open day, match his endurance and skill against the instincts of the game, then if he bags the prize he will be well able to repudiate the name of "pot hunter."

Yours truly,

JAMES DICKSON.

Fenelon Falls, Dec. 4, 1909.

One View of the Suffrage Question.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

My Dear Colonel,—In your issue of the 27th of November, writing of Mrs. Pankhurst and the methods of the English suffragettes, you extol the wonderful chivalry of the men on the North American continent. Well, perhaps?! The fact that a man does not ask his wife, or even the servant girl, to black his boots is no wonderful mark of knightliness. He would scarcely ask his brother to do this, and servant girls are not so prevalent that a man with ordinary intelligence would risk the consequences of such a request.

You think it would be a dreadful thing for women to go into the Ward at election time, but we have never heard of a man who did not think it a proper thing for women to visit the slums, take care of the sick there, and run all the risks of fever and contagion. You speak of the courts' preference to women. If to be classed with lunatics and idiots is a preference, they have—and if according to the late finding a wife is a man's chattel and he has the right to bestow his affections where he will, whereas the husband can sue and get damages in a similar case, if this is justice it does not seem like it, nor like preference.

The instance, you quote of women's preference in law: "the husband is responsible for the debts of his wife," is for the protection of business men, not women.

At the time Mrs. Turner was tried a few weeks ago we heard much through the papers of the gallantry of men; they would not hang a woman; but when it came to the brutal Blythe they were equally gallant towards him.

Besides, Colonel, do you think a woman on a pedestal would be a very companionable creature? You know the law holds she is not a person—another preference. Oh, no, Colonel, the men on this continent are not suffering from gallantitis any more than other men, and it is not chivalry withholds the vote from women. If man's gallantry were great enough to exempt women's property and income from taxation, and they were exempt from the laws made by men, there might be something to say about placing women on pedestals, but as things are now votes would be more practical (and comfortable) than pedestals. A pedestal is a good place for a plaster of paris bust, but the average woman has to get down from her pedestal on washing day. Things on pedestals are apt to get dusty and after the first few days of possession neglect is usually their portion.

As for a man forgiving errors in a woman employe—well, we have heard that men are more lenient with their stenographers than with their wives.

A little justice is better than flattery. If there are one hundred women paying taxes in this province without representation, whether they wish to use the vote or not, it is wrong not to extend to them the franchise. A mental qualification and a financial qualification should be the standard. And certainly if there are one hundred taxpaying women who wish the vote, justice says it should be theirs, and no blessing of hearts or placing on pedestals take the place of common old-fashioned justice.

Truly yours,

MARY BROWN.

Aylmer, Ont., Nov. 29, 1909.

Drunken Men on Street Cars.

Editor Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—I have been a reader of the Toronto Saturday Night for some years now, and I often notice the care that paper takes to bring questions, which need to be looked into, before the public. There is a certain matter which I would like to bring to your notice. That is the question of drunken men on street cars.

While returning from the theatre last Friday night, three drunken men boarded the car I was on. Instead of staying outside on the platform, they came in and filled the car with their oaths and disgraceful talk. They sat down beside a lady who felt very much insulted, and quite properly. I do not point this occasion out as being any worse than others. It is simply to show what goes on almost every evening on the street cars. We pay to ride on the cars and there is no reason why drunken men should be allowed to enter a car and insult people, especially ladies. We would not think of allowing a drunken man to enter our homes, and yet our mothers and wives and daughters are obliged to sit next a drunken man on a crowded street car and not only listen to the disgraceful language they use, which is enough to shock any respectable person, but in many cases they are basely insulted by them.

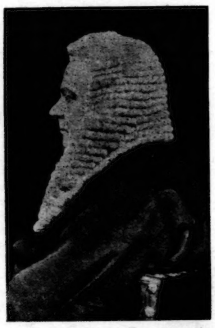
I know what the Street Railway Company say. They say, "These men pay their fare and therefore have a right to ride on the cars." Possibly this is so, but I think it is only right to demand that they should be made to stay out on the rear platform instead of going inside and making everyone present feel uncomfortable.

I hope you will see fit to bring this matter before the public. I am, yours respectfully,

C. S. McKEE.

Toronto, Dec. 6th, 1909.

THE LORDS AND COMMONS

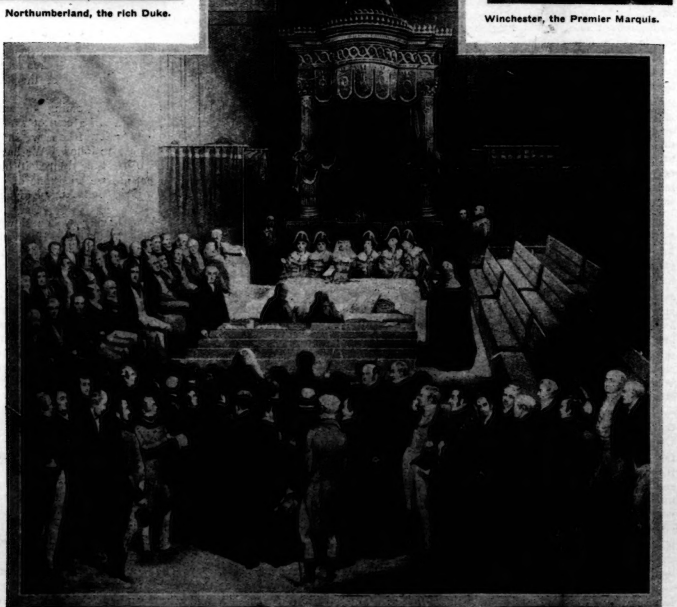


Lord Loreburn (Lord Chancellor), who condemned the "killing" of the Budget by the Lords.

THE BUDGET CRISIS OF 1909

Northumberland, the rich Duke.

Winchester, the Premier Marquis.



Historic Scene in the House of Lords During a Former Crisis. The Lords signing the Reform Bill of 1832. From an old print.

Marquis of Lansdowne, who in the Lords led the attack upon the Lloyd-George Budget.

Elegant English

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WALL PAPER

The attractiveness of your home depends on the effect of tasteful decorations. Appropriate Wall Paper is the first important consideration—yet only too often is it overlooked or neglected. No Room can be really inviting with the wall paper faded, soiled or inharmonious.

Come to our Store and let us suggest a decorative scheme within the limits of your appropriation.

We are Experts in Home Decoration.
Estimates submitted at short notice.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited
245 YONGE ST., TORONTO

WHETHER THE PLAY IS GOOD OR OTHERWISE

'tis well to end the evening with a little after-theatre Supper. The place to have that Supper is

THE ST. CHARLES GRILL
60-70 Yonge Street

A PAIR of SHOES

makes a suitable

XMAS GIFT

especially when they come from

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge Street
N.B.—Goods bought now may be exchanged after Xmas.

The Best Pudding

comes from the bowl into which the best ingredients go, and Michie's superior currants, raisins, spices, peels and flavorings do their part toward a satisfactory result.

A LITTLE SHERRY

or other good liquor, is also needed to ensure the keeping quality and improve the flavor.

The following are suitable liquors for cooking:

Michie's Cooking Brandy	$1.00 bottle
Michie's Cooking Sherry	.65 bottle
Michie's Cooking Port	.65 bottle
Michie's Cooking Whisky	.50 bottle

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West

BOND BUYERS

We have at all times attractive offerings in bonds.

Municipals to Yield, 4-5 per cent.

Corporations to Yield, 5-8 per cent.

Individual Requirements carefully considered and suggestions made

A. E. AMES & CO., LTD.
INVESTMENT BANKERS
7 King St. East, Toronto.

ASSETS $6,145,428
CAPITAL (authorized) $2,500,000
CAPITAL (subscribed) $1,500,000
RESERVE FUND $1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
TORONTO
DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$28.85	$29.50	$40.85	$41.60	$43.45

LIFE DEPARTMENT
ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED
27-29 Wellington St. East.
Phone M. 4000. Toronto.

Chief Office for Canada, Toronto.
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Toronto General Agents.

EMPLOYMENT OF RESERVE FUNDS

Industrial concerns frequently have surplus funds unemployed, or earning only a low rate of interest. Several of the most successful companies in Canada annually invest a portion of surplus earnings in standard bonds. For money soon to be re-engaged in the operation of business, short-term securities can be obtained, yielding from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent. For a permanent "RESERVE FUND," bonds of a longer maturity are desirable.

We can offer suitable bonds possessing all essential requirements.

Adequate security.
Easily convertible into cash.
Good interest return.
Acceptable as collateral.

Our long experience enables us to be of service in selecting the security and determining its suitability.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE TORONTO 26 KING ST. EAST
BRANCHES
MONTREAL—WINNIPEG—LONDON—ENG.

FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

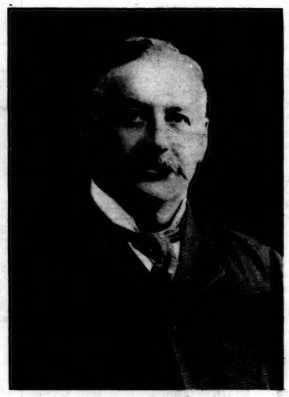
MONTREAL, Dec. 9, 1909.

THE financial arrangements of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co. have, for many years past, occasioned as much concern among those not financially interested as among the company's own shareholders. The recent action of the directors in giving a stock bonus of 20 per cent. and a dividend of 4 per cent. applicable to old and new stock, has occasioned further comment. Listeners might imagine that it was the intention of the directors to have the public understand that the accumulated profits of the past few years—which justified the stock bonus—consisted of cash. On the contrary, the explicit statement is made, in the circular calling a special general meeting of the company for Dec. 15, at New Glasgow that "The Directors have expended a sum exceeding $1,500,000 out of the earnings of the company, for improvements and extensions, which, in the ordinary course, would be payable out of capital account." These payments had to be made out of money which would otherwise have gone to dividends. The criticism formerly was that the directors were taking the money which should have gone to the shareholders and using it to build up the properties of the company. The property has now had the benefit of these diverted dividends and the directors are, in part, repaying the shareholders in additional stock based on these improvements. The company now owes the bank less than $600,000, which, if deducted from the accounts receivable, etc., leaves a balance in quick assets of $1,300,000.

⁂

Someone has a "Grouch."

—Reflections have also been cast upon the present directorate for recent financing in the past. They have, for instance, received the blame for the $1,400,000 bonds sold during the regime of John F. Stairs, at 87½. The criticism regarding the recent financing seems fully as intelligible, when the success of President Harris' plan is considered. It is stated on good authority, that the plan proposed by the Toronto and Montreal financers was the sale of six per cent. debenture stock at 90. As a matter of fact, the plan carried out by the company resulted in the sale of 5 per cent. bonds at better than 94, and provision for the future is seen in the $2,500,000 bonds and $5,000,000 debenture stock in the treasury of the company. On the whole, Montreal shareholders seem well satisfied with the situation and they interpret the recent action of the directors as evidence of their conviction that the company has now a clear track before it. The Scotia Co. has undoubtedly a great proposition, down there by the sea, and it begins to look as though the years of patient effort were at last beginning to bring their reward.



ROBERT E. HARRIS, K.C.,
President of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company.

⁂

How the animal Evoluted.

Most interesting are some statistics just compiled by Messrs. F. B. McCurdy & Co., brokers, of Montreal, Halifax and other places, and having a special interest in the Maritime Provinces. The development of "Scotia," from the early days of the blacksmith shop, is traceable in these statistics:

	Establ'd	Acquired	Invested
The Nova Scotia Forge Co....	1872	1889	$400,000
Nova Scotia Steel Co.....	1882	1889	
New Glasgow Iron, Coal & Ry. Co.....	1891	1895	$255,000
Wabana Iron Properties.....		1893	
General Mining Association.....	1889	1900	

The cash paid into the company from time to time has been as follows:

From original shareholders of N. S. S. & Forge Co. and New Glasgow I. C. & Ry. Co., as above	$ 655,000
From sale of $1,030,000 eight p.c. pfd. cumulative stock at 90.....	918,000
From sale of $2,000,000 common, at 92½....	1,850,000
From sale of Belle Isle property to the Dom. Iron & Steel Co.....	1,000,000
From earnings standing at credit of Reserve and Undivided profits.....	2,868,835
From sale of $3,500,000 five p.c. bonds and 1,000,000 six p.c. debentures.....	4,230,000
	$11,521,835
Deduct depreciation and difference between price realized by company on old 6 per cent. bonds and premium, at which they were retired, say.....	817,500
	$10,704,335

Outstanding securities are:

5 per cent. bonds	$3,500,000	
6 per cent. debenture stock.....	1,000,000	
Preferred stock	1,030,000	
		$ 5,530,000
		$ 5,174,335

Against an outstanding issue of $5,000,000 (soon to be $6,000,000 common stock.

From the above, it would seem that the watering cart had run dry before it got around to the street where "Scotia" lived.

Coal Field Reminiscences.

It is interesting to recall that Sir Charles Tupper was one of the shareholders of the General Mining Association, referred to above. At the time Scotia took the company over, he was in London and, commenting to a friend, said that it was one of the best investments he had ever made. Down in the same district, at Morien, was the first coal mine to be operated in America. Perhaps it would be more correct not to call it a mine. It was a seam, with an outcrop by the sea, and, in the old days of the French occupancy of Louisburg, the schooners used to run in and collect supplies from the outcrop of the seam. It is stated that Henry M. Whitney is still largely interested in a company which is mining coal from the old, original seam, known as the Gowrie seam. In the recent fight between the Dominion Iron and the Dominion Coal Co., much was heard of the Phelan seam, it being not a little mystifying to the man on the street how the experts could speak with such confidence of coal as being from that seam although taken at points, far apart, and not connected by any continuous workings. It would appear that one of the characteristics of the coal in Cape Breton—or in that section of Cape Breton—is that the seams carry their widths and qualities for great distances, the various strata maintaining their relationship to each other and being quite identifiable.

⁂

Talk about Ore in Sight!!!

The potential value of Scotia's properties does not seem to have struck home to Canadians, as yet. The company's engineers consider that the existence of 50,000,000 tons of iron ore has been proven at Wabana, Nfld. The company's properties are at the same point as those of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., which purchased from the Scotia Co., and are mainly sub-marine. Assuming that certain veins maintain their thicknesses, the company will have no less than 775,000,000 tons of ore on its 12½ square miles. The company's ore possibilities, however, do not stop even here, for beyond the limits of this property, Scotia owns no less than 26 square miles through which the seams referred to are supposed to extend. In any case, 50,000,000 tons are proven. Fifty cents per ton would be a poor profit, but even at that figure, the company has $25,000,000 worth of ore in sight. With this, and possibilities of many times as much, besides splendid coal fields in Nova Scotia, the directors do not need to apologize for a capital of $6,000,000. And if it be true, that capital was raised in order that the company might go into a merger at a higher figure, the shareholders will be the last to object.

T. C. A.

TORONTO, DEC. 9.

THE past few days have seen quite an upward movement in the stock of the Twin City Rapid Transit Company—a movement which carried the stock from 109⅞ to 113½. And there are those who are not indisposed to predict that ere the existing bull momentum has lost its force the stock will again stand at the high point for recent years, or considerably over 120. The reason for this flurry in Twin City is to be found in the fact that an appeal in which the company is vitally interested, has received its hearing before the Supreme Court of the United States and a successful termination of the case is very generally expected in view of the circumstance that previous reviews of the case in the lower courts have uniformally resulted in favor of the company. The controversy upon which this final appeal was based arose as the result of an ordinance passed by the City Council of Minneapolis, which required the company to sell six tickets for twenty-five cents. The company claimed that the ordinance was invalid and brought action to have it declared void. The company was sustained in its contention in the lower courts, as has been said, and the City Council thereupon carried the case to the highest tribunal in the Republic. As may be imagined, the ultimate winning of the case means much to the company; had it gone the other way there would have been a considerable decrease in earnings. Torontonians, however, will fail to see why the company should wish to get out of giving the ticket concession mentioned. You can rarely, though, induce a company to do anything not stipulated in its charter.

⁂

Addition to Dividend Not Improbable.

But the chances of emerging from a long course of litigation victorious is not the only thing which has directed the attention of the investing public to Twin City. The earnings for the current year, it may be said on credible authority, will run over ten per cent., and as the company has been paying only half the amount out to its shareholders as a return on their investment, the chances of an increase to six per cent. early in the coming year are most promising. Indeed, there are those who think that the company may make the increase retroactive to cover the whole of the year 1909. The Twin City company, it must be known, is in a position that is to be peculiarly envied. Not only has it long since fully occupied its territory, but the road-bed and the rolling stock have been practically renewed within the past decade. That would seem to preclude the possibility of any additions to the capital—by means of an issue of more common stock—as has been rumored. And some idea of the magnitude of this traction system may be had when one reflects that its earning capacity is about equal to that of the Toronto and Montreal systems combined. Mr. C. G. Goodrich, who recently succeeded to the presidency, was long recognized as one of the foremost constructive and operating traction experts in the United States, and under him many of the ablest street railway men across the line received their tuition. Only

Bank of Montreal
(Established 1817.)
INCORPORATED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

CAPITAL (all paid up),	$14,400,000.00
REST,	12,000,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS,	368,311.05

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

Board of Directors:
RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., HON. PRES.
HON. SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., PRESIDENT.
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., VICE-PRESIDENT.
E. B. GREENSHIELDS. SIR WILLIAM MACDONALD. R. B. ANGUS.
JAMES ROSS. HON. ROBT. MACKAY. SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.
DAVID MORRICE. C. R. HOSMER.

SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART., GENERAL MANAGER.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT—Connected with each Canadian Branch, and Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.
COLLECTIONS—At all points in the Dominion of Canada and the United States undertaken at most favorable rates.
TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT—Issued negotiable in all parts of the World.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
When remitting money use
Bank Money Orders
Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted).
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape.

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 6

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the half year ending December 31st, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this City, and at all of its Branches, on and after the 3rd day of January next to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of December, 1909.

By order of the Board.

R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.

Winnipeg, 23rd Nov., 1909.

A
DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDER
OR
FOREIGN DRAFT
IS A
MOST ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT
They afford the recipient an opportunity of purchasing that which he or she most desires.
IF TOO LATE TO SEND YOUR GIFT BY MAIL WE WILL BE PLEASED TO PAY THE AMOUNT BY
TELEGRAPHIC or CABLE
Toronto City Offices
48 Yonge Street 1330 Queen West

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal

Capital Paid-up - - - - -	$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - -	$1,277,404.49

Canadian Express Company

If you have occasion to send Money away, procure our MONEY ORDERS. They afford absolute security against loss.

When you are going travelling, obtain our TRAVELLER'S CHEQUES. They are the best and most convenient form for you to carry your funds. They are issued in various denominations, are payable in all countries, show on their face the exact amounts they are convertible for in each country, and are self-identifying. If lost or stolen you get your money back from the Company.

When you have any packages to ship, entrust them to us for transportation. We are forwarders to All Parts of the World.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

See our Patent Convertible Rail Table.

The perfect Combination Table for Private Residences.

OFFICE AND SHOW ROOMS: 67-71 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
Dealers in High-Grade Bonds
42-43 Bank of Ottawa Bldg., Montreal

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
Capital Paid Up 5,000,000.00
Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued
Available in any part of the World.
Special Attention Given to Collections.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
Interest allowed on Deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

AIDS TO INVESTORS

In addition to the attractiveness of the security itself, many little economies and conveniences—which in the aggregate are important—are available to purchasers of the 20-year 6 per cent. first mortgage bonds of the Canada Cement Company, Limited.

For instance, orders may be telegraphed at our expense. Bonds will be delivered without extra charge at the purchaser's bank. Copies of the Deed of Trust covering the bond issue may be consulted at our office or will be forwarded as will any other particulars on request.

We offer these bonds at par and accrued interest, to yield a full 6 per cent.

Royal Securities Corporation, Limited
164 St. James St. - - Montreal

The Home Bank of Canada

Head Office: King St. West.
Six Branches in Toronto.
The following five branches are open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock, for the transaction of savings account and general banking business.
78 Church St.
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst
Cor Bloor West and Bathurst
Cor. Queen East and Ontario
1686 Dundas St., West Toronto

"The Cigarette of Distinction"
"Craven"
A blend of various kinds of tobacco, of which the Turkish is just sufficiently predominant to give the cigarette individuality, distinction, character.
Ten for 15 cents

Halifax Shredded CODFISH
(NOT A BONE IN IT.)
Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.
IN TEN CENT PACKAGES AT YOUR GROCERS

DOCTORS
find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
HANSON'S DRUG STORE
444 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

within a very brief period the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company took six of Mr. Goodrich's graduates to occupy responsible positions in the Eastern metropolis.

⁂

Company Treats Its Men Handsomely.

Aside from being a man of great constructive ability, Mr. Goodrich—who is built along much the same ample lines as our own Mr. McGuigan—evidently knows, like the latter, how to handle men. He recognizes that contentment is the primary basis of honest effort, and that a body of men absolutely devoted to a company are only to be secured by proper treatment. For that reason Mr. Goodrich has made it a practice to increase the wages of all the men under his control, as the profits of the company warranted. And so great is their faith in him—their assurance that he will deal by them justly and fairly—that no organization has existed among them for fifteen years. The company thus keeps in its employment a body of men who are fully satisfied that their interests, at all times, receive fair consideration. And, as its attitude toward the men, so is its attitude toward the travelling public. The one is a reflection of the other. While the management of the Twin City company recognizes that there is no better asset in the street railway business than a satisfied body of employees and the good-will of the travelling public, people in Toronto will scarcely be able to imagine a street railway that does not do everything in its power to circumvent the desires of the travelling public and to make its passengers uncomfortable. But then the genial "Bob" Fleming did not have the advantage of a preliminary course under Mr. Goodrich ere he took up the reins of office in Toronto. Hence the public here get it in the neck, both from the company's management and from the company's employees.

⁂

Bank of Montreal's Record Reports.

The other day the annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal was held, and in the unavoidable absence of the president, Sir George A. Drummond, through illness, that other personage who did so much to bring the institution to its president unrivalled position, Sir Edward Clouston, occupied the chair. Now, Sir Edward is a man of few words; what he has to say is generally very much to the point. It was so in this instance. He did take occasion, however, to point out that the increase in the bank's deposits amounted to thirty-six million dollars, which must be considered as unusually large. Some of this increase, he said, was due to large payments in connection with special and temporary transactions, some was the natural increase from depositors who were sharing in the general prosperity of the country, but by far the largest proportion arose from money brought into Canada from other countries. He was not sure that if the consequences anticipated as a result of new methods of taxation in Britain were realized that the deposits from abroad in the near future would not be still further enlarged.

⁂

Low Money Rates Affect Profits.

Some years ago Lord Morley said that Sir Edward Clouston was the most fascinating man he had met while in Canada. This gentleman has been with the Bank of Montreal ever since he joined its staff as a junior clerk in 1865. Not often after he became general manager in 1890 has he been compelled to refer to decreased profits, but it was so on this occasion. There is, however, a very good excuse for this—one that will most likely affect most of the other banks in the country. The profits were stated to be some one hundred and thirty thousand dollars less than last year, due largely to the low rates ruling for the greater part of the fiscal year in London and New York. As the Bank of Montreal has huge sums of money out on call in Wall street at all times it can readily be imagined how directly its exchequer would be affected. "I am glad to say," observed Sir Edward—and this item of intelligence will be grateful to all in business both here and elsewhere—"that the outlook for the coming year, at least, for the earlier months, is more promising, and I shall be much disappointed if we do not make a far better showing when next we meet." In concluding his address Sir Edward said that he did not look for any great changes in the Bank Act as a result of the decennial revision that is to take place at the present session of Parliament. The Bank Act, in its present shape, he thought, had carried the country through some very trying periods, and, in addition, the note circulation, by means of its elasticity, enabled the banks to meet the crop moving requirements each fall without advancing rates to their commercial customers.

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Canadian Northern Bonds in Demand.

Scarcely a week passes over one's head that some new departure is not made by Mr. William Mackenzie or by that great railway corporation which he so largely controls. This week the president of the Canadian Northern announces that he has purchased two new steamers as the nucleus of a fleet for the Atlantic trade, and the company has run its first trains over that section of the road which lies between Ottawa and Quebec. Thus another very important link in the trans-continental system has been created, and by the time the Toronto-Ottawa line has been constructed, the company, aided by its own upper lake steamers, will be carrying freight from far beyond Edmonton clean through to England on its own cars and bottoms. In another five years Mr. Mackenzie hopes to see the Canadian Northern running its own trains into Vancouver and then, in all probability, trans-Pacific system of ships will be constructed. Mr. Mackenzie has returned from his recent trip to Great Britain more impressed than ever with the confidence that investors in the old land are prepared to show in Canadian securities. Perhaps it is not unnatural that Mr. Mackenzie should be thus enthusiastic. It would be an item of real news—though not a pleasurable one—were one called upon to recount a failure on his part to secure all the funds necessary to carry through to completion the constructive operations of his company. In the most recent appeal for additional funds with which to extend the Canadian Northern, there were received in London over seventeen hundred individual applications for stock—a much larger number than ever before.

⁂

Government to Investigate Mining Exchanges.

There will be quite a scurry to cover in certain brokerage circles some of these fine days. It is rumored in Ottawa that the Federal Government purposes instituting an investigation into certain abuses that are said to have crept into the operations on the Standard Mining Exchange in this city and on the Montreal Mining Exchange. Some of the Lambs have been monkeying with the buzz-saw, have had some of their fleece shorn, and now they want paternal legislators, sitting in the form of a Royal Commission, to tell them exactly how it happened. But to those who view these matters from an unprejudiced standpoint—separate and aloof, as it were, from this mad rush for easily earned pelf—it would not appear to be any part of the duty of the Government to protect fools unless it be to provide them with an asylum after they have been sufficiently convinced of their own folly. There are a whole lot of people in this town that had much better attend to their usual means of employment rather than sit around broker's offices inviting the System to enmesh them. Even at that, however, a Government enquiry might do some good by serving to draw attention to a few of the pitfalls that beset the unwary. There is the question of "wash sales" for example. Brokers on the Standard Exchange will tell you that these are few and far apart, but it is a well known fact that "wash sales" are frequently used to cloak various raw iniquities. There is one mining broker in this city who does business on the Standard Exchange for a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange; the market is so much wider on the former Exchange that it is frequently necessary to execute orders there rather than on the Toronto Curb. The mining broker in question never gives the client the best of it; the investor always buys at the top of the market and sells at the bottom—there is no intermediate position. At least, that is the way the "wash sales" have made it appear. And, you know, after a man is treated this way with displeasing regularity, he is apt to grow weary of the process—captious, peevish and dispirited. And, eventually, a cry goes forth to the Government to come up and help him.

INVESTOR.

W. J. SHEPPARD,
President of the Northern Navigation Company.

What Cobalt is Doing!

THE Cobalt market was without interest the week past, save that it indicates a tendency to sag. In Cobalt the tendency to speculate is dead and in the country generally ditto. Mining excitements come about once in ten years and when they are in no power of rhetoric can keep people from buying stocks. Outside of that people shun them. "No use of trying to get a stock up," a certain broker tells the writer, "if you do get it up they will swamp you." There is much to give one the idea that there will never again be a great general advance in Cobalt stocks. Some one or two stocks may take advances as conditions warrant, but he would be a bold man who to-day would try to bull the market for any particular stock unsupported by conditions. There is such a thing as a mining stock selling below its intrinsic worth, though Cobalt has never seen the phenomenon, and it looks as if the slump in Cobalts would keep on to this point.

The annual meeting of the Nova Scotia has taken place and the financial statement shows the mine $210,000 in debt, with 1,600,000 ozs. silver in sight, say $500,000 net, and the capital is to be increased to $2,500,000. Why the statement does not place a value on the ore dumps on the property is hard to say unless it be on account of the litigation which would attack the dump.

The only strong feature of the market appears to be Nipissing. Why this particular stock should be strong seems no particular reason.

Crown Reserve has climbed to $5.10 per share and receded. As Col. Carson says, he has the confidence of his stockholders to a wonderful degree, in which he is to be congratulated. It does not seem that the stock will regain much above $5.00, as at this price it pays only 12 per cent. per annum, which is exceeded by the Nipissing and several others.

Trethewey is particularly strong lateiy owing to the excellent condition into which the mine will soon be brought, but here the management is against manipulation.

In Cobalt a strong feeling is growing against the royalty several of the mines pay the Government. The City of Cobalt, Chambers-Ferland, etc., claim they cannot pay the tax and continue working. All this may be true and the mines excellent properties. It is said a reduction to 10 per cent. would satisfy, which is not unreasonable.

The selling of the Gillies Limit is a good thing, as private enterprise has dug up some valuable veins, while a large amount of wages has been turned loose for prospecting. The Anglo-Saxon has little use for the Government ownership of mines. At no time since Cobalt was a field for speculation has it been more difficult to feel satisfied at the trend of affairs there. Buster Brown, in his prime, once said, "Truth is a dangerous thing and should be handled only by a master." Herein the Cobalt market resembles truth.

COBALT.

Some of the traits brought to light by the pageant held in honor of France's great poet recently belong to another era than this twentieth century. Victor Hugo was the wealthiest of the nineteenth century authors, and also the hardiest. At one time he made $160 last him and his brother for eighteen months, and one chop would serve for lunch three days in succession. But this early abstinence did not spoil Hugo's digestion, for at the age of eighty-three he cracked nuts with his teeth, and ate oranges as some people eat apples—peel and all.

Samuel E. Gross, the Chicago real estate dealer who endeavored to convince the world that he was the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," has written no more great poetical dramas so far as is known, but he still has claims to fame, as he has constructed and sold ten thousand dwellings in his home town.

General Weyler, once the Spanish ruler of Cuba and not particularly successful, has been made captain-general of Catalonia, the province in Spain which contains Barcelona, with the evident intention of stern control there. He is now the Marquis of Teneriffe, having been decorated with the title on account of his military services.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.
BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.
Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars
TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — Arthur and Bathurst, and West Toronto.
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA
Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.
We receive accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

"Tronco" Port
BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY
TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN
(Established 1692)
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Robin Hood and his men never tasted such ale as O'KEEFE'S.
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All the fine, full flavor—all the creamy deliciousness—of the best imported ales, are matched in O'KEEFE'S.
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"The Beer that is always O. K."
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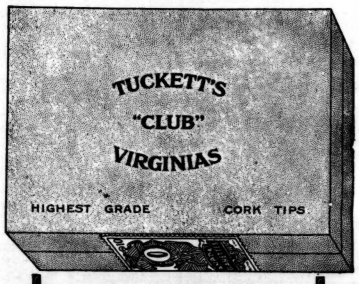

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TUCKETT'S "CLUB" Cigarettes were so named because we knew that "Club" men would be the first to realize their worth.
The members of leading Canadian clubs, as a class, *know* cigarettes—and it is largely due to their discriminating judgment that "CLUB" Cigarettes have met with such immediate recognition.
And "QUALITY" is the reason!
Tell the Man Behind the Counter—
"I'll Try Tuckett's 'Club' Cigarettes"
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THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

The ninety-second Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Bank of Montreal was held in the Board room of the Institution yesterday at noon.

There were present:—Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., Vice-President and General Manager; Sir William Macdonald, Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, Hon. Robert Mackay, Messrs. A. Baumgarten, R. B. Angus, E. B. Greenshields, David Morrice, Hon. J. K. Ward, G. F. C. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Prevost, James Kirby, K.C., C. J. Fleet, K.C., John Patterson, Alfred Piddington, George R. Hooper, B. A. Boas, George Durnford, Hugh Paton, H. Dobell, W. H. Evans, F. Scott, H. Joseph and J. Taylor.

In consequence of the absence of the Preseident, Sir George Drummond, K.C.M.G. through indisposition, Mr. R. B. Angus moved that the Vice-President and General Manager, Sir Edward Clouston, take the chair.

This was seconded by Mr. E. B. Greenshields, and unanimously concurred in, after which it was resolved, on motion of Mr. Hugh Paton, seconded by Lieut.-Col. Prevost:—"That the following be appointed to act as scrutineers: Messrs. G. F. C. Smith and George R. Hooper, and that Mr. James Aird be Secretary of the meeting."

The Vice-President then submitted the report of the Directors as follows:—

THE DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors have pleasure in presenting the report showing the result of the Bank's business for the year ended 30th October, 1909:

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 31st October, 1908		$ 217,628 56
Profits for the year ended 30th October, 1909, after deducting charges of management, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts		1,826,167 74
		$2,043,796 30
Dividend 2½ per cent., paid 1st March, 1909	$360,000 00	
Dividend 2½ per cent., paid 1st June, 1909	360,000 00	
Dividend 2½ per cent., paid 1st September, 1909	360,000 00	
Dividend 2½ per cent., payable 1st December, 1909	360,000 00	
		1,440,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward		$ 603,796 30

Since the last Annual Meeting Branches have been opened at Three Rivers, P.Q.; Weyburn, Sask.; Oakwood, Ont.; Moose Jaw, Sask.; Outlook, Sask.; Sault Ste. Marie., Ont., and Sub-agencies at Merritt, B.C.; Cloverdale, B.C.; Spring Coulee, Alta., and Bathurst Street, Toronto.

The Branches at Grimsby, Ont., and Millbrook, Ont., have been closed.

With deep regret the Directors have to record the death of their esteemed colleague, Mr. A. T. Paterson, who had been a member of the Board for upwards of twenty-eight years.

The vacancy on the Board has been filled by the election of Mr. A. Baumgarten.

All the Offices of the Bank, including the Head Office, have been inspected during the year.

G. A. DRUMMOND,
President.

Bank of Montreal,
6th December, 1909.

THE GENERAL STATEMENT.

The General Statement of the Bank on 30th October, 1909, was read as follows:—

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock		$ 14,400,000 00
Rest	$12,000,000 00	
Balance of Profits carried forward	603,796 30	
	$12,603,796 30	
Unclaimed Dividends	2,558 51	
Quarterly Dividend, Payable 1st December, 1909	360,000 00	
		12,966,376 81
		$27,366,376 81
Notes of the Bank in circulation	$13,245,289 00	
Deposits not bearing interest	51,401,226 27	
Deposits bearing interest	128,445,206 58	
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	124,648 04	
		193,216,369 89
		$220,582,746 70

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver coin current	$ 5,802,263 05	
Government demand notes	12,340,587 00	
Deposit with Dominion Government required by act of Parliament for security of general bank note circulation	600,000 00	
Due by agencies of this Bank and other banks in Great Britain	$ 8,719,654,41	
Due by agencies of this Bank and other banks in foreign countries	7,425,676 78	
Call and short loans in Great Britain and United States	77,212,382 00	
		93,357,713 19
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities		1,445,570 61
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks		9,575,608 66
Notes and Cheques of other Banks		4,560,501 23
		$28,582,213 74
Bank Premises at Montreal and Branches		600,000 00
Current Loans and Discounts in Canada and elsewhere (rebate interest reserved)	$91,173,656 56	
Debts secured by mortgage or otherwise	143,552 13	
Overdue debts not specially secured (loss provided for)	83,294 27	
		91,400,502 96
		$220,582,746 70

E. S. CLOUSTON,
General Manager.

Bank of Montreal,
Montreal, 30th October, 1909.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Vice-President then spoke as follows:—

The most important change from last year in the statement submitted to you is the unusually large increase in deposits, amounting to $36,000,000. Part of it is temporary, pending large payments in connection with special transactions, part is the natural increase from depositors as a result of the prosperous condition of affairs in this country, but the largest portion of the increase arises from money brought into Canada from other countries. It is quite possible that if the apprehensions expressed in many quarters as to the consequence of the new methods of British taxation are realized, deposits from this last source may be still further enlarged. It is very important, therefore, that nothing should be done in Canada by injudicious legislation, the exploitation of doubtful enterprises, or otherwise, to stop this flow of capital. Our call loans have increased by about the same amount as our deposits, and what is not necessary to retain as a portion of our reserves, will be gradually brought into the country to meet commercial requirements as they arise.

The profits are some $130,000 less than last year, but, considering the low rates ruling for the greater part of our fiscal year in London and New York, the result may be regarded as satisfactory. I am glad to say that the outlook for the coming year, or at least for the earlier months, is more promising, and I shall be much disappointed if we do not make a better showing when next we meet.

The rapidity of the recovery of trade from the set-back following the monetary crisis in the United States two years ago has been as striking as it is satisfactory. Conditions to-day are, as a whole, excellent. The large harvest gathered in the Northwestern Provinces in itself affords a basis for active and profitable business for some time to come. How considerable a factor in the commercial life of Canada the agricultural output of our Northwest has become may be realized from the fact that the yield of wheat, oats and barley in this year 313,635,000 bushels, as compared with 232,620,000 bushels in 1908, 150,000,000 bushels in 1907, or 22,000,000 in 1900. A tenfold gain in the grain product of the Northwestern Provinces in nine years conveys some idea of the commercial potentialities of the country.

The marketing of wheat has been quite prompt, and the railways have had no difficulty in moving the crop. In the ten weeks to November 14 there had been inspected in the Northwest 43,866,000 bushels, being 10,300,000 bushels more than in the corresponding period of 1908, while the shipments from Fort William and Port Arthur amounted to 38,315,000 bushels up to November 14, or 13,300,000 bushels in excess of the preceding year's shipments.

Our foreign trade has not only reached, but has begun to exceed, the high-water mark of two years ago. In the six months ending September 30th, last, imports for consumption and exports of domestic products were of the value of $292,587,000, or $46,000,000 in excess of the corresponding period of the preceding year, imports having been larger by thirty-six millions and exports by ten millions. The adverse balance of trade has thus again begun to grow, but while men and money pour into Canada from abroad the disparity need not cause uneasiness. Domestic industries are, speaking generally, working well up to the limit of capacity. Labor is fully employed; the lumber trade has improved. The export of dairy produce has been larger than last year, with high prices ruling throughout the season, all farm products, indeed, are exceptionally dear.

Such tests as bank note circulation, bank clearings, railway earnings, all point to the great activity of business. At the end of October the note circulation exceeded $60,000,000, or $6,000,000 more than a year ago. Business failures have been neither numerous nor serious, being for the year to October 1, 1,486, with liabilities of $12,919,000, as compared with 1,629 failures and liabilities of $16,959,000 in the previous twelve months.

Railway construction is proceeding apace over the whole face of the Dominion. West of Lake Superior nearly 1,100 miles have been built this year, and the western Provinces now have 11,500 miles of railway, as much as the mileage of all Canada twenty years ago.

Immigration has picked up after the short relapse in 1908, the estimate of the number of new settlers this year being 150,000, about one-half of whom are experienced farmers who have moved into our Northwest from the United States. The evidences of expanding trade, accumulating wealth and material progress and development might be cited at great length, and a pleasant picture painted of our happy condition. There are always, however, dangers to be avoided, and never more so than when the outlook is so bright and inspiriting. A tendency to over speculation in real estate in some parts of Canada is already apparent, and this, like other forms of gambling, can bring only disaster when the inevitable crash comes. How suddenly conditions may change the rapid advance in the Bank of England rate last autumn attests. Only by prudence both in taking and granting credits and by avoidance of wild-cat ventures and exploitations on the high reputation Canada enjoys in the British money market, can we reasonably anticipate a continuance of the prosperity now enjoyed.

There is only one other observation I desire to make. As you are aware, the decennial revision of the Bank Act will take place during the present session of Parliament. In one or two respects changes of a more or less technical character will be found necessary, but the Act has been so thoroughly revised in the past it withstood so staunchly the trials of 1907, and its operation has been found to conform so admirably to the requirements of trade and the interests of a rapidly-developing country, that I hardly think it likely that any material changes will be made.

In our note circulation we have a system which enables us by its elasticity to carry out the heavy autumnal demands without creating any monetary stringency; and to show how valuable it is to the whole business community I need only point to the fact that we are moving the large crop in the Northwest with great ease and without any advance in rates to our commercial customers.

I beg to move:—"That the report of the Directors now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the Shareholders."

This was seconded by Mr. E. B. Greenshields, and unanimously adopted.

Mr. H. Joseph then moved: "That the thanks of the meeting be presented to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Bank."

Mr. C. J. Fleet seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy moved: "That the thanks of the meeting be given to the General Manager, the Assistant General Manager, the Inspectors, the Managers and other officers of the Bank for their services during the past year."

The motion was seconded by Mr. David Morrice, and was unanimously carried.

Sir Edward Clouston expressed acknowledgement on behalf of himself and fellow-officers.

THE DIRECTORS.

The ballot for the election of Directors was then proceeded with. The scrutineers appointed for the purpose reported the following gentlemen duly elected:—

R. B. ANGUS,
A. BAUMGARTEN,
SIR EDWARD CLOUSTON, BART.,
HON SIR GEORGE DRUMMOND, K.C.M.G., C.V.O.,
E. B. GREENSHIELDS,
CHARLES R. HOSMER,
SIR WILLIAM C. MACDONALD,
HON. ROBERT MACKAY,
DAVID MORRICE,
JAMES ROSS,
SIR THOMAS G. SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.,
THE RIGHT HON. LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

At a meeting of the Directors, held later, the Right Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., was elected Honorary President; Hon. Sir George Drummond, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., President, and Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., Vice-President.

Little Things That Count

By Norman H Crowell

"I WAS in a hunt once," remarked Uncle Ezra, as he pushed a bouquet of fine-cut tobacco into his mouth. "That was just about the sizzlin'est hunt I ever was in. We'd been layin' around th' hull winter chewin' and speculatin' on what kind of weather we'd git afore mornin' an' some sech nonsense. Everything was froze up tighter'n a hangman's knot an' th' fellers was gittin' callouses on their breeches a-settin' down so much.

"Time we'd drug along through th' holidays an' tackled January we was feelin' some leetle cagey an' old Lem Buffum, th' storekeeper, let out that he was goin' to raffle off his pet hound dog, givin' a free an' untrammeled ticket with every quarter's worth of tobacker. We chewed stiddy for a week afore Bill Fikes, my old sidewinder, drawed th' dog, and while Bill was cussin' his luck in general an' petikelar, th' dog got scairt an' jumped through a front winder. Of course, Buffum made Bill cough up for th' winder an' under th' circumstances Bill was excusable for killin' th' dog, which he did after runnin' it three mile.

"When Bill got back he passed it out that th' next feller that saddled a dog off onto him under any pretecks whatever 'ud get his hide shot so full of holes it'd be good for chair-bottoms. Real peevish, Bill was, and out of breath from runnin' so.

"After that eppysood we rested quiet for two intire weeks. Th' only real amusement we got was in watchin' old Buffum figgerin' up his daily losses an' drivin' new nails into th' covers of th' mack'ril keg and cracker boxes. We was munchin' away as usual one night, when all to once Hen Peters slaps his off leg with th' fire shovel, and cackles up hilarious.

"'What d'ye see, Hen?' says Abe Snooks, unrollin' his limbs an' dustin' off half a pint of prune pits sort of casual. Hen calmed down and took his pipe out.

"'Tell you what!' he says, 'we'll have a leg hunt! That's something with sport in it—that is!'

"Nobody said nothin' for a spell and then Bill Fikes coughs a trifle and wants to know if it comes in cans or by the yard. Hen he squints at Bill like he'd jest spied a new brand of horned toad.

"'My gosh!' says he. 'Jest listen to that boys! Fifty year old and never heard of a leg hunt! Whew!'

"Nachelly, that made Bill some mad and he told Hen to take his consarned leg hunts and be hanged to him.

"'That's it! Jest as I expected! Ign'runce always gets warm under the collar when ye probe it. Now if Bill'll jest let up lookin' at me as if he was goin' to jump over 'ere an' sweller me, I'll tell ye what it is.'

"Bill colored up and tucked in a prune.

"'For instance,' remarks Hen, 'we'll suppose that Bill Fikes and Ez Boggs is th' captains. They choose up sides from th' rest of us. Th' two sides go huntin' an' th' side that wins th' biggest bunch of counts gets a free supper at th' expense of th' other fellers. It's as simple as A, B, C—don't ye see?'

"We took a minute to think it over. Then Buffum breaks in:

"'How about them legs? Where do they come in, Hen?'

"'H'm—I overlooked that. I forgot you was all nursin' infants. Maybe I'd better get a blackboard an' draw ye a picter of it an' a diafram. Legs counts points—one leg, one point—two legs, two—three, three—etcetry. A quail counts two points, havin' two legs.'

"'Ah!' remarks Buffum, tragic, 'I see it all! If a feller shot a three-legged rabbit it'd score three points, eh?'

"'Sech intellergence is nothin' short of wonderful,' says Hen, lookin' at Buffum admirin' like.

"'Anything barred in a leg hunt?' says Bill Fikes.

"'Nothin' that wears fuzz or feathers,' says Hen.

"Then we picked our men. Bill got Hen Peters, Lem Buffum, and Rube Withers. I got Abe Snooks and Zeke Claggett. There wa'nt no more men left except Deafy Hanks, an' after a lot of hagglin', I had to take him. Knowed he wan't no use in this world or th' next, but seein' as th' hull leg hunt depended on him bein' took, I up an' done it.

"After we'd yelled ourselves hoarse tryin' to pound it through Deafy, Buffum had th' illuminatin' idee of writin' out th' hull thing on paper an' lettin' him read it. We finally got it done, although Bill Fikes an' Hen Peters nigh had a fight over th' spellin' of 'leg.' Bill claimed that there was two 'g's' like there was in 'egg.' That caused considerable doubt but we finally cut off the extra 'g' for luck.

"Deafy perused th' paper a spell an' then he grinned real knowin' an' nodded his head.

"'Legs, hey?' he says.

"'Yep—LEGS!' we says all to gether.

"'All right—legs!' says he.

"We didn't say a word—it wa'n't no use.

"We set th' hunt for th' next day from nine to four. 'Bout a minute to nine Josh Wintergreen tooted off a sonatty on a duck call which he used in th' constable business for callin' help—this bein' th' first time he'd had to use it. Then we tore into th' woods—Bill's gang one way and mine another.

"In five minutes you'd 'a' swore the Confed'rit army had surrounded the place. I never heard sech a rattlin' an' crashin' of musketry as them leg hunters kep' up. I jedged it'd take about six drays to haul in th' game they was slaughterin'. Bullets an' gun wads kep' whistlin' through th' air an' th' smell of powder growed powerful stimulatin'.

"Pussonly, I wa'n't havin' no special great luck, only pottin' a leetle, weezened-up cottontail an' a hen hawk. Once I run onto Deafy. He'd jest blazed away at somethin' with both barrels an' was chucklin' fit to kill. I was drawin' in my wind to congratulate th' old snake when—say—wow! Somethin' nigh knocked me down! That ornery pest had shot into a family of skunks an' he said he'd wounded one. Jedgin' by th' air, however, I calc'lated he'd wounded about twenty-eight. And th' critter had got away at that.

"I went on, leavin' old Deafy crammin' newspapers an' shot into his weapon, tickled as a kid. I searched high an' low, an' walked till I was black in the face, but couldn't raise another thing all day. Finally I headed for Buffum's Emporium, feelin' in my boots that my side was beat to a froth.

"We all lined up in front of the counter an' Bub Jones, th' clerk, kep' tally of th' killin'. Bill Fikes throwed down three squirrels and a mink and then winked at his men confidential while Bub was countin' up th' legs. When I heaved in my dinky leetle rabbit and hen hawk Bill nigh busted his gallusses a-laughin'.

"'Sixteen to your six, Ez!' he says. 'Hip! hip! hip——'

"'Hold on!' says old Buffum. 'Don't humiliate a fallen enemy! It's bad enough to get beat without goin' an' rubbin' it in, Bill.'

"Rube Withers disgorged five crows and a quail agin Zeke Claggett's brace of bunnies. That put my side on th' toboggan for sure an' we begun lookin' real long in th' jaw. Lem Buffum showed down a pair of quail and then drug out a lizard wrapped in tissy-paper. Gosh! How we did kick on that there lizard! We kicked high an' we also kicked low an' even went so far as to dare th' hull Fikes side outdoors, but they was stubborner'n mules an' said it had to be let in.

"'A lizard don't have fuzz nor feathers, does it?' says I, real vinegary.

"'What! Maybe you want to examine this lizard,' says Buffum.

"'That's jest what we do!' says I.

"Buffum unrolled th' tissy-paper an' laid th' lizard on th' counter. We took a look. That infarnel lizard had a nice, warm coat o' white fuzz! Buffum had mucilaged th' brute an' stuck cotton battin' onto him. But seein' we was beat anyhow, we let it go an' Abe Snooks pulled out a dead weasel and tossed it onto th' pile.

"'Is that all, Abe?' says Bub, lookin' up.

"'That's th' hulk shootin' match,' says Abe, pretty weak.

"'By th' way, what's th' score at this innin'?' says Bill, stickin' his thumbs into his vest pockets, pompous.

"'Thirty-six to eighteen!' Bub announces.

"'In whose favor?' Bill inquires.

"'Yourn, o' course!' says th' kid.

"Then Hen Peters yanked out two pigeons.

"'Even forty for us, Bill!' he says. 'We've got 'em skinned a mile an' a half easy!'

"That jest left old Deafy to hear from, but after lookin' th' reptyle over we allowed 'twa'n't no use to bother him about it. He hadn't killed no game—we could see that—an' he was too busy eatin' codfish to take any notice of how bad we was bein' beat. We was standin' there lookin' at th' score an' feelin' sorrowful when Deafy got a bone in his throat. We grabbed him an' pounded him on th' back—every man gittin' in a lick that could. Finally Deafy coughed up an' begun wipin' his eyes.

"'Ought to let him choke, th' ol' pup!' says Zeke. 'I knowed he'd beat us if we took him in this hunt!'

"In a minute Deafy braces up and asks if we are countin' up th' tally list.

"'SURE! YOU LOSE!' says Bill Fikes.

"'Eh? Repeat!' says Deafy, grabbin' his ear.

"'YOU—ARE SKINNED!' says Bill, gettin' up close.

"'Oh! All right, I'm ready,' says Deafy.

"Bill nigh fell down at that, but he steadied himself. Then Deafy run a hand back into th' hind parts of his ol' jacket an' puckered his features up into a bowknot. After skirmishin' around a bit, he jerks out about a quart of field mice an' tosses 'em acrost at Bub. Bub jumped a yard an' then Deafy reaches in for more. Bill Fikes staggers over agin Buffum an' croaks:

"'We're doomed, Lem! We're doomed!'

"After draggin' out a few more mice, Deafy dusted off his hands an' went back to th' codfish, leavin' us to engage in th' terrificallest chewin' match you ever see. But we got them mice O. K'd an' counted. We had Bill's crowd beat thirty-eight points.

"After that nothin' was too good for Deafy. We filled him up on oyster stew till he yelled for help an' then dragged him home on a sled. Ye see th' cuss had got to diggin' after that skunk an' had struck a mine of mice. Bein' no fool, Deafy had put in th' rest of th' day harvestin' mice an' he sure did call th' showin' made by Bill's side.

"It was a snappin' cold day, too, an' we hadn't a drop of anything to—what? Thank ye kindly, Jim."

—Outing, New York.

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CROCHETED NOVELTIES
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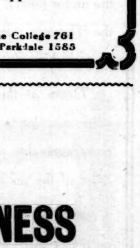

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GILBEY'S "Plymouth" Gin—unexcelled in purity and flavor.
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Ask the Doctor! many physicians always carry a Thermos on a sick-call—ask one for his opinion—in the sick-room or in the nursery it is truly an everyday family necessity.

After the Theatre—prepare your light luncheon before you leave and when you return the coffee will be just as hot as when you left and ready to serve.

Always have what you want when you want it and afford your friends the same opportunity by sending them a Thermos Bottle, Pot or Jug for your Christmas gift to them.

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SPORTING COMMENT

THE VARSITY-PARKDALE MATCH.

Ritchie making the final kick for goal. He failed to convert. Gall is shown holding the ball.

AT last the football championship of the Dominion has been decided, and decided in the manner which everyone expected. But at the same time the victory, however decisive, was not the easy conquest most people anticipated. The Parkdale team made a great stand against the Collegians, and in spite of the prestige of the 'Varsity victory of the Saturday before, the score at half-time was almost even. This shows what a stubborn effort the Parkdale men put forth; and it was only when the 'Varsity team changed their tactics, and from trying to break through for long runs took to a game of long-distance punts, that their score gradually rolled up.

It must be admitted, however, that 'Varsity did not play the game they put up against the Rough Riders the week before. Lawson failed to make those wonderful runs which told so heavily against Ottawa. In fact, Barber, of Parkdale, seemed to have the great Smirlie effectually checkmated. There was also a falling off in the accuracy of the back division generally. Men who played an almost perfect game against Ottawa fumbled again and again in the final match; and the fumbles were nearly always costly. For the Parkdale men took care to be right after the ball. In fact, Parkdale put up a much better game than the score would indicate.

There seems to be a regular progression and culmination in the work of a team, whether football or otherwise. Slowly the team works up, with occasional relapses, playing better and better games till they reach their best. Then comes a game when they play as they have never played before, and as they never play again. They seem to go stale after that. They have passed their meridian. It is just possible that this has been the case with 'Varsity. Against Ottawa they played such football as has rarely been equalled in this country. One must go back many years to get a team to compare with them. But that may have been their culmination, their chosen time, the day of glory which could never return to them again in such fullness. But it surely ought to be satisfaction enough for any 'Varsity man to be able to look back in after years to the time when he played on the great team of '09.

* * *

NOW that football has been disposed of, hockey comes in for its share of attention. Already the public is being asked to take interest in the endeavors of professional teams and leagues to cut the throats of their rivals. The columns of sporting pages are filled with accounts of the strenuous bidding for the possession of particularly brilliant players. Ottawa and Renfrew have been busily engaged in trying to outbuy one another, and some very large salaries have been mentioned in the reports. And now, to make the thing all the more interesting, there are two professional leagues to blackguard each other and clamor for public patronage. Whether they will all be able to subsist, especially in such a city as Montreal, where there are no less than five clubs, is a decided problem. It would seem that unless the public responds with a decided increase of interest in the game, there are likely to be some clubs with a large amount on the wrong sides of their balance-sheets next spring. But as the people interested financially go into it as a purely business proposition, there is no need why one should waste much sympathy on them. Besides, the situation has this good feature, that it will probably decide the fate of professional hockey in this country. Its advocates are making a big bid for popular approval, and unless there is a hearty response from the public the result is apt to be disastrous. In the meantime amateur clubs and players can afford to go on quietly and await developments. It may not be very long before the Canadian sporting public tires of the unseemly competition which at present disfigures the national winter game.

* * *

IN view of the trip of a couple of Canadian teams to New York to show Americans how we play the great game, the following editorial from Harper's Weekly will be of interest as calling attention to the great need of reform in the American game:—

There came over from Washington the other day the story of a Virginia woman whose two boys were to play in a football game in Washington, and who was very uneasy at the prospect. She was so anxious and so much troubled that she finally slipped away from home on the morning of the game and went to Washington herself. There she went to a hotel and waited. The time of the game passed, and nothing seemed to have happened. She took courage and prepared to go home. To make sure, she telephoned to get news of the game and of her boys. Alas! she got back word that one of her sons had gone to the hospital, in an ambulance, seriously injured. The injury was serious indeed. The boy's neck was broken. He died almost immediately.

Dr. Hadley, Dr. Lowell, Dr. Wilson, don't you think football, as it was played this year, is a little rough? There had been twenty-seven deaths up to November 21st, gentlemen, and a multitude of injuries, and the dying was not all done at that time. Many of the deaths had come from injuries received in previous years. Many injuries received this year will kill in a little time.

You could stop this kind of football if you chose, you three men. The mothers can't, poor souls. They cannot make mollycoddles of the boys they have borne and reared. The fathers can't do much. But you, if you thought it wise and were agreed, could stop the kind of football that has been played this year, and that has trebled the death-rate. You could either throw out the game entirely, as Dr. Butler did at Columbia, or you could make Walter Camp and the other rules experts give over a part of their solicitude to save the game and exercise their wits a little to save the boys.

* * *

THE English Amateur Swimming Association held an important meeting recently at which there were discussions on matters of interest to aquatic men the world over. The amateur status of soldiers and sailors was considered, and in future if they become members of affiliated clubs they are eligible for competition. T. S. Battersby, the young Southport swimmer, was given the record of 24 minutes 1 2-5 seconds for the mile and he also got the 300 yard record of 3 minutes 31 2-5 seconds. Miss J. Fletcher, of the Leicester Ladies' S. C. was credited with the 100 yards record for women of 1 minute 13 3-5 seconds. The 150 yards backstroke record of 1 minute 57 3-5 seconds, by F. A. Unwin, was passed.

The New South Wales Swimming Association requested that Battersby be sent there for the championship, but the request was refused. There was a long talk about the Grecian Olympic Games of next year. Contrary to report these games have not yet been declared off and may be held after all.

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms." "How?" "She broke them off trying to button her shirt-waist up the back."—The Jewish Ledger.

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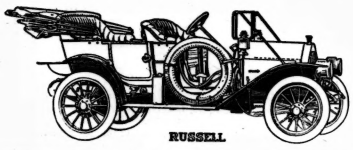

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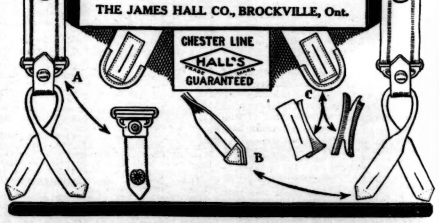

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BAKING POWDER

MOTORS and MOTORING

A STRIKING indication of the development of motoring in Ontario is the great increase of membership in the Ontario Motor League during the past year. A meeting of the directors of the organization was held recently, and among the business transacted was the passing of thirty-two applications for membership. Furthermore the report of the secretary showed that three hundred new members had joined since the beginning of the year, bringing the total membership of the organization up to seven hundred and forty. And it is expected that the membership will be still further increased before the annual meeting in January. This certainly shows that the people of Toronto and Ontario are buying cars and taking an interest in motoring such as they have never before displayed.

Another evidence of this fact is to be found in the manner in which automobile exhibitors are applying for space for the show to be held next year. The committee which has the coming automobile show in charge, reported that of the twenty-five thousand feet of space available for exhibitors, some twenty thousand feet had already been applied for and allotted. The show is to be held in the St. Lawrence Market, and promises to be the largest ever held in Canada. A further interest will probably be given to it from the fact that aeroplanes are likely to form part of the exhibit. Already flying machines have reached the commercial stage, and as they are motor-driven vehicles, it is natural that they should be seen at an automobile show.

Besides these subjects of consideration, the directors of the Motor League also took up the question of good roads and the movement for the improvement of the highways, the extension of the Chauffeurs' Bureau, and the proposed legislation to prevent joy-riding. This shows the many different directions in which the influence of the organization can be employed for the betterment of motoring conditions in this province. As the automobile gains greater and greater importance in our midst, the need for a powerful organization to look after the interests of motorists will grow correspondingly. It is therefore a subject for congratulation among the brethren of the car, that the Motor League should have received so many new members, and that its directors should show so much energy and enterprise for the good of the cause.

* * *

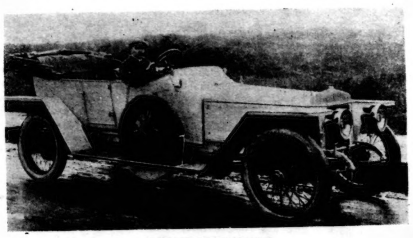
THE refusal of a number of the leading French makers of automobiles to take any part in the contest for the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France next year, again brings up the question of the wisdom or unwisdom of such contests. In spite of the fact that the racing board of the Automobile Club, which voted in favor of the speed-test, is composed of the chiefs of the leading factories, it now appears that the business managers and board of directors do not share the sporting enthusiasm of the Commission Sportive. Thus we have the sight of Rene de Knyff, chairman of the racing board, being in favor of a speed test, while the Panhard company, of which he is an important unit, shrugs its paternal shoulders in indifference. Louis Renault, as a member of the racing board, votes for a sporting event, but his factory at Billancourt will not produce a speed monster. Brasier rubs his hands and looks wise when a no-limit rule is proposed, but his board of directors shout an emphatic "No." Altogether there are eight French firms, comprising Panhard, Darracq, Charron, Renault, Unic, Peugeot, Motobloc and Dietrich, having come to a common agreement not to race. The foreigners who will abstain are Mercedes and Minerva. Their reasons for refusing to take part in the A.C.F. sporting event are that this year there was no race and business did not suffer, and there is no reason why they should go to the expense of a speed test next season.

There is good reason to doubt the advantage to be derived from such contests, in spite of the interest they arouse in the general public. People may go in thousands to see automobile-drivers risk their lives, but such popularity is of questionable value. So far as the maker is concerned, he learns little of the weak points of his car if the car is smashed and the driver killed. The sales manager, too, is likely to reap little benefit from such exhibitions, which are hardly to be regarded as desirable advertising. But perhaps a solution of the problem is to be found in the use of special tracks, as recommended by The Automobile.

Racing on special tracks is devoid of many of the popular—so-called—features, and likewise regains to a considerable degree the engineering value of the races in the early days of the industry. Now the term "special track" appears to require definition. Many people believe that if a defunct horse-track is caught before being cut up into building lots, and is treated with liberal applications of advertising, it becomes a "motordrome." This idea must be severely discouraged. A special track is a track built specially for automobiles, with due regard to their weight, speed, and destructive effect on the surface.

England has a shining example in the Brooklands track. This big concrete oval is the most valuable asset of the British automobile industry. It provides an amusement which, if it has not so strong a hold on the gladiatorial element, appeals all the more to prospective buyers. At the same time it affords an opportunity for really scientific tests of cars at speed. As an example may be mentioned the experiments on air resistance conducted by the indefatigable S. F. Edge.

The Atlantic track comes the nearest to the value of a Brooklands of anything on this side of the Atlantic. The big racer which Nazzaro drove at 120 miles an hour on Brooklands made but 95 miles an hour on the Atlanta course; and without discussing the merits of Nazzaro and Strang as drivers, it appears that Brooklands has considerably the better of it.



THE TORPEDO BODY.
A new model which is said to be especially useful for touring on account of the protection from dust.

This of course is largely due to the perfect banking of the English course. The degree of banking is figured out by a very simple formula, depending on the speed and the radius of the curve. For a speed of 120 miles an hour, on a thousand-foot radius, the banking should be at an angle of about 44 degrees from horizontal. Brooklands, by providing the right degree of banking, makes the speed reasonably safe for any experienced driver. No other track in the world does so. Moreover, their failure to provide the banking makes it impossible to attain such speeds on them.

On special tracks automobile racing becomes once more a safe and useful sport, beneficial to the industry and still not without profit to the promoters.

* * *

A STRIKING lesson for other countries is to be found in the attitude of the French government towards motoring. France realizes that touring, by automobile or otherwise, is worth encouraging as a business proposition. Possessing good roads, natural beauty and historical sites in abundance, it is worth while to make them known and to encourage visitors from home and broad. With this object in view, Minister of Public Works Millerand has announced his intention of forming a government touring office, of which he will be the president, with a board of directors composed of the leaders of automobile and touring associations, representatives of hotel proprietors, railroad companies and financiers.

The object of the touring office, which will have government funds and yet be self-contained, will be to encourage touring by all possible means. Contrary to what might at first be expected, there will be no clashing with the work of the Touring Club of France or the touring department of the Automobile Club of France. On the contrary, it will be possible for these two bodies to extend their field of usefulness, for whereas formerly their effort was limited, owing to their inability to interfere with government departments, they have now a special branch of the government to carry through improvement schemes which they may formulate. An example of this is found in an improved system of mileposts which it was desired to adopt in France. The touring department of the Automobile Club of France worked the scheme out, it met with the approvement of all, including the government, but could not be put into use owing to the inertia of the particular government department involved. There are many other schemes that have been devised by the Touring Club of France for the benefit of all tourists and road travellers which will be carried to completion now that there is a government department to help.

* * *

THE current issue of the Automotor Journal contains a description of an English invention designed to form a pneumatic support for the chassis of a car, entirely replacing steel springs. The apparatus, known as the Cowey pneumatic suspension, consists of four cylinders, attached to the frame, and corresponding pistons, connected to the axles by ball-jointed links. Air pressure is maintained by a motor-driven pump, with a reservoir, supplying all four cylinders. The air inlet valve to each cylinder is controlled by the piston, through a coil spring and oil-filled dash-pot. The ordinary shocks of the road do not affect the valve, but a steady load, such as that of an extra passenger in the tonneau, will open the valve and let in more air, raising the frame to normal position. The pistons are lubricated and sealed by a layer of oil on their heads, maintained by oil carried by the incoming air. The suspension has proved very easy-riding. Its relative increment of stiffness caused by a given travel of the axle toward the body is very much less than that of a steel spring. At the same time it automatically acts as a shock absorber, checking the recoil of its own motion.

* * *

An English authority makes the statement that the pattern of cars for next year will not vary to any appreciable extent from those produced during 1909. Indeed, it would seem as though at length something like finality of type has been reached. Such changes as will be made will be in detail rather than in principle. There is still a continuous development in engine power, and it is rather difficult to see where this will end. Soon it would seem as though no car under 20 h.p. will be built, and those who were content with 15 h.p., or even 12 h.p., cars a few years ago now require thirties or forties. The balancing of the engines in order to further lessen the vibration is still receiving the attention of engineers in all countries, and the Shows are likely to display some ingenious devices with this end in view. Otherwise, no very striking novelties in construction are likely to be seen.

* * *

To make the easiest, quietest and therefore the best gear change, it is necessary that the peripheral speed of the two gears to be meshed should be practically equal, says a writer in Motor. To obtain this equality of speed, a motorist suggests that in changing to a lower speed, the clutch should be let in momentarily as the gear lever passes through the neutral position to speed up the countershaft. In changing to a higher speed, a slight pause in the movement of the lever at the neutral point with the clutch held open will permit of the necessary amount of retardation. It is worth trying, and this gives us another chance to say that nine-tenths of the difficulty experienced in gear changing and the wear on gear teeth is caused by faulty clutches or their careless use. The adjustment of the clutch parts should always be such that the driven member will absolutely and positively free itself and come to a stop when the pedal is pushed to the limit. If one would start his motor "on the spark" he should, according to Motor, speed his motor up, just before stopping it, by opening the throttle wide. Then if the spark is cut off a full charge is left in a cylinder to be ignited when another start is to be made. CHAUFFEUR.

Coach (indignantly)—That was the most flagrant case of slugging I ever saw! Don't you know that slugging ain't allowed in soccer football? Offending player (new to the game)—It ain't? Gee, den I guess I must ha' misunderstood de wold Soccer!—Puck.

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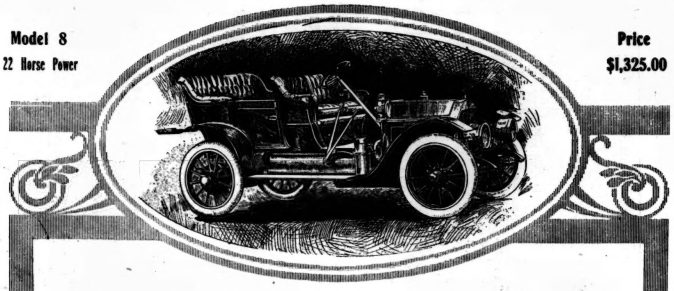

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This is but one of many patented features—all reasons for the high excellence of the Gerhard Heintzman Player Piano.

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!?. DOINTS ABOUT DEOPLE .?!

A Neat Retort.

MR. WILTON LACKAYE, the well-known actor whose abilities as a speaker Torontonians have learned to appreciate on his recent visits, is a collector of epigrams, anecdotes, and smart retorts. Unlike most actors, he is interested in many things outside his own calling, particularly in the humors of politics, and whenever he reads something apt in the newspapers, he puts it down on his mental tablets for future reference.

When in Toronto recently, he was speaking to a friend on epigrams in general, and said that the brightest thing that had been said of recent years was made by some Ontario politician in an election campaign during his last tour. Mr. Lackaye read the retort in a newspaper he chanced to pick up in a hotel, and did not know who the politician was that said it, nor does the writer of this paragraph. Perhaps some reader of SATURDAY NIGHT will be able to identify the remark. As Mr. Lackaye remembers it, the politician was speaking at a public meeting when a questioner arose and enquired, "Do you believe in the Government ownership of railways?" The politician replied that he did not see what relation the question bore to the matter under discussion.

"But, since I am asked the question," he added, "I will say that I do not believe in the railroad ownership of governments."

So much was Mr. Lackaye impressed with the neatness and plausibility of this retort that he urged some of his political friends in the United States to work this example of Canadian wit into their campaign speeches.

Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler's First Appearance Here.

THE recent visit of Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, one of the greatest pianists of either sex in the world, recalls an unpleasant episode in connection with her first visit to Toronto. About twenty years ago the late Percival Green, who, as a youth, had always dabbled in the theatricals, conceived the idea that another theatre purveying high-class attractions could be made profitable in Toronto. At that time the Grand Opera House, then under the management of Mr. O. B. Sheppard, had a monopoly of the field. Another theatre, which played only the cheapest form of attractions, and known as the Toronto Opera House, could not be called a rival theatre. Mr. Green secured the lease of a skating rink on King street west, and turned it into a theatre, which became known as the Academy of Music. Since then, by the expenditure of large sums at various times, the Princess Theatre has been evolved from it. When the theatre was complete, Mr. Green found himself without a dramatic attraction to open the house, although the theatre business had not been organized into two great syndicates as it has to-day, and it was much easier for a manager who had a theatre to make a bid for first-class attractions.

Mr. Green decided that as the playhouse had a musical title, a grand concert would be the thing. Miss Nora Clench, a young girl of St. Mary's, Ont., had just made a considerable impression in London, Eng., where she now resides, and it was considered a happy thought to organize a big concert at which she should make her Canadian debut. Miss Fannie Bloomfield, a young Chicago pianiste, had also made a great stir in Europe, she being practically the first American to win distinction abroad as a musical interpreter. Mr. Green also engaged her for the event, as well as one or two vocalists of more or less note. The affair, however, was, in the eyes of the Toronto public, purely a Clench affair. They had heard a great deal from time to time about her, and Mr. Green, with the instinct of the manager, printed her name on the advance bills in letters a foot long. Miss Bloomfield's name figured in type only two inches long.

All would have gone well, however, had not the pianiste in driving to the theatre seen one of the advertising bills. She was down for the first number, and on reaching her dressing room, sent for Mr. Green, and treated him to an exhibition of the musical temperament in certain of its well known manifestations that startled him. She positively refused to go on the stage unless a public explanation was made that she was an artiste of equal rank with Miss Clench, and an apology for the variations in type given to the audience.

Miss Clench, nervous at her Canadian debut, was brought into the matter, and almost had hysterics. Mr. Green, who was not the experienced combination of infinite tact and marble heart which constitutes a successful musical manager, stood helpless.

In the meantime, the clock ticked on to nine o'clock, and the audience grew very impatient. At last Mr. Green went miserably out to the front of the house to look for somebody to advise him. His eyes fell on Mr. Henry Bourlier, then president of the Philharmonic Society. The thought struck him that here was a man accustomed to dealing with frenzied lady musicians, and he sought his aid. Mr. Bourlier was ushered to Miss Bloomfield's dressing room.

"Are you going to play?" he asked.

"No," said the pianist, "except on the terms I have stated."

"All right," said Mr. Bourlier; "Green, you had better have her trunks taken to the hotel. Let the concert go on."

"Do you mean that you are going to give the concert without me?" asked the pianiste.

"Yes, and explain the reason to the audience?" said Mr. Bourlier.

"Outrageous," almost screamed the young musician, hurriedly touching up her attire. In two minutes the curtain rose with the young lady at the piano. She played magnificently, as though the row had done her good, but poor Miss Clench was upset for the whole evening and unable to do herself justice.

Dalton McCarthy's Unique Feat.

THE case of a lawyer acting on both sides of an action is so rare as to be almost unheard of in our courts. In fact, the number of men who could undertake the task in good faith is so limited that they could be possibly counted on one's finger tips. Yet such an achievement is credited to the late Dalton McCarthy, and so faithfully did he carry out his difficult task that both sides were satisfied.

The late Mr. McCarthy was a man so acute that when he had a brief, he grasped in advance the arguments of the other side, and by anticipating them, was able to win many a legal victory. A good many years ago now, a noted lumberman of the day, Mr. Alexander Fraser, sued Mr. Peter Ryan in connection with a timber transaction. There was absolutely no dispute between the parties as to the facts of the case; the only question involved was one of law. To save costs, the lawyers in the case, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, representing Mr. Fraser, and Mr. James Haverson, representing Mr. Ryan, decided to abandon the calling of evidence and submit a stated case to the court. A day was set down for the hearing of the argument, and Mr. Haverson found that, owing to a prior engagement, it would be quite impossible to attend. It was equally impossible to obtain a postponement unless the matter was left over until after vacation, and Mr. Haverson suggested that another counsel be obtained. Then Mr. Ryan had a happy thought.

"Let us ask Mr. McCarthy to present our case as well as his own," said he. "No one is more familiar with the facts in the matter than he, and another lawyer brought in at the last moment might mix matters up. I have absolute confidence that McCarthy will be fair in the matter."

The proposal was laid before the distinguished counsel, who was also anxious to have the matter disposed of. He demurred on the ground that it would be difficult to do justice to both sides of the case. He was assured that whatever the finding, Mr. Ryan had confidence that he would do his best. The plaintiff made no objection to this novel arrangement. When the day of the hearing arrived, Mr. McCarthy arose and presented in the strongest possible manner every argument in favor of his client's contention. Then he took up the brief for the defence and pointed out with logical clearness the vulnerable spots in the case he had just made out and giving his interpretation of the law as it affected Mr. Ryan. When he had concluded, no phase of the question pro or con had been left untouched.

The court reserved judgment, and in a few days gave a decision in favor of Mr. Ryan. Such a feat of pure intellectual effort or of complete detachment from anything like personal feeling in the matter has probably never been surpassed in the Canadian courts. Naturally, Mr. Ryan was more than delighted with the inspiration that led him to entrust his interests to his opponent.

NOEL MARSHALL, DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL CLUB, TORONTO.

Mr. Marshall's work in connection with the gathering of funds for the erection of the present palatial home of the Club, was given due recognition this week when he was tendered a dinner by the Club members.

Disabled teachers in Munich receive pensions of 75 per cent. of their salaries, and a schoolmaster's wife who loses her husband gets three-fifths of his salary, with an allowance for every child under twenty.

THE ERMINE OR WHITE WEASEL

BY MARK ROBINSON

IN my youth I was led to believe that the white weasel was the greatest curse that could appear around a farmer's home. I have seen farmers' wives and daughters turn pale at the mention of one appearing around their home. What would become of chickens, ducklings?—no turkeys for Thanksgiving this year since that pest is around. The old gun was cleaned up and loaded; old traps were borrowed. The services of some of the bright young farmers from neighboring farms was always available (after their day's work) to help to destroy the vermin, especially if there were any bright-eyed lassies around, who, by the way, always managed to see the scamp sometime during the day either at the stone pile in the orchard or down the lane a short distance. However, while the young continue to have their ideas, their opinions of late years as regards the weasel are changing fast. The farmer still knows him as a bloodthirsty scamp, but now builds animal-proof poultry houses and encourages the weasel to take up his abode on the farm. So long as there is a mouse or rat or sparrow to be captured, he will seldom touch poultry, and hundreds of farmers to-day profit in many ways by leaving them unmolested.

Years ago a gentleman called my attention to the fact that when a weasel settled around a place, especially during the breeding season, and was abused and molested on every appearance, that was the time that the fowl was sure to suffer. The weasel, being unable to secure food for its young in the way Nature intended, attacked the fowl. On the other hand, if these animals were allowed to follow their liberty, the fowl seldom suffered, and the farmer was greatly benefited. This I have proved many times over on my own farm at New Flos, Ont.

During the summer months, the weasel turns a light brown color, then changes its coat at the approach of winter to a snowy white. The fur is valuable, unstained pelts commanding a good price. The mother weasel usually selects a hollow log, root of tree, or stone pile in which to make a home. The den is lined with soft grass, moss, feathers, etc. The young appear usually about the end of May or early part of June, and number from two to five at a birth. A number of writers maintain that the male weasel destroys the young like the male mink, otter, marten, etc. On this point I am not quite satisfied, and relate the following experience.

When quite a boy I was busy helping a neighbor to clean up a small field of swale. In tearing an old log to pieces, we came upon a nest of young weasels. These we destroyed at once. While we were killing them, they uttered piercing cries, which brought the mother weasel to the spot at once. She seized her young in anguish one after the other. Finding them all dead, she uttered some very peculiar cries. About this time a male weasel appeared, and at the sight of the destroyed young together they rushed at the destroyers, only to meet a similar fate. On other occasions I have found them in pairs, so I will leave this question to others to answer.

I have found the weasel to be very bloodthirsty, killing evidently for the pleasure of killing. Mr. James Irwin, of Vigo, Ont., once called my attention to a large weasel in pursuit of a red squirrel near his home. The chase was across a portion of bush where considerable timber had been cut and large trees were scarce. Up the trees went the squirrel, followed closely. Jumping from one small tree to another, then up a large tree, the squirrel leaped from the upper branches to the ground. The weasel springing after it, alighted almost at the same time, but appeared to have stunned itself slightly. This gave the squirrel a few short moments' start, which were put to good use. However, the weasel ran back and forward until it got scent of the squirrel's track, and with what appeared to be redoubled effort, soon found him. Up a tree they went, and around and around they flew, until with a final effort Mr. Weasel seized his prey and together they fell to the ground. In a moment all was over. He dragged the squirrel's body into a hole under a log, and in a few moments was running around apparently in search of another victim.

The weasel is very destructive to ruffed grouse and rabbits. On many occasions have I seen a deep furrow where something had been dragged through the soft snow. On following up the trail, I would be sure to find a rabbit or a grouse hidden in some corner, a victim of the weasel. I was once informed that the weasel, upon seeing a grouse rise into a tree, will at once make for the tree, and stealing up quietly until within striking distance, will then spring upon the bird, seizing it by the neck and throwing it to the ground. I must confess I doubted very much if this was so, until this summer. A pair of robins had built a nest in an evergreen tree near the window of our shelter-house. I derived much pleasure from observing them mornings and evenings. While watching the mother bird bring food to the young one morning, I also saw a weasel rushing along with a field mouse in its mouth. He saw the bird, paused a moment, then disappeared. In a minute he was back. Rushing to the tree, he was up to the nest in a twinkling. Seizing the mother bird, he threw himself to the ground, taking her with him. Then carrying her out of sight, he returned, and in a moment had thrown all the young to the ground dead. A large number of grackles and the cock bird fluttered around and made a great commotion while the weasel carried the bodies of the dead birds away. To all the noise no attention was given.

I have often seen this same little chap carrying a chipmunk. One morning he caught a young sparrow feeding on scraps thrown from the door. One evening a flock of grackles had settled in the evergreens for the night, and he seized one of them, dropped to the ground and carried it away. There is no doubt at all but that thousands of our birds fall victims to weasels.

During the winter of 1907-08, I was stationed on the south of the Park. Our shelter-house was a regular den for mice. Suddenly they disappeared, and as I lay awake one moonlight night, I saw a weasel rushing across our bunk over the table. In a moment a squeak told the story. After the mice were gone, he remained with us, and became so tame that by making a squeaking noise like a mouse, he would hop upon our knees, jumping around in a very excited manner. Many an hour we amused ourselves during the long winter evenings by feeding this little chap scraps of fresh meat. As the warm spring days came, he disappeared to follow the trail of destruction.

One day recently, I called at the storehouse of the Huntsville Lumber Co. Rushing around among the sacks of oats was a fine weasel. I called the clerk's attention to him, and he exclaimed: "My old friend is back; I thought he was gone. He remained with me all last winter. No mice or squirrels when he is around. But little chap, I am glad you are back." Someone standing near remarked that his fur was valuable. "From fifteen to fifty cents a pelt," said the clerk, "but he is worth to us dollars to us, to say nothing of his companionship."

When living on the farm, my wife had a beautiful white cat, a great pet, and a great ratter—a cat that never hesitated to attack anything among the smaller animals. Following me to work in the fields one day, she sat on a stump watching me. All at once I noticed her alert. I saw her crouch, then spring into the grass. There was a short tussle and a cry of pain from puss, followed by a hasty retreat on her part, pursued by a large weasel. A number of bright red spots on puss's white coat told the story. I saw this same large weasel a number of times afterwards, and he appeared none the worse for his encounter, and ever after puss had more respect for the weasel kind.

Jokes in Printing Offices.

IN every printing office the compositors indulge in little jokes by setting up items and advertisements which are not charged for on the Union scale, and which, of course (unless by some untoward accident), never appear in the newspaper. One night, or rather one morning, about three o'clock, two compositors were proceeding homeward on Queen street east, Toronto, when they came upon an old coat. Its owner had apparently been in that state of mind in which outer garments seem a superfluous burden, and he had calmly taken it off and dropped it on the sidewalk. The printers picked it up and found in it the time card of some man evidently engaged in mechanical pursuits. St. Paul's Roman Catholic church was hard by, so they hung the coat on the church fence and proceeded homeward. They happened to mention the incident in the office, and a night or two later the assistant foreman called one of them over and showed him a condensed advertisement set up on the galley. It described the coat and the time card, and asked for the return of the garment, stating that there had been $500 in the inside pocket, and that the one returning it would be liberally rewarded. The two "comps." spent the rest of the night in cursing their oversight in having failed to examine the inside pockets. They even made an examination of the churchyard on the way home on an off-chance that the coat might be still there. The advertisement, of course, did not appear in the paper next morning, and then they twigged the joke.

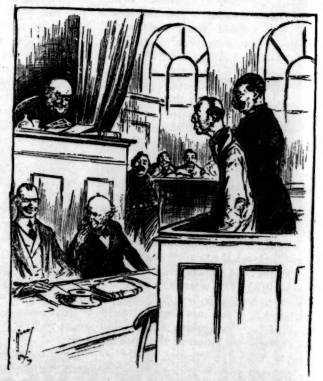
A favorite hoax in large composing rooms, when some particular personage was showing signs of "chestiness," used to be to set up a fake advertisement from the management for a successor, and by some means attract the individual's attention thereto. It usually had the effect of making him extremely anxious for an hour or two. Occasionally a joke of this kind would slip into the columns of the paper in the hurry of getting out a form, and then there would be trouble downstairs. For this reason the foreman of a well organized composing room looks with a deprecating eye on jokes with the type.

This Daisy Did for Him.

FRIENDS of a certain amateur gardener in Toronto are having a good laugh at his expense. Always looking for something new to try in his greenhouse, he studies every seed catalogue that comes his way. The title "Michaelmas Daisies" caught his eye, and the description following chained his fancy. He determined to raise those delicately petalled star-like purple blooms, and wrote forthwith for the seeds. He planted, tended, and cared for them and all went well with the little strangers. They sprouted up in profusion, and, when thinning out the bunch the enthusiast kindly remembered other friends who had a like botanical interest. Not a whit discomfited by the transplanting those given away also grew apace and all blossomed out about the same time.

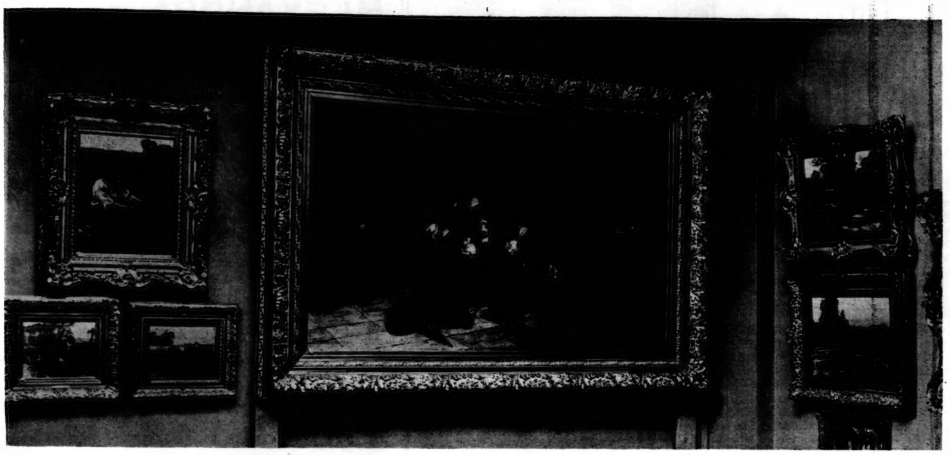
Fancy the chagrin of the seed purchaser when it dawned upon him in his own greenhouse and was forced upon his attention in several others that his "Michaelmas Daisies" were nothing more or less than common, ordinary, wild asters.

To be a master of technical details in commercial manufacturing and at the same time a deeply interested student of Shakespeare is not an amazing combination now. Mr. Henry Clay Folger, Jr., of New York, for years the head of the manufacturing board of the Standard Oil Company, and now a member of the executive committee of the company, has written much on Shakespearian topics and has a library rich in literature devoted to the poet dramatist.



The Prisoner: "I 'ad great provocation, yer honor; I 'it 'er 'cause she said I talked like a blooming gramophone."
His Honor: "Well, perhaps she was right—your record is bad enough. Sixty days."

PAINTINGS OWNED IN TORONTO



Toronto Loan Exhibition: A group of pictures by Leon Lhermitte, showing in the centre the large canvas, "For Those in Peril at Sea,' the property of Mrs. H. P. Warren.

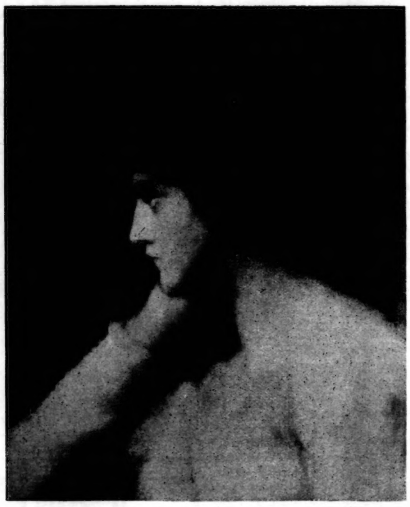
Toronto Loan Exhibition: A Corot, 16 x 12½, the property of Chester D. Massey.

THE collection of paintings at present on exhibition at the Public Library are a revelation of the treasures of art which are possessed here in Toronto. One would hardly have imagined that there were so many valuable paintings in the private residences of this city—though, on second thoughts, there is no reason in the world why there should not be. There are many people of both large means and culture here, and the owning of fine paintings is one of the forms in which wealth and taste are apt to display themselves. Thus it happens that the present loan collection contains representative works of such painters as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Corot, Daubigny, Lhermitte, Jacque, and Weissenbruch. And there are many other distinguished names represented there, but not always by work in their best manner.

The average merit of the pictures displayed is very high. They are interesting, not only on account of the great names signed to them, but also because of their intrinsic beauty. There are fine portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney and other members of the English classical school, pictures marked by that serenity and debonair grace which has come to be considered typical of the period both in art and in life. And then as an offset to these, there are portraits by such a man as Reid, or such another, as Lavery, in which the modern spirit and the modern method display themselves naked and unashamed.

It is not the portraits, however, which attract most attention from the visitors to the gallery. Rather is it such a picture as Lhermitte's "For Those in Peril at Sea," in which a group of Breton peasant-women are depicted praying before a statue of the Virgin in a dimly lighted church. This picture is a striking piece of draughtsmanship and construction, and its story-interest ensures it a large share of the attention of the public. But the artist is more apt to delight in the little pastels which hang near it. There are several of these, and they are almost without exception real gems of light and life.

Among the French paintings there are a number of fine works of the great landscape artists, especially Corot, who is represented by several paintings. A couple of these are in the very best manner of the great painter, and all of them are of a very high order of merit. One of these pictures, "A Morning in Normandy," is quite large, being 46 by 25 inches; but some of the smaller pieces display this artist's peculiar excellences to better advantage.



Toronto Loan Exhibition: A portrait study by Henner(14 x 18, the property of Frederic Nicholls, Esq.

There are two fine landscapes by Daubigny, and a perfect little gem by Harpignies, in which this artist's wonderful control of atmospheric effects is shown at its best. It is a tiny picture about a foot square, and shows a moonlight effect on a group of trees. But in spite of its diminutive size, it is full of the freshness and magic of the night. Rousseau is also represented, but not by a particularly good piece of his work. Jacque, the painter of sheep, occupies a conspicuous position among the members of the Barbizon group in the exhibition, as there are several of his canvasses displayed, some of which are excellent. Diaz and Troyon are there, too, but the pictures bearing their names, while quite good, are not in their very best style.

Among the landscapes there is a painting which deserves special notice. It is by an artist whose name is rather unfamiliar, but who will certainly not remain so if he can turn out many such pictures as this. The painting, which is by Paul Paul, is called "Homeward Bound," and represents evening on a flat landscape, with a workman riding one of two horses home from the field. The color and tone of the picture are wonderful, and it is filled with a fine, poetic feeling.

As might be expected the Dutch school is well represented in this collection. Their art seems to have an almost universal appeal, and the Dutch room gets even more than its share of the attention of the public. The collection, however, is mostly devoted to the modern artists of this school. There are a number of fine landscapes by Weissenbruch, Jakob Maris, Mauve, Tholen and Bernard de Hoog. There is a beautiful picture of Emil Claus, a field of daisies, with a house and figures in the background. It is full of the life and light characteristic of this painter's work.

One of the most remarkable parts of the Dutch collection is the display of paintings by Jurres. There are several of these, and all are marked by the masterly handling of masses of color and the breadth of treatment which distinguish Jurres among modern painters. One of the most remarkable of these is an illustration of Gil Blas, in which the painter displays a wonderful technical mastery. His work, however, is of a kind which is more apt to appeal to the artist than to the great public.

Without going into any further detail with regard to the paintings or artists forming part of this exhibition, it is enough to say that the collection is in all respects a very remarkable one.

The City's Turn Comes Now.

FOR months the graceful poets of the lesser magazines
Have spread themselves on "Oh's" and "Ho's" and "Ah's" and sweet "I weens"
About the colors that the woods and fields take on each fall—
The hues and haze and other things that make poetic thrall.
September days, October days, November days they've sung—
On autumn's birth and life and death the changes they have rung:—
Of yellow days and purple days, but mostly days of red.
For instance, let me quote some of the poets aforesaid:

"The lilies red are glowing in the marshland lying low,
And tiny asters are astir where soft the breezes blow.
Oh, come and let us gather of the blossoms red and white,
And learn the lore of nature by the summer's lingering light.
The sumac bush is all aflame, the maple catches fire;
From twig to twig the color runs as high the flames aspire.
Ah, welcome we the glory of the woodbine's scarlet stream
That runs adown the oak tree's side and sets it all agleam."

Well, thusly have the poets raved for months as I have said;
And who will blame them for the way they paint old nature red
So we who live in cities can look back to other days
When we could walk in field and wood and see the autumn blaze?
For now we only dream such things—when autumn hits the town
It does not, smiling, brighten it, but dulls it with a frown.
The only touch of color that its coming here denotes
Is seen in the red collars of the postmen's overcoats.

And yet the law of compensation worketh everywhere.
The winter now is close at hand, and frost is in the air.
The countryside was fine enough a month or so ago,
But now it's in the good old town that there is cheer and glow
Of color and of beauty—hang me! real live beauty too;
And red I see aplenty—and I chiefly note the hue
Aglowing in your cheeks as you walk out of doors, Suzanne—
I'll write a song to *it* myself if happily I can.

H. W. J.

When is a Board not a Board?

NOT long ago a Toronto afternoon paper devoted a whole page to an article on hoardings and the disregard of the law's requirements in their construction. Pictures of hoardings now to be seen on prominent down town streets were shown; interviews with leading architects and builders were given; the law regarding hoardings was quoted in italics, and strong emphasis was laid on the danger incurred by the public through inefficient, inadequate hoardings.

Civic officials had been consulted, lawyers questioned, statutes looked up, sketches and plans drawn by the staff artist, and, finally, proofs of the article had been read, corrected, re-read, supervised and improved by the city editor before it was finally O.K.'d and put in place.

Naturally, then, the city editor thought he had seen the last of it and could smoke his pipe in peace and make up his mind what to feature next. Hardly, however, had the big presses printed a hundred papers before he was called in frantic haste to the telephone to speak with the business manager.

"Stop the press!" excitedly demanded the latter. "There's been an awful blunder somehow. A whole page is spoiled! An 'h' has been substituted for a 'b' in the big headings of that building article. It reads 'hoardines' in the letter press under the illustrations and all through the whole story."

Suavely the city editor explained to the man who manages the money making department of the newspaper, that, unlike the intonation of many English immigrants, these "h's" were all intentional, and that fences about buildings in course of construction were known to Webster and a few of his ilk as "hoardings."

The superior smile customarily worn by those of the editorial floor when in converse with anyone from the advertising department had scarcely faded from his face before the publisher—proprietor of the journal burst in upon him, rapping the paper smartly as he ejaculated:

"Here's a pretty mess! Whoever set this up has been 'hoarding' his intellect all right: not using it in his work—that's sure. Who O.K.'d it? It isn't 'hoarding' in one solitary—"

The city editor hastened to interrupt with an explanation that "hoarding" was the correct term for boards when placed as a protection between the passing public and such trifles as bricks, stones, tools or timbers that might take a tumble from buildings in course of construction.

Just then the parliamentary reporter, home during prorogation and filled with a proper appreciation of his own power of discernment, strolled in. Taking one thumb out of his waistcoat armhole long enough to turn it down in deadly derision at the offending sheet spread out on the city editor's desk, he drawled:

"Pretty punk proofreading there! 'Boarding' reads 'hoarding' all the way through it."

"While appreciating the fact that you would not hold the Ottawa assignment if it required the exercise of brain power, I regret that, before hastening to fill the position you had not found time for a common school education," sarcastically remarked the city editor, who by this time had his teeth clenched on a resolve not to lose his temper. "If you have leisure to consult the dictionary you will find that *hoarding* is the correct term."

"That bull's not mine; thank goodness they can't blame our department!" commented the telegraph operator entering with a belated special and catching sight of the offending page spread out on the desk next the news editor's. "There isn't a dub on the worst way wire who would consistently make an 'h' for a 'b'."

"Don't you think that 'hoarding' article should have been handed over to me?" queried the financial man, coming in to help along the good work. "Banking business is right in my line."

"How *did* it get past you?" sympathetically asked the police reporter, who, having been trained for detective work in the proof reading department, realized with what an eagle eye all copy must be scanned. "The printer that set it up ought to be fired!"

Getting a glimpse of the military man, the sporting specialist, the exchange editor, the hotel reporter, a City Hall man, the Osgoode Hall representative, the dramatic critic and the foreman of the composing department all marching in his direction and each armed with a paper from which the "hoarding" heading stared at him in damp black letters, the city editor clenched his teeth yet harder, grabbed his hat and his bundle of papers and made a dash for the door. Before he could slam it, however, he heard the office knocker shout after him in Cockney accents:

"Are you going to your 'hoarding' house?"

Speakers of a Year at the Canadian Club.

A MEETING of the Canadian Club of Toronto is at once a movable and hasty feast and a thoughtful, most impartial forum. Any man who is invited to address such an assemblage, provided only that he talks common sense, is given an attentive hearing; and the officials of the organization see to it that their guests are men of at least common sense and sincerity. Almost always, in fact, the guest has something uncommonly interesting to say; quite frequently he is really a distinguished guest, one of the world's big men in business, politics, literature, science or educational life. The Club has just issued its yearly report, containing the addresses delivered before the Club during the season of 1908-09, and a very interesting report it is, well worth perusal by anyone not privileged to attend all the Club's meetings last season. Twenty-four speakers were entertained, of whom eighteen were Canadians, two Englishmen, three Americans, and one a Scotchman. Lord Northcliffe spoke on "Our Business Partner, John Bull"; Lord Milner, on "The Imperial Question." Canadian problems were treated as follows: Prof. B. E. Fernow, the timber problem: Mr. C. C. James, Agriculture in Ontario: Mr. F. S. Spence, Toronto's street railway problem: Prof. W. S. Miller, our mineral resources: Dr. Frederick H. Sexton, of Halifax, technical education; Mr. F. S. Lawrence, the resources of the Peace River District; Mr. J. P. Knight, of Montreal, the working of the clearing house; Sir James P. Whitney, the influence and future of the Canadian Club; Prof. C. A. Zavitz, of Guelph, agriculture; Mr. George C. Gibbons, K.C., of London, the work of the Waterways Commission: Martin Burrell, M.P., British Columbia; Mr. A. W. Campbell, good roads and transportation: Hon. Jas. Martin, Canada's relation to the Empire: Prof. Adam Shortt, the civil service: Mr. Geo. H. Locke, the public library as an educational institution: Col. Hugh Clark, M.P.P., of Kincardine, Canada and Imperial defence. Continental problems, such as prohibition (dealt with by Prof. Hugh Muensterberg, of Harvard University), and world problems, such as aerial navigation (by Mr. F. W. Baldwin), and the unrest in India and the East (by Sir Andrew Fraser), gave variety to the meetings and added to the scope of the Club's usefulness.

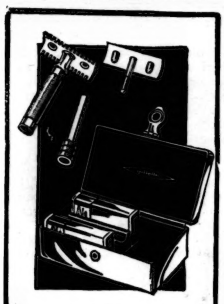
This season a number of distinguished men have already been entertained, and a most interesting season is expected. The officers this year are: Mr. J. F. Mackay, president; Mr. K. J. Dunstan, vice-president; Mr. J. H. W. Mackie, secretary; Mr. R. J. Dilworth, treasurer; Mr. Newton McTavish, literary correspondent.

Sir George Darwin, son of the famous naturalist, Charles Darwin, is notable for his scientific achievements and has been elected president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He has four brothers who, like himself, have devoted themselves to serious tasks. The Darwin family is probably the most striking example of inherited ability in the history of men.

Walter Damrosch, the orchestra conductor, will celebrate next January the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first appearance as a musical director

THE HOME OF WILLIAM MORRIS, POET AND ARTIST, TO CHANGE HANDS.

The delightful old Georgian house, once the London home of William Morris, is about to change hands. The place is to come into the market. The house stands on about an acre of old garden, and all its surroundings are in keeping with the charm of the place itself. In front of the building is the elm-bordered wall of the Mall of Hammersmith with the shining river beyond. The house contains some good eighteenth century decorative work and some Morris tapestries. The late Mr. George Macdonald was another famous literary occupant of Kelmscott House.



Another New One!

You can now get the Standard "GILLETTE" in a *metal* case.

Ask your dealer to show you No. 460B—the standard set in the Indestructible nickel-plated case.

No Honing—No Stropping

Triple silver plated Handle and twelve New Process Blades (24 cutting edges) with nickel-plated blade boxes—$5.

"The blades are fine"

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Toronto's Leading Vaudeville Theatre

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TWICE DAILY

Australian Wonder Comedienne

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and

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Greatest Novelty Act in the world.

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Vaudeville as You See it in New York and London

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VAN BIENE

In a one-act Playlet, "The Master Musician."

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Presenting "Hotel Turnover."

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New Pictures.
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GAYETY
HIGH CLASS
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DAILY MATINEES LADIES 10c

WEEK OF DEC. 13

WEBER & RUSH'S

"BON TONS"

with

Rawson & Clare

WEEK OF DEC. 20

BOWERY BURLESQUERS

Railway Guard (to man smoking) —You can't smoke. Smoker—So my friends say. Guard—But you mustn't smoke. Smoker—So my doctor says. Guard—Sir, you shan't smoke. Smoker—So my wife says.—Punch.

wise man are known only to himself; those of the fool to all men but himself.—Smart Set.

THE DRAMA

"THE Golden Butterfly," which was to have played here at the end of last season, but which had to be postponed on account of the illness of the star, has finally paid Toronto a visit. It was worth waiting for. As musical comedies go, it is a good production. It is beautifully staged, well played, alluringly choruseed, and much of the music is far above the average of musical comedy. As for the book, the principal objection is that there is too much plot. A musical comedy has no more business with a complicated plot than it has with a tearful orphan. Such a gratuitous strain on a spectator's attention cannot be too severely deprecated. It is quite enough for the average theatre-goer to listen to a little lyric by the leading lady, without having to "fash his beard" wondering what its effect is to be on the action of the piece. The librettist has therefore displayed needless ingenuity in his plot, which is altogether too logical and coherent for its purpose.

Grace Van Studdiford is always interesting. Her graceful stage presence and, above all, her beautiful voice make her visits always welcome. She is heard to excellent advantage in "The Golden Butterfly." Her supporting company is also entirely adequate, and the whole performance is a thoroughly satisfactory one.

* * *

HERALDED as a great New York success, everyone looked forward to "Billy" with high-keyed expectation. Nor can this expectation be said to have been disappointed, for there are undoubtedly many funny moments in that genial little farce. But it is spread pretty thin, and there are places where it drags a little—the scene between the long and short sailors for instance. "Billy" reminds one of those paintings in which the artist has tried to get certain effects by scraping the canvas. Only in this case the artist did not spare his paint on purpose. The canvas shows through because there was not paint enough to go round. The fact of the matter is that "Billy" is a splendid little one-act sketch, which has been run through a hydraulic press and squashed out so as to cover three times the ground it naturally should. No wonder that it is a little flat in places. The wonder would be if it were not flat under the circumstances. But even at that it is quite interesting, and was well worth a visit. A great share of this credit is due to Edgar Atchison-Ely and his excellent supporting company, who got everything possible out of their lines. They played, too, with a snap and ginger which almost carried one over the bare spots—almost, but not quite. One passed over all right, but one noticed the drag, as when a sleigh passes over a yard or two of bare earth on a winter road. But to make up for it, there were some nice, slippery places, where one went at a spanking gait.

* * *

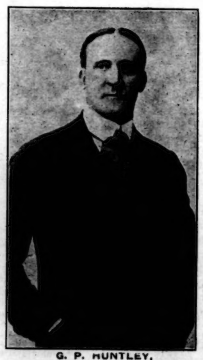
HERE are some interesting pointers on stage-diction from Forbes-Robertson, who is among the supreme masters of this most important part of an actor's equipment:—

"The trouble comes from the actor's very desire to act well. In his efforts to appear natural he mumbles his words as too many people do in everyday life. Much of this can be corrected by constantly bearing in mind the true value of vowels, the percussive value of consonants and the importance of keeping up the voice until the last word is spoken. There must be plenty of wind in the bellows, so to speak. The great thing is to have the sound come from the front of the mouth. As the sentence is spoken the breath is being exhausted; the voice naturally goes down. The actor must learn to breathe deeply from the diaphragm and take his breaths at the proper time. Too often the last word is not held up, and that is very often the important word. If the audience loses it they miss the thought. In a speech of a dozen lines a dozen words are often dropped and the result is disastrous.

"Correct speaking can be acquired only by keeping at it, by practising constantly. The actor must have certain standards; he must avoid affectation and mannerisms. He must have the proper pronunciation, which is not always to be got from dictionaries, by the way, but from the accepted usage among people of culture. In Paris the best French is spoken. There the French actor should get his standards. In London the best English is spoken—the English actor should speak as the most cultured do there. In America it is different; there is not much to choose between the English spoken at Boston, New York, Washington and other cities. The American actor should follow the best practice among the cultured of all cities.

"The people of the Latin races are, as a rule, better speakers than we Anglo-Saxons. They speak more distinctly and with a better sense of the value of sounds and words. They elide their words, to be sure, but they do it beautifully. We are slovenly of speech, we drop our 'r's' and ignore our 'ings,' not only among the untutored, but more and more among the cultured, especially in England. And much slang creeps into our language. But I do not fear this as much as some people do. These words and phrases, especially when they are significant, are often incorporated into correct usage.

"Although modern English and American actors have their faults. I believe that they speak better than the actors of past generations. The latter bellowed and spoke with too much formality and pedantry. I had the good fortune to get my training from Samuel Phelps, the great tragedian, who supported McCready in his earlier days. McCready said that if he had any mantle it would fall upon Phelps. During the last six years of Phelps's life I read all my parts to him. His instruction in simplicity and distinctness of utterance was of inestimable value."



G. P. HUNTLEY,
In "Kitty Grey," at the Princess next week.

* * *

WILLIAM ARCHER, the dramatic critic, made an eloquent protest in the course of a speech at the London Institute this week against certain statements current regarding the New Theatre in New York. He said there was no foundation for the reports to the detriment of the enterprise. He did not pretend to say that all that had been done was above criticism, but England would be lucky if, when her time came for the establishment of a Shakespeare memorial theatre, there were no more serious openings for animadversion. Mr. Archer added that there had been a tendency on both sides of the Atlantic to scoff at the whole enterprise, and to call it solely a millionaire's enterprise; but why, he asked, should a millionaire be derided if he devoted some part of his money, as well as thought and care, to beautifying his city and rescuing a great art from a condition of partial paralysis and enslavement?

* * *

MR. MAETERLINCK has paid special visits to London to advise and co-operate in the impending production of "The Blue Bird," by Mr. Trench, at the Haymarket Theatre. He expressed himself as thoroughly contented and pleased with the preparations that had been made. He approved of the eighty-two costumes submitted to him, and enthusiastically praised the work of the chief producer, E. Lyall Swete. A London theatrical report writes: "The chief note of the Haymarket production will be simplicity, but the simplicity that leaves no point in the author's work untouched. Maeterlinck himself sanctions the use of such pantomimic devices as stage traps, and these will be freely employed. The company will fall not very short of 100, the large proportion being children. In the cast figure Mr. James Hearn and Mr. Charles V. France. Miss Amy Brandon Thomas will appear as Light, and Miss Ina Pelly, who is arranging the various dances, as Water. Mr. Ernest Hendrie will represent the Dog, Mr. Norman Page the Cat, Mr. William Farren Gaffer Tyl, and Miss Carlotta Addison the Good Fairy of the story."

LILLIAN HERLEIN,
In "The Rose of Algeria," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

* * *

THEATRE-GOERS soon become tired of being preached at, and the dramatist who undertakes to sermonize is running terrible risks, no matter how great his skill. Among present-day playwrights there are few who can compare in technical equipment and real dramatic genius with Brieux. And yet the famous French dramatist's last work to be translated into English, "False Gods," proved to be a failure in London, in spite of the eulogistic notices it received from the critics. In spite of its superb stage-setting, the skill of the actors, and the power of the drama itself, it had to be withdrawn. Nevertheless the play is sufficiently interesting and remarkable to make its story worth the telling.

The scene is Egypt a thousand years before the Christian era, long enough surely, to convince the censor that such warfare as was waged was against dead and buried religions! There are thousands of idols in the land and the calendar of the year is filled with a continuous routine of superstitious worship. The time has come for the sacrifice of two virgins as annual toll to the Nile; and beauteous Youma is in an ecstatic frenzy of religious infatuation because she has been chosen for the sacrifice. Her betrothed lover, Satni, returns from a circuit of travel and intellectuall awakening and denounces the false gods as fictions of credulous minds. He incites a mob to destroy the idols and, except for a muffled peal of thunder, there is no sign that there is supernatural power behind them. A blind woman, Mieris, clasps the image of Isis in her arms, with exclamations of gratitude for the hopes inspired and for the sorrows sent to sleep; Satni's father, Pakh, the potter, is mortally wounded in the rioting, and the son is powerless to console him with the new-fangled philosophy of agnosticism;

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THE DRAMA

GLADYS CLAIRE,
In "Kitty Grey," at the Princess next week.

father and mother unite in cursing the reformer for destroying their faith; his image-breaking followers consider themselves licensed to commit any and every crime with impunity, and Youma, still entranced by the thought of sacrifice and only half convinced that her lover is the inspired servant of divinities more potent than the ancient gods of Egypt, demands of him something more positive than a barren system of denials and negations.

So the drama drags on drearily until the last act, when the high priest and Pharaoh succeed by their sophistries in convincing the reformer that it is wiser and more humane to perpetuate a lie than to tell the truth that it is the dreamy worshipper who makes his god. At their behest he artificially contrives a sham miracle in the temple. When the multitudes are crying in anguish for the gift of healing and for signs which will comfort and satisfy the heart and mind, the stone statue bows its head and the supremacy of the old-time religion is established for the good of the people and because they cannot be conveniently governed without restraints. Youma now goes forth in the glory of martyrdom to die for the people and to propitiate the Nile, and Satni, returning to his followers to tell them that the miracle was only a poor trick of his own, is greeted coldly as a liar and stabbed by a slave. The idols are set up again, the old superstitions are revived by the casuistry and hypocrisy of the high priest and Pharaoh—Church and State—and everything goes on as before because a world without religious illusions and shams is a realm of lawlessness and despair.

NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Royal Alexandra: "Rose of Algeria."
Princess: "Kitty Grey."
Shea's: Vaudeville.
Majestic: Vaudeville.
Gayety: "Bon Tons."

"THE Rose of Algeria," a new musical comedy by Victor Herbert and Glen MacDonough, will be presented by Lew Fields at the Royal Alexandra for the week commencing next Monday. The usual Thursday and Saturday matinees will be given. As the name of this light opera would suggest, the scenes are laid in Northern Africa, and great latitude is allowable in story, music and production. The story is woven around a native princess, who is vainly searching for the author of a song, and two American circus men who have been stranded and who have joined and then deserted the French army, with the result that a red-cross nurse introduces them as the authors of the song. This prevents their summary execution, and also causes endless complications as the princess endeavors to discover by means of tests which one wrote the song, and they, in turn, to save their necks try to enact the authors. The story is enhanced by nearly twenty musical selections, all written by Victor Herbert at his best. His biggest song successes in the "Rose of Algeria" are "The Rose of the World," a highly classical number which Mr. Herbert and others claim is the best thing he ever wrote; "Tell Her While the Band is Playing," bordering on the popular and extremely catchy "Love is Like a Cigarette," one of those dreamy sentimental numbers in which Mr. Herbert excels; and a Bedouin battle march which possesses a martial swing and a soul-stirring theme which is irresistible. The cast of principals includes such noted vocalists as Eugene Cowles, George Leon Moore, Maitland Davies, Ralph Nairn, Lillian Herlein, a European prima-donna of great promise, Ethel Green, Anna Wheaton, and one of the largest and best singing choruses ever engaged for musical comedy. The orchestra will be enlarged and every possible accessory supplied.

HARRY LAUDER,
Who appears at Mass.y Hall week of December 20.

ETHEL GREEN,
In "The Rose of Algeria," at the Royal Alexandra next week.

* * *

"Kitty Grey" is adapted from the French by J. W. Pigott, with music by Lionel Monckton, Howard Talbot and Paul Rubens. It ran continuously at Hicks' theatre, London, for more than two years and at the New Amsterdam theatre, New York, for four months. It is one of the biggest musical comedy organizations on tour. Mr. Huntley is the creator of the happy "silly ass" or "Johnny" of musical comedy. He paid this country a short visit a few years ago in "Three Little Maids." He was principal comedian in Edna May's company and for four years was with the Kendals.

The story of "Kitty Grey" concerns the adventures or misadventures of the Earl of Dulston (Huntley) in search of an American heiress. Dulston is an impecunious nobleman up to his ears in debt. His principal occupation is patching up others' difficulties but only ends by making them worse. On arriving at Biarritz he falls in with Sadie Poulson, who half promises her hand. When Dulson is late in keeping an appointment he is "chucked" by the heiress and then joins the army of "Kitty Grey" admirers. "Kitty" is a much feted actress of the day and has pretty much all London at her feet.

Sir John Binfield is the husband of a woman much given to tracts and sermons. Sir John, however, is an extremely vivacious sort of man, not at all averse to a risque adventure, fond of stage people and quite the devoted slave of the actress "Kitty Grey." Sir John makes his excuses to his wife, goes to London to visit "Kitty," and attends a dinner party given by the King of Illyria.

Hearing of her husband's infatuation for the actress, Lady Binfield becomes suspicious and follows him to "Kitty's" dressing room, where in an amusing interview with the actress she obtains advice on how to keep her husband's love.

Disguising herself in one of "Kitty's" costumes, Lady Binfield escapes from the dressing room intent upon attending the supper. The wind-up of the story is the scene at Duplay's restaurant, where Sir John has been waiting all night in his evening clothes for "Kitty Grey." Lady Binfield arrives and there is a general squaring of accounts, but not until the audience has been carried through the antics of comedian Huntley, acting as the "silly ass" and "gadabout."

There are a number of tuneful melodies introduced during the play. The chorus is said to be composed of real English beauties imported from London.

* * *

Next week at Shea's Theatre the big vaudeville bill will be headed by Van Biene, the actor musician, in a new one-act play, "The Master Musician." Van Biene is well remembered as a great 'cellist, and he will delight his admirers next week, as he introduces some delightful selections in his playlet. Other acts included in the exceptionally strong bill are: Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry, Harold Forbes and Carrie Bowman, Fred Duprey, Warren and Blanchard, Robert Du Mont Trio and the Kinetograph.

* * *

Among the acts at the Majestic next week are:—Kate Elinore and Sam Williams, comedians; W. E. Whittle, ventriloquist; Keller Trio, vocalists; and the Ishawaka Brothers, acrobats.

* * *

Weber & Rush will present the "Bon Tons" at the Gayety Theatre next week. The company consists of about forty people, including the Eight English Dancing Dolls, who were especially imported to this country for the "Bon Tons."

* * *

The Shuberts will bring to the Royal Alexandra Theatre Christmas week the English musical play, "King of Cadonia," with a large cast headed by William Norris, and including Melville Stewart, Clara Palmer, Gertrude Darrell, William Danforth, and Burrell Barbaretto.

* * *

"The Climax," a three-act melodydrama which has been much talked about of late is announced to appear at the Princess for Christmas week. The play has created favorable impression in New York, where it has been running for over half a year, as well as in Philadelphia and Chicago.

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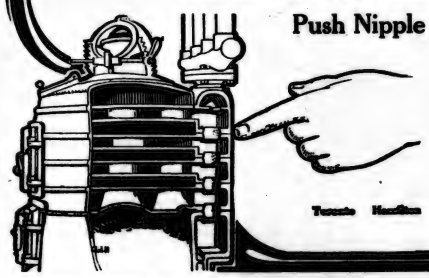

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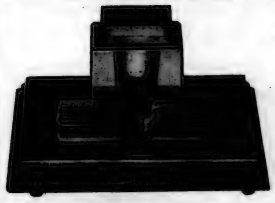

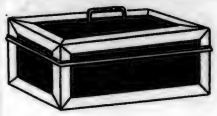

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Men's Wear

JUST at this season of the year the article of dress which is receiving most consideration from men is probably the winter overcoat. Of course, there are many styles in this useful garment; but a new model which promises to be very popular is the storm-collar type, shown in the illustration on this page. A very wide range of this style is being shown, and most of them are quite acceptable. The beauty of this coat is its practicability and its fitness for different kinds of weather. When the air is filled with driving snow and the north wind is searching for the rifts in one's clothes, all one has to do is to turn up the collar and button over the flap to get thorough protection against the weather. And this particular style of overcoat is also very trim and neat under such circumstances. When, on the other hand, the sun shines and the weather becomes mild, the collar may be turned down and the flaps opened, without spoiling the dressy appearance of the coat.

There is some little talk of rehabilitating the "raglan," once a very popular overcoat model. But I doubt if it will be taken up. The raglan is a comfortable and serviceable coat, but the shapeless shoulder and the resulting clumsiness in the drape of it, are apt to prevent its finding wide favor. It is not a coat which becomes most men, and the faddish vogue which it once enjoyed has long since passed.

* * *

FOR sack suits one need not concern oneself so much about exact shade and pattern of material this season as about quality and intrinsic good style. There is no one fabric pre-eminently in vogue, although the worsteds and cheviots in brown and gray mixtures are, of course, generally popular, and there may be a slight preference for overplaid, rather than stripe effects. The coat—I am speaking now of broad fashion without regard to individuality of style or variation in detail—is of medium length, with no marked waist-fitting spring in back or at sides. Front should be cut straight, or moderately rounded at corners—not sharply away; lapels are fairly wide and deep, but should not show waistcoat above them, and, while four buttons is not incorrect, three is the more usual number. There should be an outside breast-pocket, and simple, straight-set, flap-covered side pockets; the sleeve with slit and three buttons is better than any design of turned back or simulated cuff; the shoulders should be natural, without the least suspicion of padding, and there may be vents, or not, as one prefers.

Waistcoats are cut rather long, moderately deep at neck, and usually without collar or lapels. The single-

Tweed peak-cap of a stylish and sensible model.

breasted design is much more generally in vogue than the double, and while what are known as "odd" or "fancy" waistcoats of flannel or other suitable materials, are correct with sack suits, the patterns and colors should not be over striking or conspicuous. One of the illustrations on this page shows a model of mixed silk and linen that will give a good general idea of cut and simple finish, and we have had so much attempt at fancifulness of design that I believe the simple finish is the better in nearly every case. Trousers should be medium in width, straight in line and without noticeable taper.

* * *

A FEATURE of recent fashions which has already received notice in these columns, is the development of the morning-coat. This garment has very largely superseded frock-coats for afternoon calls and receptions, and has come to be one of the most useful articles of formal dress. For weddings, however, and very formal affairs, careful dressers still use the more conservative garment. Of the morning coat, to be made of black or dark Oxford fabric, there are several styles, among them one slightly double-breasted, with three buttons in V-shape, but the conservatively correct coat has fairly wide and deep lapels, a front curving gracefully back to the tails, with two

The storm-collar overcoat, which promises to be very popular this winter.

or three covered buttons, no side pockets and an outside breast pocket, or not, as desired. The skirts are quite long; there may be not too wide black braiding on the edges, if one cares for it, and the sleeves should be finished with buttons only—not turned-back cuffs. It may be said of both these coats, as indeed of all others this year, that there should be no exaggerated squareness or fullness of shoulders, which means, of course, the use of as little padding as possible.

* * *

IN talking of dress, there are some good old general rules which continually suggest themselves. They belong to the class of principles which are never sufficiently taught, because they are never sufficiently learned. One of these is the necessity of moderation in the style and color of clothes. As each season of the year brings out its new host of styles, there is always the same need and the same opportunity of warning the average man to have a care. With a small minority of men the task of selecting stylish and becoming clothes offers no difficulty whatever. These men have a sort of instinctive knowledge of the becoming in dress, and as a result they seem always "fit," without any suggestion of foppishness. They may venture on strange combinations of color and daring effects of style without running into extravagance or discord. But for the average man moderation should be the motto.

The absurd extremes to which some go have developed into a sort of craze for the decidely "different," as distinguished from that refined distinctiveness which is the attainment of the more exclusive set. Few men who affect bold patterns and colors know where to draw the line. Ofttimes the result is a melange of contrasts which produce a grotesque effect apparent to even the casual observer.

As a general proposition it may be stated that the suit should be of modest shade and pattern, and that the more conspicuous treatments should

Gloves of unfinished deerskin in gray shade for winter wear.

be confined to the details. Except in the cravat, high colors are to be avoided. The shirt is best of a fine-striped or small-figured design and of light ground, thus permitting the use of a variety of cravat shades without discord. Particularly in half-hose are bright hues to be shunned.

The hat should always be selected with a view to becomingness rather than to follow any supposed tendency in fashion. As a matter of fact, no one block in derby or silk hat can now be declared "the thing" for a particular season, as the most costly makes are offered in an extensive range of shapes.

This rule, then, is worthy of remembrance: clothes not suited to the wearer's build and complexion can in no sense be regarded as smart, however scrupulous be the adherence to the demands of the current mode in cut, shade or fabric.

* * *

THERE are numerous questions of usage in connection with men's dress which prove perplexing. One cannot form a definite judgment by observation at the theatres, the hotels or the better restaurants, for even at the most exclusive of such places the depth of ignorance of the proprieties is often abysmal. As likely as not it will be asked: "Who, then, shall be the final arbiters?" Well, there is certainly a right and a wrong, and there are men who distinguish between these, whatever the crowd may think or do: men of culture and means who abide unswervingly by fixed rules which the custom and conventions of society make mandatory.

The matter on which enlightenment is most frequently sought is the status of the evening jacket, or Tuxedo. Broadly speaking, it is not permissible at any gathering attended by women except the quiet dinner at home. The jacket is to evening dress what the sack suit is to day dress: an informal garment, no more than that. Its right place is in the home, at the club or at stag affairs. It is not in good form at a ball, a reception, the opera, a formal call or a celebration in which wo-

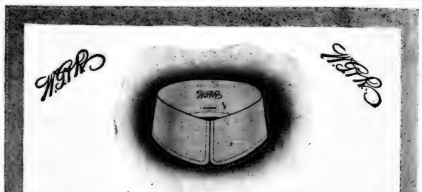
A waistcoat of silk and linen in simple and good style.

men participate. As to the theatre, the evening jacket should not be worn if one attends with a party or when there are likely to be introductions. If one is in doubt the safer plan is to wear the swallow-tail.

With the evening jacket go the Chesterfield overcoat, the dark gray or black tie and waistcoat, the former color being preferable as a newer development of the mode; black trousers with plain outer seams; the black derby, the plain or plaited white shirt, the fold or the wing collar, gray suede gloves, patent-leather boots or dull calf Oxfords, and gold links and studs. With the swallow-tail are worn the cape or the dark Chesterfield overcoat; trousers of the same material as the swallow-tail, with braided outer-seams; white single-breasted waistcoat of linen drill or pique (never the black waistcoat); high silk hat or opera hat at the theatre; white shirt, plain or pique; lap-front or poke collar, broad-end white linen or silk tie, white glace kid or reindeer gloves, patent-leather boots with buttoned cloth or kid tops, or, for dancing, patent-leather pumps, and pearl, agate or moonstone links and studs.

These are the rules, but men will still persist in using a certain amount of latitude in their observance of them. Convenience is an element which is not taken very much into account in laying down the law; but it is a very serious element in the consideration of the individual man who is supposed to follow the law. And in the long run convenience is apt to have the casting vote. Nor is this altogether unnatural, in view of the fact that clothes were made for men—not men for clothes.

TUXEDO.



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THERE was once an elderly English colonel in India whose boast it was that he had a very tranquil disposition that nothing could ruffle. He took up golf, and for a long time his friends failed to notice any disturbance of the colonel's outward calm; but one day, when playing a four-some, he got into a notorious "Devil's Punch-bowl" bunker, and spent a terrible fifteen minutes trying first to find the ball and then to play it out. He tried every club in vain, and at last, glaring like a demon, he smashed them, one after another, across a jagged rock.

"What are you doing?" cried the party above.

"It's all right," he snorted. "It's—it's better to—break one's clubs than to—lose one's temper!"

And the caddie gathered up the pieces.

* * *

SIR WILLIAM HENRY PERKINS, the inventor of many coal-tar dyes, was talking in New York, before he sailed for England, about the Psychical Research Society.

Client: "I wish to see one of your principals, please."
Clerk: "Yes, sir; what matter is it 'Re'?"—Punch.

"Crookes and some other scientists go in for psychical research," he said, "though I confess that to me the subject makes no great appeal.

"Personally, I have come in contact, during a fairly long career, with but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I'll call Snooks.

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put into a haunted chamber for the night. He said he felt no uneasiness; nevertheless, he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern.

"He fell asleep without difficulty, but as the clock was striking two he awoke with a strange feeling of oppression.

"Lifting his head, he peered about him. The room was wanly illuminated by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he saw a small hand clasping the rail at the foot of the bed.

"'Who's there?' he demanded, tremulously.

"There was no reply. The hand did not move.

"'Who's there?' said Snooks again. 'Answer or I'll shoot.'

"Again there was no reply, and Snooks sat up cautiously, took careful aim, and fired.

"He limped from that night on, for he shot off two of his own toes."

* * *

A DAILY paper—not a Toronto paper—printed this story in its editorial column as a pointed suggestion that the public required action of municipal officers.

"Are you a Quaker?" demanded the small boy of the man with the wide-brimmed hat.

"Yes, friend," was the reply.

"A shaking Quaker?" pursued the boy.

"Yes, friend," came the second reply.

"Well, then," said the small boy, "do it!"

* * *

THE law class was studying wills. "Young gentlemen," said the instructor, "I will give you one maxim that every lawyer needs, 'Where there's a will there's a way' to break it."

Class dismissed.

* * *

IN an informal discussion of the drama Clyde Fitch once said that novelty and strangeness had little value in climaxes—real human interest was the thing. He instanced an extraordinary, a quite unique climax that would yet be bound to fail: "In this climax the hero, a chap with wooden legs, stumps breathlessly across the stage as fast as his two wooden legs will carry him. A woman brandishing a butcher's cleaver is in pusuit. The woman overtakes the man. She upsets him. Kneeling, she brandishes the cleaver about his artificial limbs.

"'Herbert Mannering,' she cries, 'pay me the six weeks' board you owe, or I will cut both your wooden legs off!'"

* * *

A. H. McCOY, the expert whist player, recently discussed at a dinner those overconfident and foolish persons who think they can learn whist in a year or two.

"Such persons should be called to order," Mr. McCoy said. "I for one am always glad to see them called to order. A young greenhorn stood behind my partner during a game one night. At the end of the hand the greenhorn said:

"'Why didn't you lead hearts? That's what I'd have done.'

My partner smiled and answered:

"'Ah, but you, my young friend, have the world before you and none but yourself to consider. You have no wife and family to depend on you for bread, and if you lose heavily no one suffers but yourself. With me it is different. Hence I led spades."

* * *

IN the gray light of early morning the traveller in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely.

"You gave me the worst bed in the inn!" he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before to-night, I shall look up other lodgings."

"There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied, respectfully.

The traveller smiled ironically. "If that is so," he said, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine."

"It is occupied, sir."

"I know it is. By a man who snored all night, and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine, or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch."

"The beds are all alike, sir. That man has been here before, and he always sleeps on the floor, sir."

* * *

A TEACHER in the primary grade of a Newark school was instructing her class in the composition of sentences. After a talk of several minutes, she wrote two sentences on the blackboard, one grammatically wrong, the other a misstatement of facts. The sentences were:

"The hen has three legs. Who done it?"

"Willie," she said, "go to the blackboard and show where the fault lies in these two sentences."

Willie did so. To her astonishment, he wrote:

"The hen never done it; God done it."

* * *

THE house committee of a certain club recently received this unique complaint:

"I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known gourmets. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served for four persons, it should be either with (a) four flies, or (b) no flies at all."

Hobson: "I planted ten shillings' worth of bulbs on Saturday, and they were all up on Monday."
Jobson: "Great Scott! Some new electric dodge, I suppose?"
Hobson: "No; your confounded cat."—The Sketch.

* * *

AN Irish soldier was recently given leave of absence the morning after pay day. When his leave expired he didn't appear. He was brought at last before the commandant for sentence, and the following dialogue is recorded:

"Well, Murphy, you look as if you had had a severe engagement."

"Yes, sur."

"Have you any money left?"

"No, sur."

"You had $35 when you left the fort, didn't you?"

"Yes, sur."

"What did you do with it?"

"Well, sur, I was walking along and I met a friend, and we went into a place and spint $8. Thin we came out and I met another friend and we spint $8 more, and thin I come out and we met another friend and we spint $8 more, and thin we come out and we met another bunch of friends and I spint $8 more—and thin I comes home."

"But, Murphy, that makes only $32. What did you do with the other $3?" Murphy thought. Then he shook his head slowly and said:

"I dunno, colonel, I reckon I must have squandered that money foolishly."

* * *

IT is said that during the first year of coeducation at a college, several of the co-eds, as guests of some of the college men, were witnessing their first game of football.

"Why are all the players leaving the field?" inquired one girl.

"This is the end of the first half," replied her escort.

"Oh, is that so?" gushed the girl. "How many halves are there?"

* * *

A CANADIAN author wrote an anthem for a recent celebration in Toronto.

Toward the end of the exercises, when the people were going out a few at a time, the author rushed to the conductor and said:

"Is it over?"

"Practically."

"But, Great Scott! man, they haven't sung my anthem!"

"Well," said the conductor, "so long as the people are going out peacefully and quietly, why sing it at all?"

* * *

TWO young men who had been chums at college went abroad together. One conscientiously wanted to visit every spot mentioned in the guide books; the other was equally conscientious about having a hilarious time. This naturally led to disagreements. In the course of one of these, the lover of pleasure said tauntingly:

"Perhaps you are doing these places so thoroughly because you are going to write a book about your trip."

"I should," replied the other promptly, "if Robert Louis Stevenson hadn't pre-empted the title I want to use."

"What's that?"

"'Travels with a Donkey.'"

* * *

WHEN the late O. O. Howard was a brigadier-general in the Civil War, so earnest was he in his religious efforts that in a short time he had converted every man in the brigade, all but one hardened old teamster. Going to his commander one day this man said earnestly:

"General Howard, I'm lonesome. Every man in the camp has been converted except me. I'd like mighty well to be a Christian, just to be in with the other boys. I suppose it's the right thing, too, but I don't see how I can manage it."

The man shook his head mournfully.

"Why, my good man," said the general, "I see no difficulty in the way of it, if you will just surrender your own will and ask for guidance."

"That's just it, general," responded the would-be convert. "If I'm converted, who in blazes is goin' to drive them mules?"

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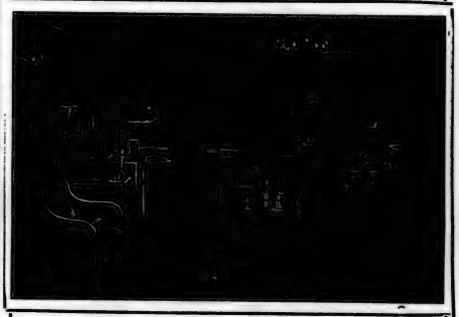

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A VOCAL RECITAL will be given by Capt. Cockerill and pupils, assisted by Miss Elizabeth Pearsall, A.T.C.M., at Crystal Hall, 220 Dundas St., on Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8 p.m. Tickets, 25 cents, at 638 Crawford St.; Whaley, Royce & Co., or Ashdown's Music Store.

MUSIC

THE only and original John Philip Sousa gave two of his insouciant concerts in Massey Hall on Tuesday. Mr. Sousa is the most nonchalant-mannered gentleman in all Christendom. There is an air of imperturbable, fastidious apathy about his conducting, which only serves as a mask for a nature superlatively rhythmic. Time has mellowed his calisthenics of the baton. The Indian Club and Swedish movements no longer prevail, and in their place the gentle, esoteric Swoboda system seems to hold sway. But his *sang froid* is superb. It is a well known fact that Mr. Sousa can, at one and the same time, stroke his moustache with his right hand, conduct a march with his eyebrows, write a novel with his left hand, and plan a ballet for his next comic opera with his silent, prehensile understanding—certainly, Geraldine, that is what I meant.

But his band can play. The beauty of the tone in every section is remarkable, and whether they are performing his rollicking marches, which are certainly all to the merry, or a Liszt Rhapsody, which is very much otherwise, the tone is always beautifully pure and musical. The mannerisms of the conductor were discarded in the nobler compositions such as Wagner's "Liebestod," in which was developed a most impressive climax. Herbert L. Clarke's fine cornet solos were hugely enjoyed. The Hoyt sisters' vocal duets' a la vaudeville, and the violin solos of Miss Hardeman, a young lady with fine technique and fair tone, were somewhat overpowered by the accompaniment of brass and reed.

Great is Sousa; may his band go marching on!

* * *

Let us give honor where honor is due. In a recent article in reference to the forthcoming performance of the "Children's Crusade" by the Mendelssohn Choir, I stated that this would be the first production of the work in Canada. A Montreal correspondent writes to inform me that the Association Chorale St. Louis de France gave a performance of this work in that city in April last. This Choral Society with a membership of 250 voices under the leadership of Mons. Alexandre M. Clerk sang the composition in French. The Montreal papers at the time spoke well of the phrasing, enunciation, and attacks. The children's choruses were rendered by women's voices, and the Montreal Gazette, in commenting upon the fact that the composer suggests this alternative where children's voices are not available, remarks, in view of the monumental difficulties of the work: "This is a wise proviso of the composer, who will probably never live to see the day when ordinary, everyday children can undertake to sing a note of his music." This statement is very interesting in view of the chorus of children rehearsing in conjunction with the February performance which is being so eagerly awaited.

* * *

The concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra next Thursday evening deserves and will no doubt receive more than the usual patronage, as by all accounts it promises to be one of the most popular of the series, not even excepting the recent "Gadski Night," when the orchestra and its charming assisting artiste captured the popular fancy in a remarkable manner. The great Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, which will be the first number on the program, should in itself be sufficient attraction to every music lover, and to those who wish to become more familiar with the masterpieces in musical compositions there could be no better occasion than the advent of a Beethoven Symphony. It is announced that David Bispham, that greatest of baritones, will sing "Wotan's Farewell," from Wagner's Die Walkure, with orchestral accompaniment, and although his name does not appear on the program a second time, it is understood that he will be prepared to sing several of his famous songs, and already requests have been sent in to the management asking for old favorites, so great is the popularity of Bispham in Toronto. The fact that it is several years since this famous artist visited this city will no doubt assist in the bringing out of a large audience on the sixteenth at Massey Hall.

* * *

Among the many important works to be performed by the Mendelssohn Choir under Dr. Vogt's direction at its coming concerts, perhaps none stands out more pre-eminent than the great German Requiem by Johannes Brahms, which received its initial performance here under the same auspices two years ago. It is a work abounding in exquisite melody, massive forms and grand tonal effects, both choral and orchestral. It is one of the greatest of the modern school of compositions and for this reason it is doubly welcome as the principal number for the first concert on Monday, January 31st. After several years' omission it has been decided to re-introduce an orchestral matinee on the Thursday afternoon, February 3rd, and Mr. Hick has prepared a programme which will appeal to all music-lovers and particularly to music students. It will be the occasion for the introduction to Toronto of Ferrucio Busoni, the great pianist who, since his first Berlin performance in 1894 has scored unprecedented successes in every part of Europe and is acknowledged there, as in the United States, as probably the greatest piano virtuoso on the concert stage to-day. He is an enthusiast who seems to infuse his audience with his own enthusiasm and whose magnetic personality electrifies and thrills his listeners. The subscription lists for these concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir and Theodore Thomas Orchestra close next Tuesday, Dec. 14th. Subscriptions will be received at the music stores, at Massey Hall or by any member of the chorus, from whom also or from the secretary may be obtained a circular giving full particulars as to the programmes, terms of subscription, etc.

* * *

Patrons of the Schubert Choir concerts will have the privilege of hearing one of the greatest symphonies ever played in Toronto, namely, Brahm's monumental work, C Minor Symphony No. 1, which the late Hans Von Buelow said should be placed between Beethoven's second and ninth. The New York Musical Courier of November 12th says:—The Pittsburgh Orchestra gave its second week's concert last night. This concert marked an epoch in the history of the orchestra, because with a really wonderful presentation of the Brahms Symphony No. 1, musical Pittsburgh enthusiastically endorsed Brahms. No symphony has ever been played with such living, throbbing reality as this, the Brahms C minor symphony. Emil Paur, having been intimately familiar with his beloved Brahms lo, these many years, showed deep devotion for his musical god by conducting the work wholly from memory. And this was done with such an absorbing passion for the work itself that the men under him were literally inspired in the playing. Such deep and penetrating tone quality has not come from this body of musicians since the founding of the organization. And the audience as of one mind showed surprising and unparalleled enthusiasm. At its close the men were forced to rise and acknowledge the fulsome and genuine applause, and Emil Paur was at last perfectly happy, happy that he had made his audience love Brahms.

The subscription lists are now in the hands of the chorus.

* * *

The following is the programme given at the fortnightly recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Saturday afternoon last, by pupils in the junior grade of the piano and vocal departments:

German, Morris Dance, Miss Grace MacKay; Moszkowski, Serenata, Miss Margaret McCoy; (a) Bohm, Calm as the Night, (b) Woodman, An Open Secret, Miss Sadie Terry; Wachs, Les Myrtles, Miss Tessie Kaplan; Lack, Valse Arabesque, Miss Alice Wark; Corbett, Butterflies, Miss Dorris McAllister; Thome, La Sirene (Valse) Op. 36, Miss Ruth Wilson; Borowski, La Coquette, Miss Jessie Lunness; Bohm, May Bells, Miss Margaret Ryrie; Lehmann, Three Songs from "The Life of a Rose," (a) The Awakening of the Rose, (b) The Death, (c) The Resurrection, Miss Hope West; (a) Greig, In Kahn, (b) Albert Ham, Darling of Mine, Miss R. Lyola Fries; Godard, Mazurka, D flat, Op. 54, Miss Marguerite Kiely.

The teachers represented were: Miss Edith Breckenridge, Miss Margaret Macdonnell, Miss Annie Hallworth, Miss Rachael Wilson, Miss Alma Tipp, Mr. W. H. Dingle, Miss Edith Myers, Miss Mabel Boddy, Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson, Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., Mr. Donald Herald.

* * *

The Ithaca Daily Journal, for Dec. 1st, has the following comments regarding Mr. Arthur Blight's singing in that city: "In presenting Arthur Blight, baritone, to an Ithaca audience, Miss Petersen has done her townfolk a great favor. He has a voice of great richness and depth, and a marvelously fine tone production through his extensive range. He sings with great expression and his personality appeals to his auditors. Mr. Blight's rendition of the song cycle 'In a Brahmin Garden' containing five numbers, by Logan, completely carried his audience, and even after the last number had been completed there was absolute silence for some moments followed by a burst of applause."

* * *

Mr. T. M. Sargant, a pupil of Mr. W. E. Fairclough, gave an interesting organ recital in All Saints' Church last Saturday afternoon. Mr. Sargant, who is a talented young musician with adequate technical resources, played the following programme in a highly satisfactory manner: Faulkes, Concert Overture in E flat; Hollins, Spring Song; Callaerts, Intermezzo; Faulkes, Theme (varied) in E; Bennet, Barcarole; Guilmant, Caprice; Henry Smart, Overture in D minor and major.

* * *

Miss Maria Ricardi, who in private life is Miss Lillian Gibbs, the daughter of Senator Gibbs, of Ottawa, made her first professional appearance before a Canadian audience in the Russell theatre, Ottawa, upon Wednesday evening of last week. Of her performance, given under vice-regal patronage, the "Ottawa Citizen" remarks: "Miss Ricardi cannot be said to have a large voice, but it is of wonderful purity, clear as a silver bell, and her enunciation is perfect. She has an extraordinary high register, her top F in Thomas' Polonese being beautifully taken. Perhaps the most noteworthy number was L'Amero, Max Mozart, with violin obligato. She sang the cadenza in this without a single fault, an achievement seldom attained by the greatest singers. Miss Gibbs has but recently returned from a three years' course of study with Dr. Theodore Lierhammer, of London, Eng., himself a great singer in addition to being a famous teacher. It is her ultimate intention to go in for grand opera.

* * *

Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson sang a charming programme of most diverse character before the Women's Musical Club on Thursday of last week. Folk songs, ballads, the aria from "Madame Butterfly," George's "Hymn to the Sun," the prayer from "La Tosca," Salter's piquant "Chrysanthemum," and many other vocal delicacies were proffered, and all with the temperament and finish of which this artist is capable. Mrs. Dorothea Davis-Keller was a very acceptable accompanist.

* * *

The second edition of the patriotic song "Canada, Our Homeland," words by Dr. A. D. Watson and music by Lonnie Rees, A.T.C.M., has been sold out, and a third will be issued shortly.

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"but as a rule the chorus is good enough for me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Night Nurse—Has that medicine come that the doctor promised to send? The Day Nurse—Not yet. The Night Nurse—Then I guess the patient will live through the night.—Chicago Tribune.

"Pa, what is a libretto?" "A libretto, Aurelius, is a home for old jokes."

Benevolent Old Gentleman (to seedy applicant for a job)—But the last man I helped turned out to be a burglar. Seedy Applicant—Ah, yer honor, that's how innocent men like you and me 'as to suffer!—Punch.

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"The Suitable Child," by Norman Duncan. Published by Henry Frowde, Toronto; 60 cents.

OF all the young Canadian writers who during the past decade have established continental reputations Norman Duncan is the most lovable to his readers. To his work from a technical standpoint only one objection can be made—that he imitates Dickens and sometimes other masters too closely. In the most charming of his stories, "The Cruise of the Shining Light," the style adopted, perhaps unconsciously, is for the most part that of Robert Louis Stevenson, with Dickens chapters here and there. And yet the discerning reader feels that the story is one which no one but Duncan himself could have written, and in it are passages, entirely his own in style, which are too beautiful to be easily forgotten.

"The Suitable Child" is of a certainty written after the manner of Dickens, and not a few will consider it to be exaggerated and artificial in tone. Others, far greater in number, will pronounce it one of the loveliest of little Christmas tales, and this is

NORMAN DUNCAN,
Author of the Christmas story, "The Suitable Child."

what the present reviewer considers it to be. It tells how five passengers on a west-bound Winnipeg train cheered the heart of an orphan child they found on board, on Christmas Eve. And (for there are two stories, one within the other) one of the passengers, moved by the spirit of the occasion, reveals the experience he and his wife once had with another child.

It used to be a custom in some families years ago to read Dickens' "Christmas Carol" on Christmas Eve—some member of the household reading the story aloud. But presumably this sort of thing is not done nowadays. Everyone reads on his own account in families now; and some people, especially young and critical people, consider Dickens to be exaggerated in style, old-fashioned, even grotesque. But this old custom was a good one, especially, of course, if an acceptable reader was available; and it occurs to me to suggest that if any family would like to revive it, reading instead of an old story, a new one with the good old Christmas spirit, they will find "The Suitable Child" a suitable book. It can be read in fifteen minutes, and will appeal both to those who love children and to children themselves.

* * *

"The Amber Army and Other Poems," by William T. Allison. Published by William Briggs, Toronto; $1.00.

The author of this book of poetry is one of the most scholarly of young Canadians. Still in his early thirties, he is well equipped as a journalist, a preacher, and an educationist. Considerable interest, therefore, will no doubt be taken in the volume of his work just issued, especially in Toronto, where he was for several years a newspaperman and for some time a lecturer in English at the University. There are fifty poems in the collection, selected from a large body of verse written by Mr. Allison from time to time, much of which has appeared in Canadian and American periodicals. As might be expected, the poems are faultless in form and chaste in expression. But they are not by any means "heavy." Many of them touch lightly and gracefully on phases of Canadian life, but the others are widely various in theme. The book in appearance is peculiarly attractive, bound in green, white and gold, and finely printed. As a Christmas gift from one Canadian to another, at home or abroad, this collection of verse, delicate, musical, and excellent in sentiment, made into such a handsome volume, ought to prove most suitable. It is the only volume of verse being published by Briggs this Christmas season.

* * *

"The Kite Book," by B. Cory Kilvert. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York; $1.25.

Christmas is almost upon us again, and we shall hear once more the old regret expressed—that this fine wondrous festival is not what it used to be. The puddings and the mince pies nowadays are only make-believe; turkeys, real turkeys, plump and tender at 10 cents a pound, are unheard of; and then folks now wouldn't know how to enjoy good old-fashioned cheer if they had it set before 'em. So grumble certain old codgers every Christmastide. And perhaps they are right. But certain it is that into no nursery in the old days ever came such a picture book as this one by Mr. B. Cory Kilvert. It pictures the adventures of Wally Wimple, who went out to fly a kite and was carried away, upsetting all sorts of people on his marvellous journey; each adventure being explained by nonsense jingles, also by Mr. Kilvert. This clever young Canadian artist has won considerable fame as an illustrator in New York, having his work in color featured in Life and other high-class publications. He has been particularly successful in his pictures of children, and "The Kite Book," containing twenty of his excellent paintings, reproduced on highly-surfaced cardboard pages eight by ten inches in size, is not only a picture book to delight children but a valuable collection of prints for art collectors. The youngster who receives this handsome book as a Christmas gift had better look after it closely, lest some art-loving big brother or sister rob him of his pictures and send them to the framer.

* * *

"The Automatic Capitalists," by Will Payne. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

This is the real thing in business stories, now so popular. It introduces two smooth young Chicago brokers, partners in a concern with very handsome offices, liabilities amounting to $147,628.69 and a bank account remnant of $317.23. They hit on a great scheme to manipulate Chicago Gas, and for a short time roll in wealth at the expense of some of the real financiers of the city. But just when they are beginning to buy automobiles and plan European vacations, the big fellows at whom they have been laughing, but who have not been fooled at all, catch the smart youngsters short on their favorite stock, bull the market out of sight, wallop them against the wall, and shake the last cent out of their pockets. The story is most amusing and is one of the sort that cannot be put down until finished.

* * *

"Fore! the Call of the Links," by W. Hastings Webling. Published by H. M. Caldwell Co., Boston and New York; 75 cents.

Mr. Webling is not a professional writer. He runs to rhyme only on the subject of golf, and when he writes he seeks to glorify, not himself, but the game which is his ruling passion. He lives at Brantford, Ont., and is the secretary and most enthusiastic member of the golf club of that brisk little city. A couple of years ago Mr. Webling started sending golf rhymes to SATURDAY NIGHT. They were excellent—not only characterized by an ardent golfer's zeal for "the game of games," but smart, really humorous, and by no means lacking in originality. These bits of verse made a hit, as the saying is, with golfers; they were pasted in scrap books and spoken about in clubs here and there throughout the country. So Mr. Webling's friends gave him the usual advice: "You ought to get out a book." The book in due time appeared. The Caldwell Company turned it out in most attractive form, lavishly illustrated, handsome in its color scheme—just the sort of little volume to make an attractive Christmas gift for a golfer. As the author says of his work in a preface: "Critics of the Swinburnian school may cavil, but 'tis no matter. The book is not for them, but for the man who can do eighteen holes in 130, or thereabouts, while not neglecting the possibilities of impressionist coloring in the English language." HAL.

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Skimming the Skies," by Russel. Whitcomb. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.00.

"Apologies for Love," by F. A. Myers. Published by Richard G. Badger, Boston; $1.50.

"The Countersign," a story of Tibet, by Claude F. Jones. Published by Richard G. Badger; $1.50.

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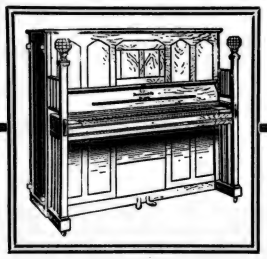

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The Speech of Seamen.

THERE is hardly a language which has not been called upon to provide at least one of the curious sea terms which are in constant use and whose origin is so obscure. For instance, says Harper's Weekly, the word "admiral" is not of English origin, but is from the Arabic *emil el bagh*, or lord of the sea. Captain comes from the Latin *caput*, but mate is from Icelandic and means a companion or equal. Coxswain is a word whose derivation would never be guessed. The coxswain was originally the man who pulled the after-oar in the captain's boat, which was known long ago as the cockboat. This in turn is a corruption of the word coracle, a small round boat used on the Wye and Usk rivers. So coxswain, it is plain, comes to us from the Welsh.

Another curious case of a term gradually corrupted out of its original form is the dog watch. This was originally the "dodge watch" because it lasted only two hours instead of four, and thus makes it possible that the same men shall not be on duty every day during the same hours.

Commodore is a term not so difficult to trace to its origin. It is simply the Italian *commandatore*, meaning commander. No such person as Davy Jones ever existed, though we have all often heard of him and his locker. To be correct, one should speak of "Duffy Jonah's locker," for that was the original.

Instead of the terms "port" and "starboard," which are in use nowadays, they used to talk of "larboard" and "starboard." Starboard has nothing in common with the stars, but is really the Anglo-Saxon for "steerboard," "steer side," because in all the galleys which were steered by an oar the oar was fixed somewhat to the right-hand side of the stern and the helmsman held the inboard portion of his right hand. "Larboard" is a corruption of lower board, the larboard side being inferior to the other.

The "jury mast" has nothing in common with a jury except its derivation from the same word, *jour*, the French for day. The jury mast is one wihch is put up temporarily—for a day—just as a jury in its legal term means a tribunal summoned for a short time only.

Then there is the "sheet anchor," the name given to the largest anchor carried by a ship. This used to be "shote anchor" and was so called because of its great weight, which makes it easy to "shoot" out in case of an emergency.

The Sentimental Sense.

MY sentimental sense is such
That Realism's ruthless touch
Can not displace
The fond embrace
With which Romance I cling to.
Now pigs are hardly thought to be
A theme for loving eulogy,
Or lyrical apostrophe;
Pigs *are* poetical to me.
And so a pig I sing to.
Oh, pig, thy blue and beaming eye
Smiles on me from the rose-decked sty.
Oh, pensive pig,
Romantic pig,
Hear my adoring sigh!

A cabbage, by the common herd
Is generally deemed absurd;
Both coarse and plain,
Of common grain,
A vegetable yokel.
And yet to me a cabbage seems
Fit subject for an artist's dreams;
For fond effusions, tender themes;
A cabbage, in the moon's pale beams
Inspires my praises vocal.
Oh, cabbage, of the pale-green hue,
Washed by the pearly morning dew,
Oh, cabbage fair,
Oh, cabbage fair,
I bring thee homage true!

And some there be of whom I wot,
Who hold that kitchen soap is not
A proper thing
Of which to sing
In sentimental measure.
But kitchen soap, by one of taste,
Upon a pinnacle is placed;
And any scene by it is graced.
So smooth and bright, so pure and chaste,
It gives exquisite pleasure.
Oh, kitchen soap, of graceful form,
I bring to thee my worship warm.
Oh, kitchen soap,
Oh, yellow soap,
You take my heart by storm!
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

The Grand Trunk Railway System wish to announce that return tickets will be issued betwen all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, and Suspension Bridge, N.Y., at the following reduced rates: Single fare, good going Dec. 24 and 25, 1909, returning on or before Dec. 27, 1909, also good going Dec. 31, 1909, and Jan. 1, 1910, returning on or before Jan. 3, 1910. At fare and one-third, good going Dec. 21 to 25 inclusive, or Dec. 28, 1909, to Jan. 1, 1910, returning not later than Jan. 5, 1910. At City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

Cholly Softhed—Say, Mr. Killtime, I—er—love your daughter and want to marry her. Is there any insanity in your family? Mr. Killtime—No, young man, there's not, an', moreover, there ain't going to be!—Chicago Daily News.

Cholly—The deuce, old chap; I cawnt go to the party. I have no collah-buttons. Reggie—Go across the street and buy some, deah fellow. Cholly—But I cawnt. Nobody has my measurements except my tailah, doatcherknow.—Life.

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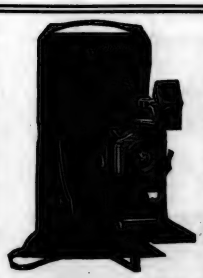

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32 PAGES

SECTION 2. PAGES 17 TO 32

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

WOMEN'S SECTION

VOL. 23, No. 9. Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors Offices: 26-28 Adelaide Street West TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 11, 1909. TERMS—Single Copies, 10c. Per Annum (in advance), $3. Whole No. 1149.

THE OTHER PAGE

CHARITY begins at home. We often say it, we universally think we believe it, and yet in one phase at least it is less lived up to than almost any other of the copy book precepts over which, with ink-stained fingers, we so laboriously struggled in the schoolroom.

Charity should begin at home, but obviously it doesn't, that is if by home we mean ourselves instead of our family and our friends. Woman is, and probably always will be, her own worst enemy, and seldom does she make allowance for herself such as she makes a dozen times daily for some one probably far less deserving.

Self-sacrifice, when carried to extremes, is a vice which, if not entirely feminine, is very largely so. Man makes his sacrifices for others more or less spasmodically, while woman makes a profession of the job. She is seldom happy—your thoroughly nice woman—unless she is busy putting herself into eclipse. This fondness for blotting out one's own personality in order that another may shine is almost as persistent, once it is acquired, as the drug habit, quite as pernicious, and far more common.

Anyone who has a loving mother knows that self effacement is the first symptom, followed by a total withdrawal into the back ground in order that the "angel child" of the establishment—also his brothers and sisters if he has any—may be happy. Then come the thousand sacrifices that the children may be well dressed and receive the best education; that home may be a happy place for "John" when the day's work is done. The idea of a loving wife and mother is that everyone must be looked after, and kept healthy and happy save only herself, and for her own welfare she usually has no time and little thought. She, poor dear, in her mistaken sense of duty, forgets that her "John" wants something more than a dustless home and a well appointed table, that he needs a companion as well as a housekeeper, that in fact, taken right, he will prove to be the last person on earth who wants to be the possessor of a dowdy, semi-slave, instead of a bright, intellectual companion who knows the art of dressing well. The average "John" is many-sided and while it's as well to feed him and make him comfortable it is also wise to so arrange things that his pride in his home does not stop short at his wife.

Some women are positively intoxicated with the spirit of self-sacrifice. They indulge in perfect orgies in which they give way to their delight in serving others. In the beginning they do not really revel in being door-mats for others to walk upon, instead, the desire to sacrifice themselves to their nearest and dearest is a slow development in many cases. Many of them are so busy working out their own plan of what is best for themselves as they mistakenly see it, that they don't stop to consider how wrong it may be to assist in cultivating a spirit of idleness and dependence in the ones on whom they lavish their care and attention. Selfishness, which is among the meanest of traits, is usually the outcome of a spirit of self-sacrifice mistakenly managed on the part of some one else. Many a life has been ruined and plenty of them marred by the over-devotion of mothers to children, of sisters to brothers, and of wives to husbands. That is why the best of womankind so often have cause to blush for the men who belong to them.

There is another aspect of the matter which women seem to even less well understand and that is the spirit of charity, which it is incumbent upon them to extend towards themselves. They will readily excuse the short comings of others, but make few, if any, allowances for their own. Their mistakes seem to them as mountains, those of their loved ones as mole hills. They will readily pardon a lapse on the part of one who is dear to them; will struggle, and save, and scrimp, and endure poverty and suffering while bestowing the divine gift of forgiveness on one who has caused the mischief. To themselves, however, they are far more harsh and they seldom temper justice with mercy in dealing with their own mistakes. Instead, they will spend a life time of regret over their own faintly grey misdeeds while dealing generously with the blackest actions of others. The very good woman is just a little unbalanced as far as her generosity is concerned, and it must be admitted that her point of view is often faulty.

We are all more or less on equal terms with this world, and, to express it concisely, "what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Charity should begin at home but it doesn't. Instead, it merely starts in the house, and, covering first the peccadillos of those a woman loves, reaches far out beyond and like a radiant garment shelters all beneath its folds save only she who spreads it, leaving her stripped of all that is hers and above all the right to lead her own life, and let others seek out their own salvation. What the good woman wants is a knowledge of the art of self-defense against—self.

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FUNNY, isn't it, what a natural antipathy seems to exist between women and waiters? If you are an observant man, you've noticed it, and if you are a lone woman prone to find yourself placed in the most undesirable seat at the least attractive table in a strange restaurant, you've not only noticed it, but have suffered from it.

Most waiters are regarded more or less as the football of ungrateful masculine humanity, and with a view to getting square with somebody, the waiter in return seems to single out as an object of malevolence the most weak and defenceless female person among the patronesses of the establishment where he deigns to clatter dishes and accept tips.

In their secret souls most women are afraid of waiters, and shrink beneath the accusing eyes of the knight of the napkin as he superciliously watches them consume their, at times, undoubtedly ill-selected and attenuated meals. If the waiter condescends to treat any woman with deference when she is unescorted, it is because she wears an air of opulence and looks as if she were good for an honorarium that will equal fifty per cent. of the amount of the bill. The modest shrinking variety of woman, be she rich or be she poor, has but small chance of attention in a restaurant where she is a stranger. Mr. Waiter usually has an old grudge against somebody which he decides to work off on her, and consequently if she gets a meal at all, it is usually in snatches. But be the service good or bad, the demi-tasse once emptied, Mr. Waiter is there with the bill, and with hand outstretched for the tip he feels the victim of his caretul inattention will not dare refuse him.

At a big Canadian hotel the other day, a woman who knows her world, complained to a waiter who had been working off his grouch at her expense, that she would speak to the head waiter if he again failed in proper attention, to which Mr. Waiter replied: "Tell him, tell him, tell him now." She called his bluff, and she not only told the haughty gentleman who guided the hungry to their appointed places, but she told the manager, and wound up with the proprietor. Result was Mr. Waiter got fired in spite of the old story being worked that he was a married man. She contended, and rightly, that it was no matter of sentiment with her, and that had the man been a bigamist with six wives to support, it was no affair of hers. All of which points a moral that will work two ways. Women will get better treatment everywhere if they will stop being sentimentalists and realize that if a married man loses his job because he isn't fit to keep it, there are probably forty-nine applicants for the position, and each possessed of a larger family than the man who has lost it. Also, let the bad tempered waiter remember when he goes looking for a victim, that he would do well to make sure that the worm he selects as prey, does not possess that attribute characteristic of the worm family in general—the ability to turn.

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THE lack of servants being the root of much domestic unhappiness, obviously the proper thing to do is to get as many and as able women as possible to fill the important positions of cooks, maids and generals, and when the home supply is limited, endeavor to coax others from other lands to ours. This, some of the women of Toronto, are trying to accomplish by urging upon the Ontario Cabinet the desirability of providing Government organization for bringing out more suitable women and girls as domestics for the Province of Ontario. The action of those behind the movement deserves every encouragement for there are undoubtedly many girls in Great Britain who would be better off than they are now were they placed in comfortable situations in Canada.

A celebrated recipe for cooking hare begins with the admonition to "first catch your hare," and that undoubtedly is the most necessary part of the proceedings, but the "hare" once caught, comes the highly important question of treatment. In the big establishments where half a dozen or more indoor servants are kept, the adjustment of each girl to her proper position is a matter easily arranged, the maid in each case being only a cog in extensive domestic machinery. Her place is allotted to her, and all she has to do is fill it. But in the small homes where a "general" needs to arrange her affairs with military precision in order to get through her multitudinous duties in a twenty-four hour day, the case is entirely different and must be regarded from quite another standard. The "general" is judged by her work but in too many instances her "daily round" is made even more uncongenial to her, and her life rendered really miserable by unpleasant surroundings and the many restrictions tyrannically imposed by a short-sighted mistress.

In these days of insistence upon the observation of the laws of hygiene, how often it still happens that for days at a time a girl is kept in the house without a chance of the brisk walk or the change of occupation that would give her a new zest for her duties when she returned to them. At present, when we all take an interest in the laws of sanitation and have the plumbing looked to periodically, how often it happens that the maid of all work is cooped up in a miserable little room—quite the worst in the house.

Now that there is so much talk of culture and of artistic development why is it that the servant's quarters are usually the repository of a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends of furniture that are enough to put her nerves on edge the moment the alarm clock goes off and she opens her eyes in the morning? A simple scheme of furnishing, cheaply carried out, would turn her room into a home of which she would be proud, and in which she could feel she was in her own domain.

It seems unnecessary to point out that servants are women like ourselves, instead of automata, that they have their "feelings" just as strongly accentuated as have we who pay them their monthly wage. Yet many women, who have not the least idea they are being something more than unkind, work off their bad temper of the moment upon the dependent who cannot defend herself without being charged with impertinence, or leave without being taxed with ingratitude. If only in order to make things pleasant for herself, and without any idea, from a sense of duty, of making her servant's lot better, let the mistress make every possible arrangement for the comfort of her domestic and she will be well repaid for her trouble.

Undoubtedly there is a dearth of servants in the country and just as surely, this scarcity will continue until domestic matters are run on a business basis, and servants are given some of the freedom that is the right of their sisters in the stores and factories. It's all very well to talk of the superior comfort attached to the position of servant, a girl nowadays wants freedom; it's the tendency of the age. Give up the rule of one night a week out, or even two, with an occasional Sunday half holiday, and place matters on a different basis. When the girl's work is done let her out. It doesn't entail any real loss of dignity to answer one's own door bell occasionally. There's nothing so fascinating about peeling potatoes, washing dishes and making beds that one can be expected to revel in the monotony of it. Give the woman so employed, during most of the day, an opportunity to shake off its effects by getting out in the open and away from her work. Encourage her to have her own friends and let her receive them without feeling that it is wisdom on her part to hide her "young man" in the kitchen cupboard when the mistress is heard approaching. Welcome "followers." Treat a servant as if you were in her place and half the domestic problem will be solved. The other half will remain until there is a course of education for mistresses.

HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

One of the most beautiful women of her time, Queen Alexandra, is the most popular woman in England, and has been noted for her grace and charm ever since she first left Denmark for the home of her adoption. On December 1st Her Majesty celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday.

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ALL hail to Muskegon, for there dwells the Rev. T. R. Adams who has decided that as far as he is concerned, wives need no longer "obey" their husbands. For centuries, women have taken the most solemn vows possible—those of marriage—with an untruth on their lips. They have hopefully promised to love and honor, two things over which they have only limited control, their ability to do so resting entirely upon the conduct and character of the man to whom they have plighted their troth. But no woman marries without hoping to continue to love and honor the man whose wife she has become. Any woman worth the name is only too anxious to find it easy to keep these two vows, and the saddest day of her life is that in which she discovers that she has ceased to do either one or the other.

But as for "obey"—why, of course, she has no intention of doing any such thing, and the man she promises to obey knows she won't, and so do "her sisters and her cousins and her aunts." Yet in all solemnity, at the most important moment of her life she is compelled to take a vow that she will do so. Realizing the utter mistake that lies in this condition of things, the Rev. Mr. Adams is the latest to raise his protest, and join the band of earnest-minded men who deem it a duty to eliminate the word "obey" from the marriage service.

Marriage is a partnership in which men and women are equal and often, in arranging their mutual affairs, the advice of the woman is as full of wisdom as that of the man. Women are helpmates, not slaves, and the sooner the old pretence, that they are to be obedient, is done away with, the better. As often as not it is the man who does the "obeying" in the average household and the wife who has things her own way. But as the man is usually so tactfully managed he doesn't know he is being influenced, and, moreover, isn't under the painful necessity of taking a vow he never intends to keep, he can afford to bend to the force of circumstances with but little loss of dignity.

Any man is—well, say lacking in wisdom—who expects his wife to render him implicit obedience. It is something he will never get. The man who thinks he is getting it is usually also getting hoodwinked. Women are diplomatic creatures when it comes to getting their own way, and if any man thinks he is able to conquer them on this ground he will have to sharpen his wits considerably.

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SURELY, if there ever was a word that's worked to death, it's lady. We have them of all sorts, these "ladies" of to-day, and most of those who claim the title are without one single attribute of the gracious ladies of other days. Not long ago a man said that if he were a woman he'd be "ashamed to be called a lady," as the term had fallen from its high estate. To tell the truth, it will need but little more to place it in the same category as that awful expression "gent" which flourishes, chiefly on the windows of cheap lunch rooms, or haberdashers' shops in side streets. Anyone who has as her birthright, the happiness of being a woman, need not be anxious to change her title for that little, much-abused, four-lettered word which is applied indiscriminately to everything in petticoats from a colored "Mammy" to a certain class of chorus girl. It's an old, old story, that of the Jubilee knight, who, as Lord Mayor, had the distinction of raising his wife, a good-natured, vulgar woman, to share his title, and of whom the unkindly commentor said, "Oh, yes, he could make her a 'Lady,' but nothing in Heaven or earth could make her a gentlewoman."

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SEEMS as if the cynics might be right when they insist that all people—or at least the great majority—have a tendency to break some law or other whenever they think they can do it with impunity. Many sorts and varieties of minor crimes have been put on the list of those which a good man cheerfully commits without thinking any less of himself, and these range from smuggling, to breaking the law by quenching the thirst on a forbidden but much desired brand in a temperance town.

Most common among the offences against the law which so many feel it is not only safe—but not really wrong—to commit is one to which Toronto is no stranger. It is that of expectoration in public places, yet all over the city, at intervals, are placed nice little blue and white signs pointing out to the erring citizen that it is unlawful to expectorate on the sidewalk, but the citizen—being either in too great a hurry to read, or objecting to the law as one that is more honored in the breach than in the observance—continues to make the sidewalk a spectacle so disgusting that one is, perforce, compelled to look elsewhere. The custom is as repulsive as it is insanitary and in a place where war is being made on tuberculosis is absolutely unpardonable. If women indulged in the habit, just think what the outcry would be. In this respect, at least, men are the offenders, and if their common sense and good judgment fail to show them the menace the practice is to themselves and their neighbors, then the law should be enforced.

MADAME.

TORONTO SOCIETY

THE Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweeny announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Miriam Sweeny, and Mr. Reginald Heber Edmonds, of the Bank of Commerce, New York.

The new year is full of promise of some fine doings for the young folks. Perhaps most of all, they are looking forward to the dance at Government House, which, I hear, will be given in January.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Adams and Miss Helen Adams are going abroad for a lengthy trip next February. They are going to sell their present fine residence and build when they return to Canada.

Sir Daniel and Lady MacMillan, Government House, Winnipeg, came to town the end of last week.

Mrs. Reeve, 544 Huron street, gave two teas this week, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, when a large party of friends, both married and single, received her cordial and charming welcome to her delightful home. The Misses Grindlay were with their mother in the drawing-room, and several other young people, among them Miss Miriam Sweeny, were in the dining-room where the tea-table was daintily set with flowers and good things. Mrs. Reeve wore a very becoming gown of pale grey with a pretty yoke of white lace with tiny motifs of embroidered flowers. Her young people were in pale blue and pale pink dresses. The Bishop came in about six, much to the gratification of many old friends.

On December 2, Mrs. John Cruso was the hostess of a most enjoyable tea at her home in Borden street, and many of her and her husband's men friends turned up promptly for the pleasant hour, in addition to the usual smart contingent of dames. "There's no denying that nice men do help a tea out!" sighed one fair lady, who was hovered round by several of them. Mrs. Cruso looked very handsome in a dull rose gown, and was, as ever, an ideal hostess. Mr. Cruso, a brother of the host just arrived from Cobourg was a welcome addition to the party. There were lovely flowers everywhere and some particularly fine pink roses centered the dainty tea-table.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD BARON.

Little Lord de Clifford, who was born in 1907, succeeded to the title as twenty-sixth Baron, on the sad death of his father recently in a motor car accident. His mother was formerly well known on the stage as Miss Eva Carrington, and she married the late Lord de Clifford under romantic circumstances in 1906.

Mrs. Nordheimer expects Mr. and Mrs. Edward Houston from Ottawa for Christmas with their baby boy. They will stay at Glenedyth.

Mrs. Alexander, of Meadowbank, entertained at luncheon on Friday of last week. The table was beautiful with pink roses, and covers were laid for eighteen.

Mrs. John Bruce gave a very pleasant tea to present her daughter Muriel last Friday, December 3, at her home in Bleecker street, when all her friends hastened to wish the debutante a continuation of her happy first season. Miss Bruce has been a devoted student of music for some years, and has a little air of thoughtful dignity and a composure not always marked in a debutante. She stood beside her mother, whom she overtops by several inches, and looked very fair and sweet in her soft white gown, her arms full of flowers, and many more arranged on a table at hand. After greeting her, the guests crossed the wide hall to the dining room, where a long buffet, a forest of tall vases of Enchantress carnations, ferns and lights, was waited on by a party of girl friends and fellow students of Miss Muriel, matronized by her aunt, Mrs. Harry O'Reilly.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles gave their last Saturday reception this year on the 4th, and a number of their friends dropped in, afternoon and evening. Some of their pictures are in the Hamilton Art Exhibition this month, and their friends missed them on Saturday. Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy, Mr. R. S. Pigott, and Mr. Heathfield sang during the later afternoon.

Mrs. John Sloane and Mrs. Frederick J. Aylward, her daughter, were hostesses of a tea on December 2, at Mrs. Sloane's home in Isabella street, where a large company assembled at five o'clock. Mother and daughter received in the drawingroom, and in the diningroom a very attractive party of girls waited on the guests, for whom Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Bilton poured tea and coffee. The decoration of this table was in crimson with roses and shaded candles, than which nothing is more cheery and appropriate at this season.

Mrs. Maclaurin was hostess of a pleasant tea on a most unpleasant day, when boisterous wind, rain and mud did not prevent many friends from finding their way to 713 Spadina avenue, and offering their brightest wishes to Miss Clare Maclaurin, whose debut was the *raison d'etre* of the function. Mrs. Maclaurin received in a soft delicately tinted grey gown, her debutante was in white silk with guimpe and undersleeves of net, and carried a round bouquet of fine crisp pink roses and ferns. Other flowers, white and crimson, were arranged on a table nearby. The tea-table, set in the second drawing room, was done with white 'mums and small crystal vases holding lily of the valley. A few of the guests were Mrs. J. D. Thorburn and Miss Grace McTavish, who is receiving many congratulations and good wishes; Mrs. and Miss Henderson of Rosedale, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. Roberts, Miss Estelle Kerr, Miss McArthur, Miss Hedley. Among the girls assisting were Miss Gladys McMurrich in a pretty pink dress, and Miss Gladys Alley looking very little as if she had danced as "Desdemona" so late the previous evening; Miss Maclaurin, and several others. Miss Clare Maclaurin was out of town in November, and so missed many of the earlier affairs of the season.

Mrs. Ogden Ellis, Huntley street, introduced her two pretty young daughters at a large tea in her home on Wednesday when a great many ladies and a gay coterie of the sister-buds of the Misses Ellis were present. Mrs. Ellis wore a very handsome gown of violet satin charmeuse, and the sisters were in white satin with round boquets of roses, the elder pink, and the other white. The little ladies are often taken for twins, although there is something under two years difference in the ages, and they never looked more attractive than at their coming-out tea on Wednesday. The gorgeous flowers which were arranged in both the reception and the tea-rooms were eloquent and fragrant tribute from their admiring friends. Several pretty girl friends were helping in the tea-room, where the table was done with crimson buds and lily of the valley. All her friends were glad to see Miss Ellis, who has been ill, and missed much gaiety, quite restored again.

Mrs. Will Rundle was hostess of a charming little tea on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bruce Williams is out from England on a visit, and is now with Mrs. Stephen Howard in Peter street.

Mrs. and Miss Strange were hostesses of a very bright tea one afternoon last week, receiving in a room very beautiful with golden 'mums. Mrs. Macderman and Mrs. Galbraith poured tea and coffee at a table centered with lovely pink roses.

The death of Mr. Charles Winstanley, which occurred in the General Hospital last Friday night, was not unexpected, but is sincerely regretted by many. To Mrs. Capriole and her mother, Mrs. Winstanley, their hosts of friends are sending many words and thoughts of sympathy. The funeral of Mr. Winstanley took place on Monday at three o'clock.

The *bal poudre* which was held in the King Edward on Friday, December 3, was perhaps the prettiest and most enjoyable of its kind in the memory of most of us. There were not too many people, and very few wall-flowers—not girls, but older people, who often stand about and give all the discomfort of a crowd without adding to the general effect. The spirit of youth seemed to have entered into the beautiful crowd of semi-masqueraders, for some of the belles might almost as well have donned masks, their disguise of *coiffure poudree* and cheeks a bit rouged, with the fascinating touch of vivid black court-plaster patches, completely bewildering some of their best friends. Almost everyone was carefully coiffed and powdered. The hair stayed up and the powder stayed on, a blessed change from the ofttimes spectacle which the unusual fashion results in about midnight. The lovely girls from Sylvan Tower, the fascinating little lady from Chicago, Miss Walker, who came with her aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, of Roslyn, and Miss Aileen Sinclair; Miss Adele Boulton, home on a vacation from New York; Miss Elaine Machray and Miss Edna Reid, two delightful debutantes; Miss Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, whose patrician type suits the quaint mode perfectly; Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. Adamson, charming mother and daughter, and Miss Clinton, of New York, in pale blue with a very smart coiffure; Miss Flora Macdonald, in a pretty champagne colored gown and her guest, Miss Perley, of Ottawa; Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank, in pink satin, with her powdered locks bound with pink ribbons; Mrs. Scott Waldie also wore pink, and Miss Mackeen, of Halifax, wore a handsome embroidered dress, and carried roses. One of the very pretty *poudrees* was Miss Lois Duggan, who wore a lovely orchid satin princess gown. Miss Marjorie Brouse was coiffed in the new mode, and wore a double wreath of tiny pink rosebuds in her hair, which was not powdered, but shining in its own pale golden tint. Miss Nora Gwynne looked very handsome in pale blue satin, Miss Gypsey Grasett wore cerise over white and looking stunning, Miss Emily Brooke made her first flutter in a smart white satin gown trimmed with silver, and carried roses; Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman was in pale blue satin and coiffure *a la* Fritzi Scheff, whom she greatly resembles; Mrs. Ewart Osborne wore a rich heliotrope satin gown; Miss Elsie Cotton was in pale blue, Miss Margeurite Cotton wore yellow satin, and her raven hair unpowdered and bound with a diamond fillet; she was perhaps the most stunning of many splendid girls. Miss Violet Edwards wore white veiled in black, and Miss Violet Heward wore a pink satin gown; Miss Kathleen Caulfield, a very winsome debutante, was in black; and Miss Nan Blake, another Rosedale beauty, wore pale blue; Miss Mabel Beddoe looked very handsome in black with white lace; Miss Beard, who came with her two brothers, wore whie and pale blue; Miss Anthes wore a pretty deep pink gown with white lace; Miss Muriel Dick came with her brother, Mr. David Dick, and looked very well *poudree* and wearing a smart blue dress; Miss Eleanor Mackenzie's lovely face looked prettier than ever framed in powdered locks, and her rose pink satin gown was most becoming; Mrs. Aylesworth and her sister, Miss Hilda Burton, one in white touched with gold, and the other in turquoise chiffon, were very smart; Mrs. Moodey brought her pretty debutante, Miss Lillian, in white satin, with bouquet of pink roses; Miss Marjorie Haskins was a radiant debutante in cowslip yellow, and carrying pink roses; Miss Elizabeth Blackstock wore stone blue marquisette, Mrs. Percy Scholfield wore white satin and gold trimmings, Mrs. Wellington Franks brought her debutante, Miss Gladys, in a pale blue gown and bouquet of roses; Miss Margaret Scott, of Hamilton, was in white, with pink roses in her powdered hair; Miss Evelyn Taylor looked lovely in pale blue satin, and wore violets; Miss Maida Maclachlan looked very pretty in white, her bright dark eyes and piquant face enhanced by the touch of powder in her coiffure; Miss Josephine Fletcher was in pale blue; Miss DesBrisays brought her debutante sister, Miss Nettie, who looked very nice in white; Miss Sarah Lansing, of Buffalo, was in a simple black gown, and looked very smart; Miss Florence Bowes wore blue and silver, and Miss Vivien Boulton white with red roses; Miss Mona Murray and her debutante sister were popular belles, and the Misses Haney both looked charming, Eve in blue satin, and Mabel in white; Mrs. Copland wore white satin trimmed with a quaint silver fringe; Miss Violet Lee and Miss Lulu Crowther, debutantes, were in pink and blue satin, respectively; Miss Phyllis Moffatt came with her aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Mr. Alec Gibson, and looked picturesque in her powder and pale rose gown; Miss Lorna Murray and Miss Clare Corson, a pair of popular good friends, wore pale blue and white with blue, respectively; Miss Austin, of Spadina, wore white touched with silver, and pink roses; Mrs. Cleve Hall wore white satin; Miss Dorothy Walker was lovely in white satin veiled in chiffon; Mrs. Braithwaite brought her daughters, Misses Marjorie and Dorothy, and wore a handsome grey gown; Mrs. John I. Davidson and Mrs. Spragge, who received the guests in the banquet hall, were in pink and black, respectively. Several smart dinner parties brought fresh guests in between ten and eleven. Mr. Alfred Beardmore came with one party in the hunting pink, a costume quite in harmony with the tone of a *bal poudre*. One or two of the men powdered their hair and looked rather well. Mrs. Albert Gooderham, in a lovely gown, brought Miss Charlotte, in pale blue; Miss Helen Davidson was also in blue; and Miss Gladys Armstrong, a handsome debutante; Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Miss Garrow, Miss Edith Kay, Miss Mary Campbell, Miss Hilda Cayley, Miss Jessie Millman, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mr. and Mrs. Hayes, Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mr. Stuart Grier, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Mr. F. Wickstead of England, Colonel Gray of Port Arthur, Mr. Keith MacDougall, Mr. Chrysler, Mr. H. Suydam, Mr. Austin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Bascome, Mr. and Mrs. Palm, Mr. and the Misses Gillespie, the dainty sisters looking very charming; Miss Julia, a perfect picture; Miss Yvonne Nordheimer in yellow satin, Miss Heron, Mr. and Miss Greening, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Gertrude Warren, Mr. and Mrs. F. Johnston, the lady in a very chic pale blue satin gown; Mrs. and Miss Hilda Reid, Miss Jessie Johnston, Miss Mary Jarvis, Miss Muriel Jarvis, Mr. Stanley Kerr, Miss Amy Saunders, Mr. and Miss Fellowes, Miss Ina Matthews in a lovely pink gown, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly and Miss Blanche Miles, both in black gowns; Mrs. Monk in white crepe, Mrs. Duggan, Mrs. Kempt of Castle Frank, Miss Isobel George, a debutante; Miss Lois Moyes, Miss Norma Armstrong, Miss Maud Weir, Miss Marjory Murray, Miss Marjory Rathbun, a debutante; Miss Jessie Hope, Mrs. James Scott, Mrs. Robins, Miss Robins, Miss Gussie Gillies, Miss Frou LeMesurier, lovely in powdered hair and pale blue gown; Miss Julia Cayley in pink, Miss Monk, of Ottawa, pale blue; Mr. Eric Armour, Messrs. Rathbun, Dr. Nicolai, Mr. Plummer, Mr. Warren, Mr. Walker, Mr. Stewart, Mr. N. Gzowski, Mr. D. Harman, Mr. Heron, Mr. W. Langmuir, Mr. Ewart Osborne, Mr. E. Arnoldi, were a few of the many well known people who enjoyed this delightful ball. Supper was served at eleven, the patronesses and stewards occupying seats at a table reserved at the north end of the banquet hall and handsomely decorated.

A little luncheon of seven covers was given for Mrs. Crossthwaite and Mrs. Arthur Jarvis at McConkey's on Monday, when the guests heard some especially good music by the Hungarian band, who have added the favorite "Serenade" by Metra to their repertoire this week.

Mrs. W. H. B. Aikens introduced a new idea at her luncheon one day recently. When the last course was under discussion, a slight figure in white framed herself in the doorway and gave several short recitations, notably, Morris' "Appleblossoms," in a very taking way. I should venture to say, that if the selections were very dainty and appealed to fastidious women, this sort of interlude before leaving the ices for coffee in the drawing room, might prove a success. But the selections should be just the little gems one gets in some of the up-to-date songs, neither long, nor weighty, nor commonplace.

Miss Adele Gianelli is spending a few weeks in Louisville, Kentucky, the guest of Miss Emily Bland, who is also a debutante this season.

Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Parent, of Ottawa, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Olga Wood, to Mr. DuBart Long Wilson, of Hamilton.

Mrs. Bradshaw Fullard, who has been for five months in Halifax, has returned to town and taken an apartment in Nanton Court, Rosedale, where she receives on Mondays.

Miss Josephine Fletcher left for Kentucky last Saturday much to her Toronto friends' regret. Her parents demanded her return, and one cannot fail to grasp their point of view, after knowing their bright and charming daughter, who has been good enough to choose Toronto for the scene of her debut. Miss Fletcher has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Alton Garrett.

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Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Service, Queen Anne pattern, 3 pieces, complete, $30.00.

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Corsican	Fri., Dec. 31	Sat., Jan. 1
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MONTREAL SOCIETY

MONTREAL, Dec. 9. 1909.

THE first big gun in the women's suffrage campaign in Montreal—an educational campaign as yet—was fired on Saturday night, when Mrs. Philip Snowden addressed an audience in Stanley Hall—not a very large audience, but a fairly representative one. Up to the present, women's suffrage has been less a "live" question in Montreal than in, probably, any city of its size in the Empire. As the chairman at Mrs. Snowden's meeting the other night said, we have grown up in a conservative atmosphere—Montreal women are notably conservative. We look long before we begin to move in a new direction, anxious to be sure we are right before we go ahead. Sometimes we dimly suspect that we look rather longer than is quite necessary, and don't get on as fast as we might. So far as women's suffrage is concerned, we are ostensibly on the fence, looking. As a matter of fact, the majority of those who have thought much about it have got over on the side of equal political rights for men and women. But, then, very few have thought much about it one way or the other. Many are in the position of the little club-woman who, after listening to a paper on the subject, said: "But when I speak to my husband about it, he just laughs and says, 'We'll protect you.'" Others are like a dear, devoted matron, a widow (widows and spinsters have the right to vote in municipal affairs) who, when called up over the 'phone and reminded that her name was on the list for the recent referendum, exclaimed in a frightened tone: "Oh, I don't want it there!" It may be added that her daughter came to the rescue, explained that the operation was painless, and carried her off to the polling place—a private house in the next street. There is no Equal Suffrage organization in Montreal. What has been done so far in the way of bringing the question before the public has been chiefly through the Local Council of Women, the majority of whose members, although the Council as a whole has not committed itself, are suffragists more or less pronounced. Others think that with the city's charities to look after, they have duties enough It was under the Local Council's auspices that Mrs. Snowden came to Montreal. Miss Derick, chairman of the Council, presided. On the platform were Senator Dandurand, Madame Dandurand, one of the most cultured of Montreal's French-Canadian women; Dr. Dale, professor of education in McGill; Mrs. H. Gerin-Lajoie, who has acquired a good deal of legal knowledge from her father, Sir Alexandre Lacoste, and who has written a book on women under the laws of this province; Mr. Roswell Fisher, Mr. Surveyer, a French-Canadian lawyer; Mr. W. D. Lighthall, K.C.; Miss Barry (Francoise), a leading French-Canadian journalist; Miss Ethel Hurlbatt, warden of the Royal Victoria College; Dr. Ritchie, England, who was convener of the medical section in the International Congress in Toronto last summer; Mrs. Robert Reid, Mrs. John Savage, prominent in philanthropic work, and several others. In the audience there was a goodly sprinkling of men, who evidently came with minds free from prejudice, for they applauded impartially whether the speaker's telling periods concerned the reasonableness of women having the vote or the unreasonableness of their using physical force to get it. Mrs. Snowden came with her hostess, Mrs. A. D. Durnford, who had asked a few people to meet her at dinner. She wore a simple white evening frock of embroidered net, looked very pretty and feminine, and spoke with an impassioned eloquence and wit that held her audience from the first sentence. The next two or three days the suffrage movement—as exemplified by Mrs. Snowden—was a topic of conversation, and when people begin to talk about a thing they are often next door to thinking about it.

The marriage of Mr. Walter R. Baker, secretary of the Canadian Pacific Railway, this week came as a surprise to all but his most intimate friends and colleagues. This is Mr. Baker's fourth marriage. The bride is Miss Else Dickie, of Vienna, and the wedding took place very quietly in the Church of the Holy Communion, New York, on Monday, December 6, the Rev. Powell Hill officiating. Mr. Baker, who is about fifty-seven years old, lost his third wife, formerly Mrs. Drysdale, of Sherbrooke, within a few months of their marriage. Mr. Baker is much esteemed by his colleagues in the railway service, with which he has been connected during most of his business life, except for a few years, when he was private secretary to the Marquis of Dufferin when Governor-General of Canada.

Miss Mabel Gascoigne, daughter of the late Dr. G. E Gascoigne, and Mr. William J. Carrique, were married quietly on Monday afternoon at the Church of St. James the Apostle, by the Rev. Allan Shatford. The bride's brother, Captain F. A. Gascoigne, gave her away. The honeymoon will be spent in Europe. A sister of the bride is Mrs. McMullin, of Woodstock, and another sister is Mrs. De Blois Thibaudeau, of Edmonton.

THE announcement that Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess Grey will be present at the Charity Ball will tell favorably on the subscription list. The ball is arranged for early in the New Year, on January 5, in the new Windsor Hall.

Mrs. W. D. Gordon and the Misses Gordon are being welcomed back to Montreal after an absence of several years, during which Colonel Gordon was stationed in Kingston. Colonel Gordon now has command of the Quebec division, and the family have taken a house at 142 Metcalfe street.

Sir Montagu Allan has arrived home from a visit to England, but will return to London to spend Christmas with his family. The rumor that Sir Montagu is to be next Canadian High Commissioner in London has been cropping up again, but whether it is based on anything else than a more or less ingenious guess or not, it would be difficult to say.

Montreal friends of Dr. H. T. Bovey have received word from London that he has quite recovered from his recent illness. Dr. Bovey was not looking at all well when he was over here in the summer, and it was feared that he might not be able to go on with his work in the Imperial College of Science and Technology at Kensington, to which he went from McGill. However, he has now resumed his college work as usual.

Mrs. Cecil de St. Denys Wotherspoon, an English bride who has come to reside in Montreal, received on two successive afternoons of last week, at the residence on Victoria street where the Wotherspoon family have lived for many years. Mrs. Wotherspoon was formerly Miss Edith Branston, of Onslow Gardens, London, and the marriage took place there last September. At her post-nuptial reception in Montreal, she had her aunt, Miss Stikeman, to assist her, and her cousins, the Misses Helen and Muriel Stikeman, who had also been her bridesmaids, and who wore their bridesmaids' frocks. The hostess was gowned in silvery gray crepe de chine.

Another bride from out of town who received recently was Mrs. R. Victor Holland, formerly Miss Knowles, of Boston, who was "at home" for the first time in her apartment at the New Sherbrooke, where Mrs. R. R. Stevenson received with her. Mrs. Norris P. Bryant, a very young and pretty bride, whose marriage under somewhat romantic circumstances took place within a year or so of her debut, received on Friday at her former home, where she had her mother to help her. She wore a becoming gown of pale green radium silk, and her mother, Mrs. Gilbert, was gowned in black lace. Mrs. Bryant was "at home" in the evening, as well as in the afternoon, a sensible idea for the young hostess, giving an opportunity for the husband and his men friends to have some part in the affair.

Several debutantes have had their home "coming out" teas during the last few days. Mrs. George Sumner had a large number of friends at her fine residence, "Oaklands," on the Belvidere road, to introduce her daughter, who wore for the occasion a creamy-tinted satin gown trimmed with Mexican lace. Mrs. Sumner was handsomely gowned in wisteria satin. Mrs. Frank Sumner, Mrs. Herbert Wallis, and Mrs. James Slessor, a married sister of the debutante, presided in the dining room, assisted by a number of young ladies, little Miss Anna Sumner, the hostess's grand-daughter, also lending her assistance. Miss Beryl Butler, wearing a pretty dress of blue and silver striped tissue over white satin, with silver trimmings, received for the first time with her mother, Mrs. T. Page Butler, at a largely attended tea at her home. Her married sister, Mrs. Norman MacVicar, was also in the drawing room. A third debutante for whom a special "tea" was given was Miss Edith Eaton, whose mother entertained for her on Wednesday afternoon. Other social affairs included an "at home" by Mrs. W. R. Ross, Lorne avenue, who had her daughters, the Misses Ruth and Marjorie Ross, receiving with her; a bright little tea of which Miss Isobel Starke was the young hostess in her mother's drawing room at her home on Pine avenue; another girls' tea which Miss Beatrice MacDougall gave while Miss Edna Stewart, of St. Johns, was visiting her; an "at home" on Friday afternoon, by Mrs. R. M. Ballantyne, of Westmount. Mrs. John Gibb Carsley gave an "at home" on Saturday afternoon, the first time she has entertained on a large scale, as a matron, and very successfully she carried it through. Her husband received with her, and the guests, over two hundred in number, were of both sexes. The young hostess wore a gray chiffon gown, and had her drawing room decorations in mauve. Mrs. Warren Peck and Miss Adelaide Ewing, the latter of whom was Mrs. Carsley's maid of honor at her wedding, poured the tea. Several small dinner parties and "bridges" were given during the week.

In St. Paul's church, Lachine, the marriage of Miss Lena Magor, daughter of the late John Magor, and Mr. H. L. Dinning, was solemnized on Saturday morning by the Rev. R. Hewton, in the presence of immediate relatives. The bride's mother gave her away, and her niece, Miss Frances Dodwell, a debutante, was bridesmaid, Mr. R. Magor being best man. The bride wore a gray travelling costume and corsage cluster of violets, and going away she wore some handsome furs, the groom's gift. They will also reside in Lachine. B. E.

For Jerusalem's Water Supply.

INTERESTING excavations are now being made by an English syndicate at the Pool of Siloam, near Jerusalem. A certain amount of mystery attends the aim of the excavators. Some think that they are searching for the crowns and treasures of David and Solomon and other Kings of Judah, which are said to be buried in this region. But others believe that their main object is to provide Jerusalem with the drinking water it sorely needs, of which there will be plenty and to spare should they tap the source of the spring.

The scene of the excavations is the spring known as St. Mary's Well, from a legend of the fourteenth century that the Virgin once washed the swaddling clothes of her Son there. It is probably identical with the pool Gihon, where David told Zadok the priest to appoint Solomon (I. Kings, i., 33.)

"Mother, can't you see when a man's busy?"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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BLACK FOX SET—Fancy stole, trimmed with heads, brushes and paws, large two skin animal muff to match $90.00

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DRESS

Concerning Frocks.

NEVER perhaps have women had a wider choice of color, fabric and cut than is allowed them this season in the matter of garments. Seldom has there been a better chance for individual expression of taste than at present when fashions are so many that there is something to suit every woman, young or old, be she tall or be she short. When what can best be described as "picture" dresses are the vogue, it is only the exceedingly short and stout woman who is debarred from wearing them, and just now she has her compensation in the return of the close fitting bodice. Generally speaking, there is so wide a choice from which to make a selection that the woman who wants to be well dressed has only to indulge her individual fancy in the matter of clothes. If this delightful state of things would only continue there would be less to wonder at in the clothes that women wear, and more to admire. If women don't look well just now, it is largely a matter for which they themselves are to blame, for there is no one set fashion to slavishly follow.

Broadly speaking, the tunic is the feature of the formal gown, and graceful indeed, it can be made in the hands of a skilful designer. It possesses distinction and cannot fail to be a favorite mode with the woman of fashionable figure and long straight lines. Moreover, it has an added charm for the home dressmaker, for it allows a combination of materials by which the made-over gown can be easily disguised as a brand new garment. To be seen at its best it should form part of a long trained gown, but the craze for short skirts is so pronounced that the tunic sometimes is seen with a costume that certainly cannot be described as having a train, and especially in this fashion seen in dancing frocks for young girls. The idea of the short skirted dancing frock is a most comfortable one as any girl knows who has had to make periodical trips to the cloakroom in order to find a friendly maid armed with the necessary needle and thread with which to repair damage to long draperies.

IN VIEUX ROSE CASHMERE DE SOIE.

This charming afternoon gown is carried out in a beautiful shade of old rose silk cashmere. Some of the most important details of the gown point to the coming fashions of wider skirts, and more closely fitting bodices. In this instance the folded ceinture is of rose-colored moire silk, above which are Charlotte Corday revers, which, like the cuffs, are outlined with folds of the cashmere. A dainty chemisette of tucked net and lace, ornamented down the centre with a row of small steel buckles, fills in the V, the ivory tone of the lace and net being repeated in the lace ruffles that finish the sleeves. The overdress is caught at one side with a big enamel buckle. The hat is of the rose moire with plumes of a deeper hue.

The trend of fashion is shown by the reappearance of puffed sleeves on many of the newest evening gowns, and elbow sleeves for afternoon wear, although the long straight sleeve is still much in evidence. It is said that the elbow puff will next be seen, but it is a fashion that is not likely to become generally popular. The sleeves on most of the imported evening gowns are well above the elbow and often consist of short pleated undersleeves of some sheer material such as chiffon or net, while, if the gown is of satin or silk, there is a drapery of the heavier material over the under portion.

For street wear as for dancing wear, the skirt that is popular is one that clears the floor. In fact, the short walking skirt is a craze of the moment, and in many instances is worn much shorter than would have been considered good form, even as recently as last season. Among the smartest street skirts are those which are skilfully draped, and which for the most part fit snugly over the hips and extend for two inches above the waist line being worn without belts. The pleats which form the feature of these skirts are arranged in panels of different widths, and are placed quite differently in the various models. In spite of all the added fullness given by these pleats placed in the gores, the general effect given is that of narrowness at the hem. When intended for afternoon wear these skirts are longer than the morning variety, but there are none of them designed to be worn over petticoats.

The Charm of Jet.

JET continues to hold its own and a touch of it appears on many fashionable frocks, even costumes of quite rough materials being finished with jet buttons. In gowns for ceremonious occasions the overdress of net and jet plays a prominent part, and modified revers, stoles, bands, bodice ornaments and other trimmings are to be found in quantities in the shops.

A few of the overgowns are touched up with metal. Tarnished gold is so popular that it is in danger of becoming common. Silver and aluminum, old copper, and green bronze are all used, and in many instances it were better if they had been left off. Jet in itself has distinction, and unless the additional metals are wonderfully wrought into the design, the all-black scheme is the wiser choice.

Even the best of these jet robes requires a drop lining. Chiffon or mousseline de soie is the fabric used. Net can be employed, and sometimes is, but it does not soften the effect as chiffon does. It is too hard, and its meshes are too sharply defined for it to be an excellent fabric for interlinings.

Some of the smart robes are cut quite low at the neck, back, and front, for they are intended to be filled in with a round guimpe of tucked white tulle, or metal tissue, or black chiffon, or all three. Even when the robes are made up for ball gowns they drop below the line of decolletage. The fabric against the skin must be different from the gown and have more vividness. It is at this spot that the dressmakers find their best opportunity to introduce some of the novel and barbaric ornamentation of the day.

Metalwork, cross-stitch, Chinese embriodery, velvet and satin flower work are among the kinds of hand work that are in fashion. Mere lace is a detail. It may be used, but it is incidental to the other ornaments.

Colors in Dress.

WHILE the all-black gown is promised a tremendous popularity this year and combinations of black and white are to be deservedly in favor, there is no doubt that some of the colorings put forth by the designers surpass anything that has been offered for many seasons. To combine these new colorings requires the skill of an artist, and unfortunately only too often women are not only inartistic, but to judge by appearance, are the victims of color blindness in its worst form.

One of the worst offences to the eye is the new mustard shade if it is not carefully used, and yet one of the big French designers has turned out a successful gown that is of mustard colored cloth with lower sleeves and yoke of violet net. In the hands of anyone else such a combination would be practically impossible, not only because the skill would be lacking but because of the difficulty of obtaining exactly the right shades.

JET IN A NEW FORM.

This handsome restaurant gown, which is also intended for Bridge wear, is made of black crepe de chine in one of the new draped effects. The striking jet cuirass, which is almost suggestive of the once popular polonaise, is of black net lined with black chiffon and covered with long close lines of fine jet. The fastening in front is almost military in character and is a very characteristic touch. The deep guimpe is composed of finely tucked black net over a foundation of unlined cream chiffon, and is trimmed slightly with the jet. The sleeves, which are of the black net and white chiffon, are covered with a trellis-like effect in jet. One of the smart features of the gown is the graceful way in which the drapery is managed by means of the heavy jet cords which hold it in place.

The tone called claire de lune which was first in evidence in some of the new hats early in the autumn is now obtained by clouding pale green chiffon with a transparent pale blue material, and possibly covering both with a jet or metal embroidered robe. Here again everything depends upon the blending. When an irridescent effect is wanted in an evening gown it is no longer simply necessary to place various shades of chiffon one above the other; the foundation of the whole must be opalescent silk.

VOGUE.

An exchange notes that President Diaz has sent a copy of his book, "Persistence Plus Success" to W. J Bryan.

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FOR another season we have secured the samples of the famous English card house, Charles Goodall & Sons. We have been very successful with these in the past, and have been able to give excellent value to our many customers. Among the lot will be found Bridge sets, Whist sets, Poker, Five Hundred and other popular card games as well as Card Cases and Score Pads, all marked at nearly half the regular selling prices.

Our China Section

FOR your small gifts we have prepared special priced assortments of useful and ornamental articles and displayed on tables at 25, 50 and 75 cents. These are being continually added to, so we would suggest your watching the various tables for useful and pleasing gifts.

Our Brass Goods are now on the main floor and the assortment is particularly fine and worthy of inspection.

Women's Silk Hosiery 95c. a Pair

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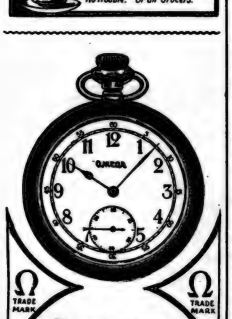

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1909.

POLITICAL news is scarce. There is considerable packing going on inside City Hall and considerable speculation outside, but these activities are necessarily confined to a very small if costly portion of the body politic.

In religious circles, that is, in that portion of them so recently rent by strife, all is peace once more. Whether the cessation of hostilities is anything more than a temporary truce to re-arrange the fighting lines, time must tell. Mrs. Stetson's subdued demeanor can be read either way.

The suffragette camp, from whence most of our political activity has come of late, is just recovering from an acute attack of indignation brought on by Dr. Parkhurst's Thanksgiving sermon. The Reverend Doctor is not in the habit of mincing words, and his long association with a Society for the Prevention of Vice, seems to have tinged all his thought with a morbid, brutal pessimism. Such phrases as "her logical infirmity of mind" or "her premises and her conclusions are apt to live so far apart as to fail of becoming more than imperfectly acquainted," are neither soothing nor especially original. One grand accumulated feminine sob," is his virile characterization of a recent suffrage meeting. . . . "Is it asking too much of these dear sisters of ours who are sometimes a good deal up in the clouds to come down to the prosaic level of distinct and coherent thought, and tell us in words that have in them neither rhapsody nor vituperation and that the male mind can keep up with, just why there are two sexes?" . . . "Are we to understand it is simply a physiological contrivance for the production of population?" "Tandem polygamy" and "migratory sisterhood," were among the picturesque epithets hurled at certain offending heads. Meanwhile, the Suffragists, like the soul of our dusky patriot, Brown, go marching on. Their earnestness as well as their dawning political astuteness, have just been illustrated in their effort to enlist the striking shirtwaist makers in the Equal Franchise movement. Just in what way the ballot would solve this industrial question is not logically clear, but as a tactical move the advantage is obvious.

* * *

DO the great owe their reputations to their greatness or their follies? is, in Shawvian form, the question now being asked over the tea cups. Thanks to modern journalism the question is answered. "Sin is news," was the pungent epigram of a famous journalist not long ago, and he might have added with equal truth that indiscretion is the price of a newspaper reputation. Only the other day an eminent pathologist found himself suddenly plunged into the limelight of publicity through a playful observation that for all the creative energy we might expect from them, persons of sixty might as well be chloroformed. Now, thanks to a folly in the form of a commonplace doggerel, a certain English poet by name of William Watson, emerges from literary seclusion into a great white light of similar fame. If folly is the price of reputation this English poet has paid down his coin to the last farthing.

It seems incredible that the man who wrote:

"Just for a day you crossed my life's dull track,
Put my ignobler dreams to sudden shame."

or:

"When overawed by gorgeous night
I wave my trivial self away.
When all I was to all men's sight,
Shares the erasure of the day . . . . ."

should have written such third rate doggerel as:

"She is not old, she is not young,
The woman with a serpent's tongue . . . ."

But the literary lapse comparably only to dear old Woodsworth's:

"I measured it from side to side,
'Twas three feet long and two feet wide . . ."

is nothing to the spiritual obsession that is exposed in his confession of its origin.

The social whirl, the giddy eminence of Downing Street, have been too much for the middle class Yorkshireman, it would seem. The poet has been broken on the wheel of fortune and falls to the ground a shapeless, tuneless demagogue.

Mr. Watson's defence of "The Woman with a Serpent's Tongue" is about as ingenuous as Adam's excuse for his fruit eating. Had the poet been more experienced socially he would have recognized in Miss Violet's cattishness the stock and trade of smart people everywhere. Only the social inexperience he betrays can excuse the breach of hospitality which his rambling account of the Downing Street tea exposes. His position here is so unendurable that his:

"America, I have never breathed thy air,
Have never touched thy soil or heard the speed and thunder
of thy cities . . . . ."

is like to be changed to, "*Would* that I had never breathed thy air," before the first visit is concluded. Why did he put the distance of the Atlantic between himself and Downing Street before admitting the original of his "poem"? Up to this point he seemed to have the laugh on America.

* * *

THE following letter appeared in The Evening Post over the signature of Goldwin Smith. If the letter is genuine, it would be interesting to learn how under the parliamentary rules on either side of the water, a bill that had been killed in the Upper House would reach the King even though he had that very desirable, "real veto."

LACKS A PRESIDENT.

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir,—The British republic lacks a President. Is not this the moral of the legislative difficulty in England. If the King had a real veto, the budget bill might be sent back for reconsideration in a perfectly constitutional and unobjectionable way.

That the House of Lords needs complete change to make it a fair court of legislative revision cannot be doubted. But the objection to the present bill seems to be that under the guise of a fiscal measure it carries in it social and political change. This nobody who has read Mr. Lloyd-George's speeches can fail to see. GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, Can., November 24.

* * *

THE centre of civic political interest at this moment is our friend Hearst, one time "anarchist," and "political brigand," more recently "patriot" and "public spirited citizen," and now the guest of financial magnates at a Plaza dinner. The apotheosis would almost seem complete. Mr. Shonts, the host on the occasion referred to, assured us that there was no ulterior motive in the dinner. And Mr. Hearst, when his turn came, wittily observed that Mr. Shonts had no doubt assembled his friends with the benevolent purpose of proving that the speaker was not so black as he was painted nor the audience as black as they are printed. In this and other amiable spirit was the gathering continued and ended. Mr. Hearst proclaimed anew his high sense of journalistic responsibility toward the people, which must be "above all question of personal feeling or personal advantage," and explained his opposition as not an attack on combination, but on the misuse of monopoly. "Intelligent and legitimate combination in business," he conceded, "is merely a phase of higher organization and invariably results in great economy and greater efficiency."

A movement has also been on foot to tender Mr. Hearst a complimentary dinner as an acknowledgment of his services in the last campaign. It has even been hinted that he would have the refusal of the leadership of a reconstructed democracy in this state. Truly the lines have fallen unto him in pleasant places and he has a goodly heritage since the discovery that his personal following gives him the balance of power in this city.

* * *

THE Canadian Camp here had arranged last week to dine the North Pole discoverers, both of whom are members of the camp; but, as the President of the Camp, Dr. Lenox Curtis, in a letter before me explains it, "the Mt. McKinley poison that was scattered throughout our land caused Dr. Cook to still further show his true, manly and sportsman's spirit by sending the committee word, 'out of respect to our camp and to Commander Peary, who is one of our officers, I recall my acceptance to the December dinner.'" From this it would appear that Dr. Cook, wherever he may be, can still number some loyal adherents. Meanwhile the dinner is postponed indefinitely.

* * *

WE have had few additions to our theatrical fare of late, but of these one or two are of more than passing interest. Mr. George Arliss' delightful characterization of the genial Septimus, which you have already seen, is the latest example of what genius can do for a poor play. Another example which you have not yet seen is Mr. Forbes-Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Neither play would last a week without the authoritative acting of the central figures but with them each is a contribution to our theatrical experience, and popular success.

If we have been unfortunate in serious dramatic offerings this season, we cannot complain of the number or quality of farce presentations. "Seven Days," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Avery Hopwood, is the latest of these arrivals, and one of the best we have had. Its success is unmistakable. The story cannot be told, but imagine the situation of a household, in which many complications already appear—the divorced wife who has happened in unexpectedly, the unsuspecting sweetheart of the girl who is posing as his wife, a burglar and a policeman who has followed him into the house—suddenly quarantined on account of a contagious case taken from the house to the hospital before the action occurs—and you have the elements of which this excruciatingly funny farce is compounded.

The happiest experience, however, that has come to us from stageland, is the Hindoo dances of Miss Ruth St. Denis. These were first given as special matinee performances at the Hudson theatre, but so great was their popularity that regular night performances have been arranged at the same theatre. A few years ago this young American girl was dancing a dainty little passeul in the fete scene of "Du Barry". She has since conceived this original idea and worked it out with such insight and poetic charm as to have won recognition in France, Austria, Germany and England.

The only offering for the coming week is "The Lottery Man," a comedy by Rida Johnson Young, in which Cyril Scott is to play the leading part. J. E. W.

EXCELLENT REASON.

"I'll work no more for that man Dolan."
"An' why?"
"Shure, 'tis on account av a remark he made."
"An' phwat was that?"
"Says he, 'Cassy,' says he, 'ye're discharged.'"

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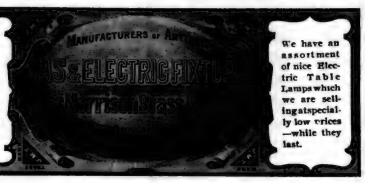

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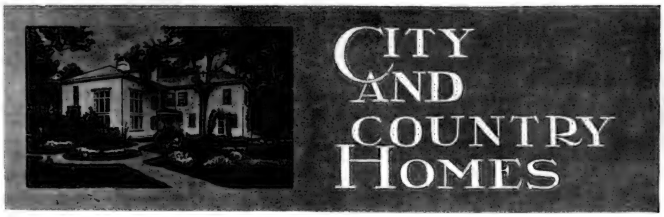


Mr. James Ryrie's Country House.

SOME one has said that the ambitions of the average largely successful man run something like this: Born in the country, as a rule, he longs for the city and its opportunities; established in the city, he soon begins to figure out when he will be rich enough to have a home in the country. But while some of us are able to build a little shack or a humble bungalow at a near-by summer resort or somewhere in the wilderness, most of us never get nearer the possession of a real country home than looking through the English illustrated papers and planning the sort of place we would like to have if only our dreams could come true. Where is there any one with any imagination who does not thrill to some extent at the thought of a big rambling house surrounded by woods and streams, with terraces in front and kitchen gardens behind, and trusted servants quietly pottering around the place, touching their hats? And now when one considers the British budget, which has raised such a storm because it purposes to tax heavily the big landowners in the old land, one cannot help hoping, even against his better judgment, that nothing will happen as a result of the present struggle between landlords and people that will cause the dismantling of any of the beautiful country estates, around which clusters so much of the romance of English life.

In Canada as yet there are of course few country homes worthy of the name. Among these the summer residence of Mr. James Ryrie, of Toronto, may well be cited as an example of what such a place ought to be. It is delightfully situated on the north shore of Lake Ontario, about two and a half miles east of Oakville, the thriving little town where strawberries come from. It was designed by Messrs. Burke and Horwood, architects, Toronto, and from the photographs reproduced with this article it will be seen that the best feature, the essential feature of the house is its restful, homelike aspect. It "fits in" with its surroundings, too, and house, out-buildings, trees, hedges, drives, and grounds look as though they had grown up together, as it were.

The house, which is two stories high, besides the third story formed by the low broad roof with spreading eaves, dormer windows and moss green shingles, presents a most attractive appearance, having an air of simplicity and spaciousness. At the front of the house is a very large verandah, the floor of which is paved with large red tiles on a level with the adjoining lawn. This long, wide piazza is formed by massive stone piers two feet square supporting the front portion of the second story. Facing the south-east, it affords a delightful view of the grounds, including an orchard of cherry, apple, and pear trees, and of the lake beyond; while two large and well-placed balconies at the front and end wings, further add to the possibilities of an outlook in various directions, and also add to the picturesque beauty of the place from an architectural standpoint. Each of the two wings runs from the main part of the house at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

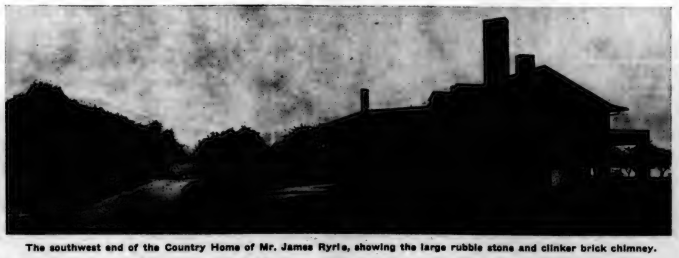
View of the Country Home and Grounds of Mr. James Ryrie, of Toronto, situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, two and a half miles east of Oakville, Ont.

Left wing of the Ryrie Country Home.

Right wing of the Ryrie Country Home.

In building a house of this kind an architect, in order to make it seem a part of its natural surroundings, uses, if possible, materials to be found in the immediate neighborhood; and in the case of the Ryrie residence this has been done with notable success. The masonry walls of the first story are built of flat lake stones obtained from the shore at the front of the property. The upper story is of solid half-timber construction, morticed and fastened with primitive wooden pins. In other words the half-timber work is real, not sham, as is the case in so many modern dwellings. The timbers are rough, just as they came from the saw, and are stained a greyish brown which harmonizes with the grey tones of the stone work. In keeping with the general color scheme, the chimneys are faced with clinker bricks, ranging from greys to light olives and browns, which blend with the rubble stone forming the base of each.

The interior of the house is just what one would expect from a view of the exterior. It has been treated



The southwest end of the Country Home of Mr. James Ryrie, showing the large rubble stone and clinker brick chimney.

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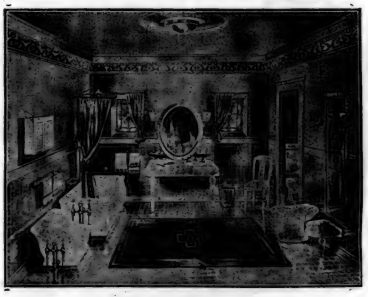

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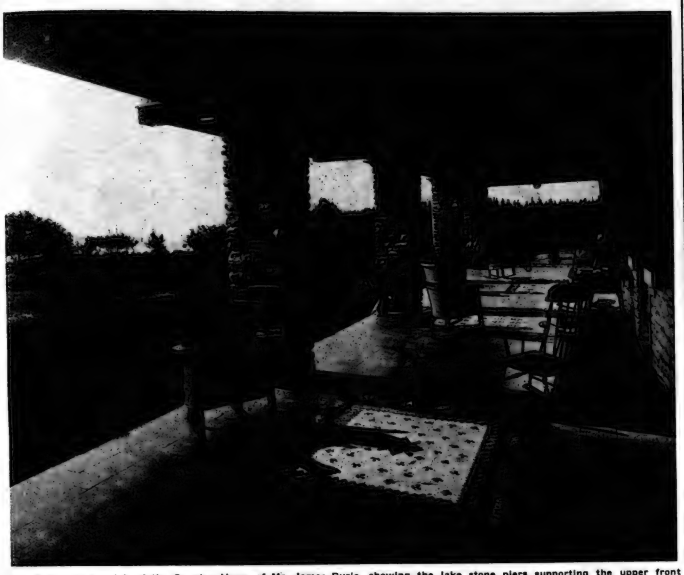

The spacious verandah of the Country Home of Mr. James Ryrie, showing the lake stone piers supporting the upper front portion of the house.

in the same simple, tasteful, and inviting way. A large entrance hall, with staircase leading to the floors above, extends through the building at the centre, and practically separates the family and guest rooms from the service department. On one side is the dining room—a very spacious apartment. Running off this is the right wing of the house, wholely used as servants' quarters. It contains kitchen, pantries, etc., and a comfortable servants' sitting room with a verandah at the rear. On the other side of the main hall is a big living room with plenty of windows and a large brick fire-place. Off this is the billiard room comprising the entire left wing. These three main rooms have ceilings with solid Georgia pine beams and walls panelled with the same material.

Upstairs, in the family portion of the house is a sewing-room opening on a balcony, and seven well-placed bedrooms, the two in the left wing being provided for visitors. There are three servants' rooms. All bedrooms have been placed convenient to a bathroom, and each has running water and individual clothes closets.

Situated well back on the grounds from the house are the other buildings on the estate. These consist of a man's house or lodge, and the stable and coach-house. As with the residence a great deal of material used in their construction is native to the lake shore, both buildings being built of flat lake stone for the first story, with half-timbered construction above.

Billiard room of the Ryrie Country Home.

Immediately in front of the stable and coach-house is a large paddock, while adjoining it on the right is a cow barn, with a modernly-fitted hen-house and poultry yard beyond. The lodge is a good-sized six-room dwelling, and extending along its front is a beautiful hedge running parallel with the driveway which leads up from Lake Shore road to the circular carriage path, off which is located the porch at the rear of the family residence.

All buildings are connected with each other by a private telephone system, and as for sewerage the estate leaves little to be desired, as six-inch glazed tile pipes carry off the drainage to a septic tank located at the north-east section of the property.

Another excellent and unusual feature in the way of convenience and utility, is the private waterworks system which supplies the various structures and the lawn service. This system is operated by a Fairbanks engine, located in the basement of the barn. It has a capacity of 2,000 gallons per hour, and regardless of the number of faucets or garden taps in use, is capable of maintaining a strong and steady pressure at all times.

IT is a mooted question whether it is better to anchor the building solidly to the ground by deep foundations, or to place it upon the ground like an independent load free to move in every direction without having its proper vibrations hampered by the discordant vibrations of the ground. In the independent method the lower parts, not being suddenly brought back when the ground returns to its former position, it might be expected that the building would be less easily dislocated, as inertia acts equally on all the elements. But all the advantages of this system can be secured only if the whole building is light and homogeneous. In any case, a masonry building should rest upon an indeformable base, such as a grating of iron bars or a bed of armoured concrete. To make the independence more complete, it has been proposed to support buildings upon steel balls or round stones, but this device is of uncertain efficacy. The endeavor is usually to connect the building and ground by solid deep foundations. Such, at least, is the opinion of M. G. Espitallier, who has contributed a valuable paper on the subject to the Memoires et Travaux de la Societies des Ingenieurs Civils de France.

Ingle nook in dining room of the Ryrie Country Home.

Living room of the Ryrie Country Home.

Front elevation, facing the lake shore, Country Home of Mr. James Ryrie.

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Ladies' Gold Filled Rope Neck Chains, fine Roman finish, soldered links, 16 inches long, $1.00.

Fine filled Pearl Necklets, beautiful cream lustre, gold filled clasp, 49c.

Men's Gold Filled Vest Chains, soldered links, curb and fancy patterns, guaranteed, $1.00.

Solid Gold Pearl Safety Pins, maple leaf, clover leaf, fleur-de-lis, $1.50.

Gold Filled Expansion Bracelets, with plain signet top for monogram, $1.95.

Solid Gold Neck Chains, 16 inches long, $3.50.

Gold Filled Lockets, round and oval, plain and pearl set, room for two pictures, $1.50.

Gold Filled Jointed Bracelets, $2.95.

Solid Gold Birthday Rings, claw setting, any birth stone, 79c.

Solid Gold Pearl Rings, real fine pearl, claw setting, $1.50.

Solid Gold Signet Rings, hand chased patterns, $2.50.

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THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

THE JULIAN SALE STORE

A Great Business Devoted to Artistic Leather Goods. : :

Special Values in Dull Black Real Seal Hand Bags

Because of the enormous demand for these large Bags, we have made great quantities—and quantity means low prices:

$4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00
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The wonderful success of the "Julian Sale" Dressing Bag is for the reason of the fine quality of fittings and the handsome designs.

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GILLETTE RAZORS $5.00 to $7.50
MILITARY BRUSHES $1.50 to $3.50 a pair
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THE Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING ST. WEST

Combination Card Cases and Bill Folds

The present best-selling style.

POCKETBOOKS FOR MEN $1.25 to $5.00
BILL BOOKS 75c. to $7.00
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The famous "Julian Sale" Double-Handled Bag is made to suit both ladies and gentlemen. The leather we use in these bags is specially tanned for us from selected skins.

NATURAL GRAIN COWHIDE $10.00 to $16.00
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Other Bags, $2.50 upwards.

The Words of the Widow

Getting married is an episode; staying married, an art.

* * *

All of us—even the very youngest—have still a few things to learn.

* * *

Love is real; but realty is more so.

* * *

Duty is the other man's job.

* * *

Anyone can be good; that's why it is so unfashionable.

* * *

If life's a pose by all means let it be graceful.

* * *

When a woman does what's wrong she satisfies herself by changing the label and calling it something else.

* * *

A golden nature is often hard.

* * *

Many men look upon defection as the natural sequel to affection.

* * *

The camera may not lie, but the retoucher has to.

* * *

A high standard is something by which one measures the conduct of others.

* * *

One can always recognize a man's ideal by its resemblance to himself.

C. C. M.

Royal Mothers and Their Nurseries

Queens nowadays seem to be setting an excellent example to mothers who are merely fashionable. In almost every Court in Europe where there are young children belonging to the ruling monarchs, they are brought up carefully under their mother's supervision and watchful eye and as far as possible are given the home training and personal attention that is the best and most healthy for any baby be he a Royalty or otherwise.

The Queen of Spain, formerly Princess Ena of Battenburg, is a devoted mother to her two sturdy little

The Queen of Spain and her daughter.

sons, and charming baby daughter. All the children are said to share her good looks, and she personally superintends the care of their nursery and devotes every possible minute to them. When it became necessary to prepare quarters for the little Prince of the Asturias, the heir to the throne of Spain, the Queen expressed a wish that the rooms should be entirely fitted up in accordance with English fashion and this was done, although it

Czarevitch Alexis, heir to an Empire which comprises one-sixth of the land surface of the globe with one one hundred and fifty million inhabitants.

excited some comment. In many of the Royal nurseries in Europe, where the Princesses and Queens have been brought up in England, or by English mothers, it is the custom to have British nurses, and although this policy is not followed in Spain, the bringing up of the little Princes and their baby sister is as far along English lines as Spanish custom will permit. The Prince of the Asturias although not yet three years old, occasionally dons the uniform of a cadet of the military college of Toledo. He is a fair haired boy and blue eyed, while his brother, Don Jaime, has his father's dark eyes and happy manner.

The Royal baby in whose welfare the general public of many lands has been most interested, is that much desired little princess, heiress to the throne of Holland. Now almost eight months old, little Princess Juliana is adored by the people of her country. She is described as a bright and pleasing baby and is sometimes seen in her baby carriage carefully guarded by her nurses. The Queen is devoted in her attendance on her child and the fact that

Princess Juliana and her grandmother.

she did not relegate to others the child's care during the first few months of its existence has awakened great admiration in Holland, especially among the peasant women who are said to feel that the Queen's care of her child has made her just a mother like themselves.

The little Princess on whose existence the future of the Netherlands seems to depend, has a wonderful array of nurses and physicians. Of the latter there are no less than four including the specialist who was present at her birth and who still continues the direction of her health.

Queen Wilhelmina led a carefully ordered life as a girl and her little daughter will also in all probability have an existence that is carefully regulated and far less free than she would enjoy were she not to be educated to worthily fill a throne.

Queen Maud of Norway the youngest daughter of our own King and Queen is the proud mother of one little son to whom she is devoted, and from whom she is practically never separated. Little Prince Olaf as he has been called, since his father became King of Norway, is said to have had a good deal to do with making the new rulers popular. He is being carefully brought up largely on English methods and is a splendid sturdy boy who is fond of out door life. He is to have an English governess, and at present it is the intention when he is old enough, to send him to England to receive the same training as that given Prince Edward of Wales.

The Queen of Italy is a devoted mother to her youthful family, and is never so happy as when joining in their frolics. Her little ones lead the most simple of lives and are taught to think more of others than of themselves. Indeed a story is told of the eldest of the young Princesses, who, when it came time for her birthday treat insisted that it take the form of a party at which all the guests should be children who had escaped from the horror of the Messina earthquake. The charm, kindliness, and brightness of these children are said to have done much to make the dynasty of Savoy popular in Italy.

The Czarina who is a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria makes a careful mother in spite of her continued illness. Her nursery was long in charge of an English nurse who some time ago published her experiences while presiding over the Russian nurseries, drawing a delightful picture of the charming little Grand Duchesses. The young Czarevitch is said to be devotedly attached to his mother and to render her implicit obedience although very found of having his own way. There is probably no child on whose careful education so much depends as upon this young heir of all the Russias.

Among the children who are close to a Throne are the sturdy young sons and the daughter of the Princess of Wales who is noted for her devotion to her family, having in her own girlhood been brought up as the constant companion of her mother. Another devoted mother whose children are great-grand children of the late Queen Victoria is the Crown Princess Margaret of Sweden who has two dear little boys the elder of whom is three. Still other great-grand children of the late Queen are the children of Princess Marie of Roumania, who, before her marriage, was Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

All these children are being carefully brought up with a full realization of the fact that life will demand big things of them and that duty is the first consideration in those who occupy high places.

Woman's Section

Social Life in India

THE unrest in India, and the recent attempt against the lives of the Viceroy and Lady Minto have served to arouse fresh interest on the part of Canadians towards that wonderful Eastern land. India, particularly in its social aspect, is but little understood by those who have not been there. Commenting recently on the summer and winter capitals of the country over which the Viceroy rules, Lieut-Col. Newnham-Davis wrote as follows in London World: Our ancestors used all to sail up the Hugli in the big West Indiamen to reach the capital of India. Nowadays nine out of ten Englishmen come into Calcutta for the first time by rail from the west and see a most unlovely portion of the city first, for the drive from Howrah is through the mean streets, and a mean street in India is a very smelly place. But the centre of Calcutta justifies its name as "the City of Palaces." The Maidan, the great lung of the city, is a vast tract of sun-scorched grass with big patches of green turf here and there, where cricket and golf clubs have their enclosures. Beautifully kept roads cross it, and it is dotted with great "tanks," which are really little lakes, recalling the days when water storage was a very primitive matter, and the Europeans died of enteric like flies in the unhealthy season. It has on one of its sides the broad river, where four-masted sailing ships, which bring salt around the Cape, are moored alongside the bank. The fort, which is really a great fortress, lies, a many-pointed star, where its guns can command the city and the river. On the side of the Maidan opposite to the river is Chowringhee, a line of white-pillared palaces, with more lines of splendid houses behind the first one. Our great-great-grandfathers, the Nabobs, who shook the pagoda trees to some effect, built these palaces, and the heads of the firms they founded still live in them. The cathedral, into which Bishop Welldon tried to lock the merchants while he preached to them, is in Chowringhee, and so are the United Service and the Bengal Clubs, the latter one of the most comfortable clubs in the world, possessing a cook whose curries are a revelation. Government House, the great building after the model of an English ducal mansion, which Lord Wellesley built for himself and his successors as Governor-Generals, looks over its flower beds on to the Maidan and the statues of great rulers and great generals which dot the little lawns outside the Eden Gardens. In these gardens a band plays in the evening, when the carriages draw up four abreast on the river road. The cricket ground, a very beautiful one, is hard by Government House, and one of the House gates opens into the broad street, which is to Calcutta what Bond Street and Regent Street are to London. At the end of the Maidan opposite to Government House is the racecourse, where in the cold weather meeting succeeds meeting. On the day of the Viceroy's Cup, his Excellency generally drives to the course in state. Belvedere, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, with its memories of Warren Hastings, is in this part of Calcutta, and so are the Zoological Gardens.

Life in Calcutta during the winter differs little from life in London in spring. Early risers often ride down to the racecourse to see the horses doing their gallops, and the paper chases, in which ladies are often to the fore, are ridden in the mornings before the sun grows powerful. Before noon there is generally an inspection of some of the troops in garrison. Noon brings the hour for paying calls. In the days of Warren Hastings the cool of the evening was the time at which ladies were "at home," but, no doubt, eight o'clock dinners changed all that. The etiquette of Calcutta demands that a man paying his calls should wear a tall silk hat. If you drive from house to house in a "tum-tum," the Indian name

A PEERESS-POET.

The Marchioness of Townshend, the extremely pretty wife of the sixth Marquis, is noted for her literary ability as well as her beauty, and has had some success as a dramatist as well as in verse writing. Lady Townshend recites well, and is also a clever musician. About a year ago her one-act play, "The Novice," won success, and it is believed that she would win greater popularity in a longer play. Lady Townshend's verses have been published under the title "In the King's Garden."

for a dog-cart, you wear a solar topee to protect you from the midday sun, and carry under the seat your silk hat, to take with you into the drawing-room. At the race meetings topees are worn by the men during the heat of the early afternoon, and at sundown all the Bearers are outside the rails, each with his master's tall hat. Tiffin in Calcutta is a very hospitable meal, a meal to which a lady tells all her friends to come without warning whenever they feel inclined, for an Indian cook seems able to send up a meal for any number of people at the short-

MISS SNIVELY.

After twenty-five years spent as Superintendent of the Training School for Nurses of the Toronto General Hospital, Miss M. A. Snively has resigned, much to the regret of all with whom she has been brought in contact. As a mark of appreciation of her untiring service the Board of the Institution has granted her a retiring allowance of $700 a year. On behalf of the Board, the nurses, the visiting staff of physicians, and friends, she was also presented with a purse containing $1,000, the presentation being made at the reception recently given in her honor.

est possible notice. In the afternoons there is always some reason for a drive to the racecourse, or over the river to the Botanical Gardens, or to the cricket ground, or to the polo ground, or to the desolate palace where the deposed King of Oude composed his love songs, or

A GIFTED AMATEUR.

Lady Marjorie Manners is the eldest of the Duke of Rutlands clever daughters, all of whom inherit the brilliancy of their beautiful mother, who is almost better known as Lady Granby than by her present title of Duchess of Rutland. Not only is Lady Marjorie a clever artist and a gifted actress, but she is noted for her xquisite taste in dress. Quite recently she played a leading role in the production of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton's miracle play which was seen at the Court Theatre, London.

to Barrackpur, where the Viceroy has his week-end palace, or to a dozen other interesting places. With sundown comes the drive up and down the river bank and the half-hour of gossip while the band plays. In the evening there are dinner parties galore. Government House and Belvedere constantly send out cards for dances and balls, the floor in the Town Hall is a good one and is kept in constant use, and the merchant princes and the soldiers do their share of entertainment nobly. There is always one, and sometimes there are two, of the theatres open, with companies recruited in England playing in them the successes of the summer in London. Calcutta is never in any hurry to go to bed.

Fewer British visitors to India see Simla than see Calcutta, for the Viceroy and "the offices" do not move up into the Hymalayan foot-hills until summer has begun, by which time all the globe-trotters have flown on to Japan or back to Europe. In the days when I knew Simla very well the journey up the hills was made in tongas, two vicious little ponies under the clanking bar and a Pathan holding the reins and plying the whip. Now a mountain railway has been laid and miniature trains creep up the flanks of the hills to the mountain capital. Simla lies on a long, irregular chain of little hills on a big one, and most of the important bungalows have a knoll to themselves The Viceregal Lodge, a house with a beautiful white ballroom and a corridor of rare carved woods, has its own little hill, and so has Snowdon, the house of the Commander-in-Chief. Jakko, the largest of the hills, has a convent and many scores of bungalows and the house of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab on its pine-clad slopes. Bazaars and Government offices hang on to any little plateau near the crest of the chain, and the red Town Hall, in the basement of which is the Gaiety Theatre, where the A.D.C. produces a dozen comedies each season, and the church, have quite a big plateau to themselves. The United Service Club, which has probably more bedrooms than any other club in the world, finds footing on a narrow ledge of Jakko hill, and the chimneys of hotels shoot up to the level of the Mall from among the deodars. Annandale, where the gymkhanas are held, is a plateau half a mountain's height down the hill. Only the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, and the Lieutenant-Governor, and their wives, are allowed to drive on the roads, which are very narrow: the rest of the world rides, or is pulled up in jinrickshas, or goes afoot. The note of Simla is energetic work and energetic pleasure. Nearly every man in Simla has a "billet" of some kind—is in a Government office or attached to one, or is a member of the many committees always sitting. Till four in the afternoon every man works hard. After that he enjoys himself thoroughly. There is every afternoon a football match or a gymkhana or a race meeting at Annandale, there are picnics out on the Thibetan road towards the great snow-peaks which form the majestic background to the City on the Hills, and there are many tennis grounds amid the pines, and there are covered courts to be used on rainy days. Every lady rides at Simla, and they take their full share in all the events of the gymkhanas. Almost every evening in the week there is an entertainment of some kind in Simla. The three very great people of the official world have boxes apportioned to them at the theatre, and the A.D.C. performances are as much society functions as a ball at the Viceregal Lodge. Both the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief have small theatres in their official residences, and a good amateur actor is a person of more importance in Simla than anywhere else. A ball at Viceregal Lodge is as gorgeous as a State ball in any capital of the world, for every man in the room is wearing a uniform, and the tunics of the officers of the Native Army introduce unwonted colors.

Ontario Women's Colonization Bureau.

The Minister for Agriculture will receive an influential deputation on Tuesday, Dec. 14th, which will ask the Government to form a Women's Colonization Bureau under the Provincial Colonization department for bringing out suitable women and girls as domestics for the Province. It will be introduced by Mrs. Nordheimer, and among those taking part will be Mrs. A. Gooderham, Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. Reeve, Lady and Miss Meredith, Lady Edgar, Lady Thompson, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. W. Mackenzie, Mrs. Grasette, Mrs. Boultbee, Mrs. Ramsey Wright, Mrs. Amelius Jarvis, Mrs. Van Koughnet, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Plumptre, Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, Miss Macdonel, Mrs. W. Langton, Mrs. Brock, Miss Campbell, Mrs. Cassels, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Webster, Miss Constance Boulton, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, Mrs. Jacobs and Miss St. John Willman, deputation secretary.

After the Suffragette Meeting.

"Do you dare to tell me I am not meant for a voter?" cried Angelina, in militant tones.

"Yes, you are, sweet one—meant for me!" murmured Edwin, gathering her in.

Letters of a self-made woman to her daughter

DEAR ANNIE:

I am sending you the cheque you ask for and shall not enquire what you need it for, but I hope you are not doing anything unadvisable. It is a good deal of money for a girl at school, but as you say it is for a good purpose, I am going to trust to your judgment this time. I must tell you what a happy time I had with your poor family; such nice, nice people, clean and straight forward and so grateful. I just got them barely what they needed and your father has put the man in the office. He is a first-rate book keeper, but could only get day labor on the streets to keep his family, ever since he came out from England. And they did not whine, and they blushed when I gave them the things, and the woman said "Ah, lady, if all rich people could understand poor folks like you do!" which was silly of her, if she'd only known. No one who has never been poor, has the least idea what poverty means. And people who have been poor want to forget all about it, so between the two, there is little chance for an intelligent system of help to their needy neighbors. I think I can recognize, at a glance, the woman who is bravely struggling to do a dollar's work with a dime, and I want to give her just that odd ninety cents at once. I have never valued poverty as I do to-day. It makes one wise about helping others. Now, Annie, don't think I am hinting about that cheque; I honestly forgot it. Tell your little Jamaica friend that I was so glad to get her message and that some day, I hope to see her in her Southern home. We shall expect you three on the nineteenth of December with much delight. I have asked a dozen girls to luncheon tomorrow, girls I have met in church work, and I shall tell them about the visitors we expect at Christmas. It may be possible to have a Christmas night dance, as you wish, but I am not quite sure about it. I have never yet had any young people here. Our entertaining has been mainly dinners and luncheons to which we invite the people who have invited us. I have always left the arranging of these parties and the other details to Miss Brown, who has been a very good secretary when she wasn't teaching you, and who knows all the cliques and sets in the city by heart. We hope always to keep Miss Brown, she is worth ten times the salary we pay her, but she won't accept a cent more. We have to contrive to give her things she needs, now and then. Your father gave her a present on your birthday, and I gave her one on her own, and then we both gave her gifts on our wedding anniversary, when the servants had a dinner and she helped make it nice for them. We didn't ask people that day as we first intended, because your father said "What do they care if we've been married eighteen years or eight hundred? That sort of anniversary is a family affair." And I always think how wise it was of him, when I get an invitation to somebody's tin or wooden or crystal wedding. What do we care about it? Speaking of Miss Brown, I think it was very fine of her to snub us when we wanted to increase her salary when you went to school. "I shall stay with you as long as you find me useful," she said simply—"but you are quite sufficiently liberal to me now." Your father said it was a new one on him, and he couldn't get over it. It made me quite sure Miss Brown is a real lady. One of the people who called on me on the last day I was at home said she hoped you and your girl friends would come to an informal party she is giving on Christmas eve. She may not remember her remark, but I think you would enjoy her party, it is always a very pleasant one, the girls tell me, and the outside of her house looks very tempting. I made a mistake in the day, when I returned her first call, so I've not seen the inside. It does seem like having you home, Annie, when people begin inviting you to parties! The lady I have spoken of was the very last of all to call on me. She didn't do it until your father got her husband on a Board he wanted to have a seat on. Then she said, "I suppose I'd better call," and the husband said, "It would be only decent." Your father heard them as he was putting on his overcoat, and she came the very next day. On her visit last week she said she was sorry I had not found her at home, but that she had changed her day and received on another. It seems a very objectionable person to her has moved into the next house, and this lady doesn't like to be receiving on the same day. She goes out for the afternoon on her old "day" and isn't annoyed by people "swarming in next door," she told me. I can't quite see the point.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE MOTHER.

Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria has just celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday and the seventieth anniversary of his appointment as lieutenant of artillery.

VISCOUNT CHELSEA

Heir to his grandfather, Lord Cadogan, the little Lord Chelsea is now in his seventh year, and will ultimately come into great possessions, as Lord Cadogan owns much of that large district of London which gives Lord Chelsea his title. Lord Chelsea is fatherless, but he is a good son of the King, and he and his sisters are said to be great favorites with Their Majesties.

AN AMERICAN SUFFRAGIST.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who is one of the cleverest as well as one of the most influential members of New York society, is at present devoting her time and attention to furthering the cause of Woman's Suffrage, but is a determined enemy to militant methods. Mrs. Mackay has also devoted considerable attention to the cause of education. She is much interested in all progressive movements, but is also devoted to her home.

Economic Position of English Women.

INTERESTING facts and figures relating to the life and employment of her country women were given recently by Miss B. L. Hutchins in an address before the Royal Statistical Society, London.

The excess female population in the country according to the census of 1901, said Miss Hutchins, amounted to 1,070,000. This disproportion was mainly due to the lower death-rate among women, but that this was accounted for by the advantage of their comparatively sheltered lives was an insufficient explanation of the difference. No doubt many more men than women died of accidents, but if causes of death peculiar to women were added to the number of accidents the difference was greatly reduced. As against 10,895 male deaths from accidents, there were 9,561 female deaths from accidents and peculiar causes. Women also appeared to have a greater average duration of life. There are 135 women old enough to claim an old-age pension to every 100 men. Miss Hutchins suggested that women, though physically weaker, were constitutionally stronger than men, having a more tenacious hold on life.

THE PRETTIEST BABY IN BERLIN.

Little Ursula von Bledermann, who has just won the £100 beauty prize offered for competition by the Kaiser.

How was the excess number of women to be provided for? Marriage was still woman's most extensive occupation, claiming 49.6 per cent. in England and Wales, i.e., nearly one-half of the female population over 15. Granting that all wives were supported by their husbands, marriage provided for about three-fourths of women, but for twenty years only, between the ages of 35 and 55. Before and after a very large proportion were not provided for. Economic self-dependence for many of these was a stern necessity. The number of women and girls over 15 in 1901 returned as working was 34.5 of all living, but a very much larger proportion actually entered on a trade or occupation, many leaving it on marriage. A certain proportion of married women, however, were, through widowhood or economic causes, forced to re-enter the labor market. They returned at a great industrial advantage, and this handicap, it could hardly be doubted, was a main cause of pauperism. It was, said Miss Hutchins, in conclusion, this passing to and from different planes of social development, the entering competitive industry, leaving it for domestic duties done for their own sake, and then re-entering it, which rendered women's economic position singularly weak, although her more temperate and orderly life made her less criminal than man, and less liable to come on the rates. In industry women had ostensibly a less task, but it would be difficult to prove that they had less fatigue. They often worked longer hours under the Factory Act than most men did under their trade union. The domestic work accomplished by them must be equal in output of energy to much more than all the industrial work of women. It could not be said, then, that their lower death-rate was the result of privilege and protection. On the other hand, it was a source of economic weakness, leaving many without support when, owing to the care of children, they were least capable of self-support, and increasing competition among them for employment.

The Burden-Bearer of Italy.

AS in many European countries, says W. A. Alden in The Housekeeper, (Minneapolis), much of the burden-bearing in Italy is done by the "patient, obstinate, and much-abused donkey and even the worse-treated woman." In the hill country, either along the coast or inland, "the women are the real carriers, one might say the 'pack animals' of Italy." We read further:

In the interior of Italy, where the plains are, and in Venice and about the famous lake region, all burdens are carried on the back, in long baskets like those used by the German peasants. These are supported on the shoulders by loops through which the arms are thrust.

But in the mountainous districts of Italy, near the coast, the women carry everything imaginable on their heads, and they are straight and supple, with a wonderfully free and easy carriage. The result of carrying loads on their heads, even from childhood, is a decided contrast to the women burden-bearers who are bent or round-shouldered in the regions where baskets are used.

Perhaps the thing that impresses the foreigner, whether a transitory or a permanent resident in northern Italy, is the amount, both in quantity and quality, that the women can carry, without apparent effort, deftly balanced on their heads. They use a piece of woolen or cotton cloth, generally a large neckerchief, which is folded diagonally and twisted into a round, soft roll. They wind this into a round mat which they place on top of the head. On this, the women carry anything from an empty basket or a large kettle of water to a sewing-machine or even large pieces of furniture. An unusual and interesting sight is a woman trudging homeward at night, after a long, muscle-trying day's work of chopping wood or felling trees in the forest, her axe in one hand and with the other carefully balancing on her head a good-sized tree, the branches of which are dragging behind her on the ground.....

Not far from the frontier between France and Italy there is a little chapel, which seems to have alighted, like a white bird, on almost the highest spur of a rocky mountain. The history of this tiny church is intensely interesting, as its existence is due to a widely believed miracle. As an act of devotion to the Madonna whose picture hangs over the altar, a very good road, on which are the "stations of the cross," has been constructed from the nearest hill town to the chapel. One can better realize what an act of real devotion it was if one has climbed, as I did one hot spring day, to the village from which the road starts. The distance from the sea coast to the foot of the mountain is three very long and exceedingly dusty miles. Then one must ascend one of the steepest, worst cobbled, winding paths that any nearby olive-grove shelters. Every particle of gravel and sand of which this road is made was brought on the heads of the women and men and on the backs of their mules (and comparatively few can afford such an animal), from the beach nearly four miles away.

While on my way to another little village one afternoon, I overtook a most remarkable figure. A woman was toiling up the path ahead of me, with an immense bundle of dried leaves on her head. It was so large that I could see nothing of her above the shoulders, and I was reminded of what a physician had told me only a few days before. He said that despite the erect carriage and almost jaunty appearance of these women, old and young alike, it was really a case of the "survival of the fittest," for a large portion of the female population of northern Italy succumbs to tubercolosis at an early age, due to heavy burdens borne on the head before their muscles are tough enough for such a strain.

One morning while drinking my coffee at a tiny cafe, I saw such a funny procession on the opposite side of the street, that I immediately snapped it with my kodak. It consisted of three women, each with a cask full of wine on her head, a weight of forty or fifty kilograms. On the same day, I was fortunate enough to get the picture of two other women on the point of leaving a store with a newly-purchased sewing machine, which one was helping the other to get nicely balanced on her head preparatory to delivering it to the customer.

ELLEN TERRY AND HER HUSBAND.

The famous English actress so long identified with the successes of the late Sir Henry Irving, now spends most of her leisure time with her husband, Mr. James Carew, at their delightful home in Kent, which is described as a typical Kentish farm house with beautiful gardens. Mr. and Mrs. Carew were quietly married in the United States during Miss Terry's tour of America in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Mr. Carew having been her leading man. They are here shown in the doorway of their country home.

The Hills of Rest.

BEYOND the last horizon's rim
Beyond adventure's farthest quest
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note, on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there, the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Harper's.

Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth has opened a house in New York where the wives of criminals will be provided with work to enable them to support their families while their husbands are in jail. The place is called the Rainbow House and the principal work done there will be washing and ironing. The basement is fitted up with laundry tubs, the floor above is for ironing, while the upper floors are offices, bedrooms and nurseries where the children of the women are cared for during the day. Major Sprague and Capt. Pardee of the Volunteers' Prison League live at Rainbow House and have charge of the work. The laundry prides itself upon doing each wash separately and not mixing people's clothes.

LORD BLANDFORD AND HIS MOTHER.

The Duchess of Marlborough is one of the English Duchesses who were born in the United States, of whom there have been several shining examples. Tall and graceful and always beautifully dressed, she has played an important part since her marriage to the ninth Duke in 1895. She is devoted to her children, two sons, of whom the elder, the Marquis of Blandford, I already a school boy of some years' standing. The Duchess frequently visits America and is said to be much interested in charitable matters as well as in social affairs.

A delightful old New Englander, discussing the unreasonableness of woman said, "There is nothing so unreasonable, there couldn't be. My wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we decided that it had come to the point where we must both economise.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize, both!'

"'Very well,' she grudgingly agreed, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.'"

A Woman's Parting.

I HAVE forgotten you! Wherefore my days
Run gladly, as in those white hours gone by
Before I learned to love you. Now have I
Returned to that old freedom, where the rays
Of your strange wonder no more shall amaze
My spirit. How remote the rich hours lie
Wherein our hearts were one! Eternity
Is not so distant to my youthful gaze.

I have forgotten—yea, and more than this,
I nevermore shall need you at my side;
New love, new days, new friends shall swiftly glide
Into my life, to bring my heart new bliss.
(Hush! On my lips I feel a ghost-like kiss.)
I have forgotten? . . . O, I lied, I lied!

—Charles Hanson Towne, in The Smart Set.

District Visitor—"Good morning, Mrs. Perkins. I hope you are coming to the Unionist Association garden party at Sir Archibald's this afternoon, to hear our candidate speak?"

Mrs. Perkins—"Well, no; you see, Mum, my neighbor, Mrs. 'Opkins, she belongs to that, so I joined the Liberal Government, so we can look arter one another's babies while t'other's at meetings."—Punch.

Up to the hour of going to press the North Pole had not been discovered again, but we have hopes.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

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The Musical Comedy Classic
"Kitty Grey"
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ENGLISH BEAUTY CHORUS

TORONTO SOCIETY

SOME of the ante-Noel festivities are, a dance for young people given by Mrs. Cross in honor of her debutante, Miss Winifred Cross, on the 17th; an at home at St. Margaret's College on the same date, a tea given by Mrs. Raney, 117 Madison avenue, on the 15th; a bridge by Mrs. Jack Mackellar on the 15th, a tea by Mrs. Alexaud Laird, 48 Cluny avenue, on the 16th; a tea by Mrs. R. H. Bowes for her debutante, Miss Florence Bowes, at McConkey's, on the 17th; a dance at the Metropolitan by Mrs. J. Henry Peters for her debutante, Miss Florence, on the 20th; a tea by Mrs. James Magee, 400 Bloor street west, for her daughter, Mrs. Skinner, on the 14th, a farewell to Toronto friends, as Captain and Mrs. Skinner leave very soon for India. There are also several dances *en train* for the Cadets from Kingston, who will be home for the vacation.

The reception given by Mrs. Stewart Houston last Saturday in the galleries occupied by the Applied Arts Exhibition was more interesting than the usual afternoon tea, as the Welsh ladies' choir arrived during the tea and sang several of their best numbers. There was plenty of room in the spacious galleries and much pleasure derived from another view of the Exhibition, which closed that evening. A fair haired and beautiful little girl of seven, the only child of the hostess was perhaps more admired by some of the guests than anything else. Little Miss Houston, with her frank unspoiled manner and delicate features and coloring is the sweetest of children. The two tea-tables, one in the west gallery and the other at the entrance, were decorated with flowers and set with many good things, which were much enjoyed. A few of the guests were Lady Edgar, the Misses Edgar, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Grayson Smith, Mrs., Mr. and Miss Robinson of Beverly House, the Misses Ethel and Grace Mackenzie, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Sinclair of Roslyn, Mr. and Miss Elmsly, Mr. and Mrs. Fane Sewell, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Miss Bronse, Mrs. Bruce Williams and Miss Violet Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Blake and Miss Nell Blake, Colonel and Mrs. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mr. and Mrs. B. McInnes, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Ireland, Mrs. and Miss F. Sprague, Professor and Mrs. Mackenzie, Principal and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Charles Boone and scores of others.

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY.

Formerly Miss Eloise Breese of New York, Lady Willoughby De Eresby has added to the number of American women who have married Englishmen and proved themselves a distinct gain to the circle in which they have found themselves. Her husband is the eldest son of Lord Ancaster, who is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England.

Many warm Toronto friends of gallant Commander Whish, R. H., will be interested in hearing of the engagement of his second daughter, Miss Beatrice Adelaide Whish and Mr. Vincent Bromley, son of the late vice-Admiral Bromley, R.H. Commander and the Misses Whish are in Weymouth.

One of the pretty girls at the *poudre*, whose quaint attire and coiffure effectually disguised her, was Miss Edna Cromarty, who wore a handsome pink brocaded satin gown, with Dolly Varden panniers, and looked very well.

Mrs. Lambe, of Fallingbrook, gave a telephone dance for Miss Beverley Lambe, a debutante of last month, on Saturday evening. Some forty young folks went out to the pretty house on the lakeside, and had a very joyous frisk until twelve o'clock, when two four-in-hand coaches arrived to bring those of the party who live in the central city home. The dance and very nice supper were greatly enjoyed by everyone, the large living room at Fallingbrook proving an excellent place for a dance, and the drawing room, with its log fire, a charming sitting-out place. Miss Beverley Lambe wore a dainty blue gown of crystal net, and her not-out sister was in white with pink ribbons. Probably the prettiest of the young contingent was the little bride, Mrs. Clarkson (Alice Baines) who, with her dainty sister, Margeurite, was among the guests. Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. Roger Lambe, and one or two other older friends, entered into the spirit of the evening, and chaperoned the jolly party on the drive home. The hostess sang very well during the evening.

Miss Clare Denison, of Heydon Villa, has been laid up with a severe cold, and has missed many of the gay doings recently, but is now quite better.

Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, returned from England last week. Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin have returned to their cosy home in Clarendon avenue. Mrs. W. W. Beardmore, of Acton, is coming to Benvenuto with her little son and heir for Christmas.

Mrs. Brock's tea at her home in Queen's Park was a rendezvous of old friends, most enjoyable after a long cessation of such functions there, owing to mourning and absence of the host and hostess. The nobly proportioned hall and great rooms on either side which have welcomed so many parties and resounded to their mirth, were just nicely filled, and no crowding was possible, even for several hundred guests. Mrs. Brock received in the drawing room in a rich brocaded satin gown of mauve tint; Miss Brock was seconding her greeting further in. A radiant tea-table glowing with deep red roses and crimson shaded lights was *vis-a-vis* in the dining room, and a bevy of attractive women waited on the guests, who were quite too numerous to mention. Everyone was glad to see Mrs. Henry Cawthra at this tea, the first, I beieve, she has attended since her return.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Blake returned to town a few weeks ago, and Mrs. Blake has been receiving informally on Mondays at her home in Maple avenue. Old and new friends are welcoming her back, and renewing their impression of her very attractive and lovable personality.

Mrs. Boone, Bloor street east, gave a very nice bridge on Friday of last week, and after the game, Mrs. Charles Boone presided at the tea-table, which was centered with pink roses.

Most of the hostesses who have rigid "reception days" are off duty until after the holidays. What with entertaining friends, doing Christmas shopping and trying to get suitable gifts for all and sundry, these ladies find too much to do to stay at home receiving.

Mr. Crosthwaite is coming from Winnipeg to spend Christmas with his family who are the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann.

Dr. Nevitt gave a dinner last Saturday for the staff of St. Michael's Hospital at which covers were laid for forty. The table was decorated with 'mums and pink shaded candles.

Mrs. McWhinney was hostess of very smart bridge parties last week at her home in Crescent road.

A bachelor dinner at which Mr. Willcocks Baldwin will be guest of honor, will be given at McConkey's next Tuesday evening. Mr. Baldwin and Miss Kathleen Gordon are to be married on the following Saturday.

A committee of twenty young bachelors are getting up a dance for Thursday evening, December 30, to be held in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms. I hear that the party will be largely the same as that memorably smart dance given by Nelson Chapter I.O.D.E. and everything promises a rarely enjoyable evening. The bachelors will, however, have some work to equal and some more to excel the girls of the I.O.D.E. in the matter of entertaining.

Miss Covinton, Mrs Bouchette Anderson, Miss Amy Rutherford are among those at Preston Springs.

Mrs. Henry Williamson, whose sudden illness alarmed her family and friends, is now much better, and though yet an invalid is doing well. Miss Francis Gardiner, who was in Niagara-on-the-Lake with her aunt, has returned to Toronto, where she has been much missed.

On Sunday, December 5, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, of Dromoland, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage, which took place at Shanty Bay in 1859, Rev. S. B. Ardagh officiating. Letters, telegrams and telephone messages of congratulation came from friends in and out of town, and many beautiful flowers and gifts were sent to mark the happy occasion. On the afternoon of Sunday, Canon Cody held a short thanksgiving service at Dromoland, the old family home in Sherbourne street, at which, beside the golden bride and groom, were Mr. and Mrs. Prince and their children, of New York; Mr. Harry O'Brien of Ottawa, Miss Kathleen O'Brien, son and daughters of the house, and some other relatives and very old friends. The family presented the bride and groom with a gold loving cup, and at the evening repast which followed, the table was centred with a wedding cake lit by fifty candles. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien have the heartiest good wishes of a very large circle of connections and old friends, who hope they may be spared to celebrate their diamond wedding also.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell are home from New York, where they have spent a happy little holiday, and been most profusely entertained. On Tuesday Mr. Justice Riddell addressed the Canadian Club of New York, and was enthusiastically received.

A perfect whirl of luncheons, teas and evenings is possessing the young set, and as one mother said: "They are never at home now, unless they are entertaining themselves." After Christmas they still expect to keep it up for a few weeks, but Lent comes in very early this year.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cassels are back from their wedding trip abroad, and are at Rathnelly for the present. Senator and Mrs. Kerr will be home for Christmas.

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Column

IT is twilight in the studio, for the lights only shed their radiance the paintings, and the reflection kes a soft, yellow twilight, warm- more cosy and suggestive of ficence than the grey twilight of ure. We are sitting in a dim cor- restfully chatting in a sort of rmur, that is the twilight of ech. There is no jarring note— erywhere peace, repose, and a sub- ned life stir. Then a woman rises nd goes very quietly to the grand ano where the ivory keys gleam in the reflection from the gilded frame of a large portrait glowing in full light of the bulb which turns its dark, green shade towards us. She sits down noiselessly, her soft gown of velvet falling in large rich lines about her, and slowly takes off her gloves. She paused a moment with the gloves in her hands, drawing the soft kid slowly through her slim firm fingers, and then with a sudden opening and spreading motion drops them in her lap. Her fingers creep over the ivory keys, there are chords, full of harmony, rich suggestive, and we sigh and settle back among the cushions in the dim corner. Life seems very well worth while. The woman raises her face, her round throat swells with a sweet full note, she sings very softly a song of pathetic significance. Some one is grieving, wounded in the heart, despairing; she sings consolation to him or her. Some one seems to grow out of the twilight, wan with woe, lined with weeping, choked with sobs, and the woman sings to that one, in her full clear soft tones, with her hands wandering over the ivory keys, and her face lifted. We know that there must be some one, because of the direct conviction of her voice; she is not singing to us or for us, but to and for that soul which seems to take form in the shadows, that sore tried soul, breaking and falling under some great weight of sorrow, such as we can only conjecture. And her voice grows fainter, more a spirit-voice than ever, as she slowly breathes the last words of her song, "God Himself shall call thee, when the roses bloom." The words fall like rose-leaves, but they are odorous with truth. The last exquisite note swells very faintly into the listening air, the sound creeps into every shadowy corner, there is a feeble stir and throb in it, as if fanned by an angel wing, one knows that it has reached that woeful heart and eased its pain. It is very, very still in the studio!

"What are you going to give me for Christmas?" I asked a very little girl who had a list a foot long of presents she demanded from me. "Oh! I'm going to make you a present my own self," she said proudly, and I was glad, for I love the things that are made for me—the apple stuck full of cloves, given with love that was penniless, the white mittens knitted just for me, the small hanky worked with crooked stitches maybe, but worked for me. It's the personal touch that sanctifies! The giving of costly gifts at Christmas is only for the few, but the personal touch may only involve a dime for the wherewithal to work by, and yet may be precious beyond all price. A short line written from the heart, passing from friend to friend, may cost a penny stamp by the post, a quarter by wire, but how good and warm and close it lies to the heart, perhaps when the heart just needs that line of fellowship, that friendlike touch! Everyone is buying, buying, buying, just now, tearing about town from shop to shop, full of the wish to please some dear one with rich and substantial gifts. By and by a great weariness and dissatisfaction comes —why? because one has given all the energy and interest and thought and time to material things, and lost the true spirit of tenderness and love and sweet consideration that only thrives in leisure and repose. By all means give, but don't wear out temper and strength until you hate the very idea of gift-giving and are in no fit frame of mind or body to make presents.

A woman writes: "Thank you very much, Lady Gay, for calling attention to the persistent little beggar boys, who infest the door of a restaurant to which I often go, for luncheon or a post-matinee cup of tea. I was one of the women seized upon last Thursday by two of the grimy little whiners, and I do hate such an experience." I hope some more of the women who have been annoyed by these boys will uplift their testimony and see if some of the big policemen who paraded around, looking handsome, can't put a stop to what should not be permitted.

On next Tuesday a party of ladies, chaperoned by some prominent and responsible men, are going to see the Premier of Ontario about starting a new Governmental department dealing with the selection and assistance of desirable immigrants from the Old Land, for domestic service in Canada. I am sure the deputation will have a hearty good wish from every mistress unable to get a "lady" to do her housework, and let us hope that the Government may waken up and give the petitioners everything they ask for. Some one at this end, some one at the other end, who will really earn their salaries, and be a distinctly helpful working aid in securing fairly good domestic help. At the risk of being 'kil't entirely' by my Island friends, I might mention the fact that there are quite a few very good servants in Newfoundland, working in the outports for five dollars a month. I have been the means of bringing one of them to Toronto, but unfortunately in a couple of years a bright young artisan carried her off, and she is now mistress of a cosy little home of her own. The Newfoundland ladies tell me with a severe accession of dignity that they don't approve of their young women being taken out of the Island. Consequently, I've discouraged Katie and Jennie and Ettie from following Bertha's example, but they're there all right, and dying to come to Canada!

How far is one justified in inflicting one's pets upon one's friends? If one detests cats, must one permit the thoroughbred Persian of one's acquaintance to launch himself upon one's lap without appeal, or may one dump his catship unceremoniously on the mat, with the remark that the idea of animals knowing who is fond of them is a fallacy? I'd like to see anyone do that, and keep on really friendly terms with pussy's mistress! If a yapping toy dog gets on one's nerves, or a terrier or big fellow fills one with dreams of hydrophobia, may one request their room instead of their company? Perhaps—if one has the courage to withstand the sneering pity with which one's friend banishes the pup, and his or her glacial return to conversation. But why must these things be? It seems to me that anyone who allows their devotion to puss or pup to grow to such bounds as to dwarf consideration for humans has got a serious list on, and needs to shift ballast at once.

LADY GAY.

SOCIETY

The president, officers and members of the Brantford Golf Club are giving a dance in the Kerby House on New Year's Eve.

Among the prominent women who will form the deputation to the Premier of Ontario next Tuesday are Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Mrs. Grassett, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Sweeny, Mrs. Reeve, Mrs. Wm. Boultbee, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. Plumbtree, and several others.

Mrs. J. G. Beard, of Troy, N.Y., is spending Christmas with her relatives, 502 Huron street.

Visitor—Can you read the past? Fortune Teller—Certainly. That's my business. Visitor—Then I wish you'd tell me what it was my wife told me to get for her!—Boston Globe.

TO MONTREAL THERE'S ONLY ONE DOUBLE-TRACK ROUTE and that is via Grand Trunk Railway System. Four trains leave Toronto, 7.15 and 9 a.m., 8.30 and 10.15 p.m. daily. Excellent equipment. For tickets, reservations, etc., call at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

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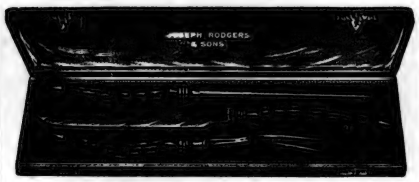

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5-piece Case of Carvers, from $9.50.

Set of ½ dozen Dessert Celluloid Handle Knives and A1 triple plated Forks, from $5.00 per set.

Set of ½ dozen Pearl Handle Dessert Knives, in oak case, $15.00.

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1 dozen Pearl Handled Fruit Knives, in case, $4.25.

Sugar Shells, Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Coffee Spoons, Etc.

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"How's yer wheat?"
"First rate."
"Pigs doin' well?"
"Fine."
"That puny colt come 'round all right?"
"He sure did."
"Glad to hear things is so likely, Bill. How's yer wife?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

Mr. Brown (rushing excitedly into the room)—Marie, Marie, intelligence has just reached me—— Mrs. Brown (calmly interrupting him) — Well, thank heaven, Henry.—Brooklyn Life.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

LEGGE—At Toronto, on December 8, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Earnest A. Legge, a son.

LUKE—At Toronto, on December 6, 1909, the wife of F. E. Luke, a son.

DEATHS.

MENZIES—At Belleville, on December 8, 1909, Margaret Campbell, widow of the late William Menzies of Edinburgh, Scotland.

SHEPPARD—At West Toronto, on December 7, 1909, John Sheppard, in his 80th year.

Michie's 75th Christmas.

Michie's 75th Christmas.

Michie's Merry Crackers

will carry more genuine amusement into the Christmas festivities than any single feature you can devise.

There are literally hundreds to choose from; divided into three general classes.

From 15c to 45c box

Pretty little Crackers for little children and the Xmas tree, containing little paper hats, caps, miniature toys, jewels, puzzles, etc.

From 50c to $1.00 box

Just one dozen Crackers in a box, same as cheaper boxes—but larger, handsomer crackers with a greater variety of amusing contents.

From $1.00 box upwards

Large, beautiful and suitable for adults' parties, dinners, dances and table decoration, introducing joyous amusement and spreading good humor everywhere.

Twelve Crackers in a box.

The Children's Part

of Christmas—always well cared for—was never so completely and attractively provided for as now, and there is not only variety and beauty to please the eye, but there is wholesomeness in everything for eating—especially the candy.

30,000 of these Fascinating Fun-makers ready for this Season's Merry Cracking

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Established 1835

Michie's Santa Claus Stockings

filled with toys, are by common consent the most popular gifts for children, and no present costing so little will give a little child so much pleasure.

THOUSANDS OF THEM from a little one at 10c. to a monster at $3.50—with several sizes between—priced at 20c., 40c., 60c., 75c., $1.00 and $2.00 each.

Michie's Christmas Tree Novelties

Everything to decorate the tree and equip it with good things to delight the children, and everything, too, so bright and attractive, and good.

Groceries

have their daily claim upon the attention of the housekeeper, and Xmas but emphasizes the superior service offered by Michie's Store in quality and variety.

The Best Pudding

comes from the bowl into which the best ingredients go, and Michie's superior currants, raisins, spices, peels and flavorings do their part toward a satisfactory result.

THE RED ROOM

By William Le Queux

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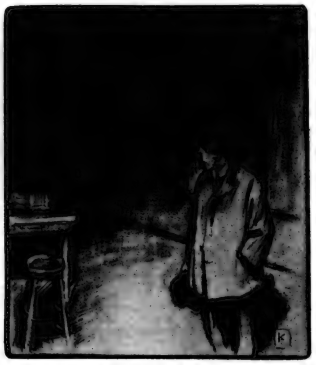
Synopsis:—On the morning of January 15th, 1907, Henry Holford, proprietor of a garage in Chiswick, a suburb of London, receives a visit from a mysterious neighbor, Kershaw Kirk, who shows a singular interest in a new German tire. He invites Holford to visit him that evening, when he tells his guest that he needs assistance, as he is suspected of the murder of Professor Ernest Greer, a famous chemist, in his laboratory in Regent's Park, London. The Professor had been found stabbed to death and his face burned with some corrosive substance. The two men go to the house where the murder was committed, and there find that the Professor's only daughter has also been murdered in a somewhat similar fashion.



I shuddered at sight of that disfigured face.

THEN Kirk led the way up the broad, thickly-carpeted staircase to the floor above. Entering an open door leading from the square landing, he touched an electric switch, revealing a small elegantly-furnished room, a boudoir, upholstered in dark red silk. The walls were enamelled dead white, relieved by a beading of gold, and set in the panels were two fine paintings of the modern Italian school.

The red room was a veritable nest of luxury, with low easy chairs, a cosy corner near the fire, and a small reading table, whereon stood a selection of the latest novels from the library. In the cosy corner I noticed that the cushions were crushed, just as they had been left by the unfortunate girl as she had been aroused from her sleep by the entrance of the maid at early morning.

One side of the room was occupied by a big bay window of stained glass, that probably faced a blank wall about four feet to the right of the cosy corner was a closed white-enamelled door—the door which gave entrance to the passage leading to the laboratory. The carpet was a pale grey, with a wreath of small roses running round the border, and before the door lay the white goatskin mat. My companion pointed to it, and I saw there the tell-tale stain of blood. The fire had been left just as it had died out on the morning of the tragedy.

"You see," Kirk said, advancing to the closed door which led to the laboratory, "there is here a patent lock—an expensive make, which has but one key. This door I found still locked!"

Opening it we passed into a short passage about twelve feet long, closed by a similar door. This also he re-opened, and I found myself in a large long apartment, very lofty, and well lit by a long high window along the side towards the street and at the end, while a skylight occupied part of the roof.

Upon rows of shelves were many bottles of chemicals, retorts, and delicate experimental apparatus, while on the right was a small furnace. There were also three zinc-covered tables with the miscellaneous accumulation of objects which the owner of the place had been using. I saw a blocked-up door on the right, which my companion explained let into the conservatory over the portico.

"Look!" whispered my friend in a low voice. "This way." And he switched on the lights at the further end of the great high apartment.

I stepped forward at his side, until I distinguished, huddled up in the further corner, a human figure in dark grey trousers and black frock-coat. It seemed as though he had been propped in the corner, and his grey head had fallen sideways before death.

I went further forward, holding my breath.

The victim was apparently nearly sixty, with hair and moustache turning white, rather stoutly built, and broad-shouldered. His position was distorted and unnatural, as though he had twisted himself in the final agonies of death. The thin waxen hands were clenched tightly, and the linen collar was burst from the neck, while the Professor's dark blue fancy vest bore a stain where the assassin's knife had struck him unerringly in the heart.

Of his features I, a stranger, could distinguish but little, so swollen, livid, and scarred were they that I was instantly horrified by their sight. The disfigurement had been so terrible that there remained hardly any semblance to a human face.

"Well," exclaimed Kirk at last, "you have seen it! Now what is your opinion?"

We were standing alone in the great laboratory, for Antonio and his brother had remained downstairs at my companion's suggestion.

I looked round that great silent workshop of one of the most distinguished chemists of the age, and then I gazed upon the mortal remains of the man upon whom so many honors had been showered. Warped, drawn, crouching, with one arm uplifted almost as though to ward off a blow, the body remained a weird and ghastly object.

"Has it been moved?" I inquired when I had recovered speech.

"No; it is just as we found it—just as the unknown assassin left it," he said. "The disfigurement, as far as I can judge, has been caused by some chemical agency—some acid or other substance placed upon the face, with fiendish cruelty, immediately before death."

I bent closer to the lifeless face in order to examine it, and afterward agreed with him. It was undoubtedly a murder prompted by a fierce and bitter vengeance.

"The work of a madman, it may be," I suggested.

But Kershaw Kirk shook his head, saying:

"Not a madman, but of a very clever murderer, who has left not a trace of his identity."

"Do you think that the Professor was struck down at the spot where he now is?" I asked, for my friend seemed to be something of an expert in the habits of the criminal classes.

"I think not. Yet, as you see, the place is in no way disordered. There is no sign whatever of a struggle."

I looked around, and as far as I could discern everything was as it should be. Upon the nearest table in the centre was a very delicate glass apparatus in which some experiments had recently been made, for certain yellowish liquids were still within. Had this table been violently jarred, the thin glass tubes would have been disarranged and broken, a fact which showed conclusively that the fatal blow had been struck with great suddenness and in silence.

It had not occurred to Kirk to examine the dead man's pockets before, and now, kneeling at his side, he was in the act of doing so.

The various objects he took out, first examined, and afterwards handed them to me. There were several letters, none of any great importance, some chemical memoranda scribbled in pencil upon a piece of blank paper, a gold presentation watch and chain, fifteen pounds odd in money, and a few minor trifles, none of which threw any light upon the mysterious tragedy.

My companion made another careful examination of the body. Then, rising to his feet, he walked slowly around the laboratory, in further search, it seemed to me, of anything that the assassin might have left behind. But by his countenance I saw that this eccentric man who dealt in secrets, as he had admitted to me, was much puzzled and perplexed. The enigma was complete.

So complicated and extraordinary were the whole circumstances that any attempt to unravel them only led one at once into an absolute *cul-de-sac*.

To whom had the dead man signalled in the Morse code by raising and lowering the blind?"

Someone, friend or enemy, had been waiting outside near Clarence Gate in Regent's Park in the expectation of a message.

He received it from the Professor's own hands, those hands which before the dawn were cramped in the stiffness of death.

CHAPTER IV.

A SILENT MESSAGE.

For a full hour we remained there in the presence of the dead.

Before that huddled figure I stood a dozen times trying to form some feasible theory as to what had actually occurred within that room.

The problem, however, was quite inexplicable. Who had killed Professor Greer?

There, upon the end of the unfortunate man's watch-chain, were the two keys which he always carried, keys which held the secrets of his experiments away from the prying eyes of persons who were undesirable. Many of his discoveries had been worth to him thousands of pounds, and to public companies which exploited and worked them hundreds of thousands of pounds more. There, in that very room in which I stood, had the Greer process of hardening steel been perfected, a process now used in hardening the armour-plates of our newest Dreadnoughts. Yet the master brain which had thought out those various combinations, and by years of patience had perfected the result, was now before me, inactive and dead.

I shuddered at sight of that disfigured face, hideous in its limp inertness and horrible to the gaze. But Kershaw Kirk, his eyes narrower and his face more aquiline, continued his minute investigation of every object in the room. I watched him with increasing interest, noticing the negative result of all his labours.

"I shall return again to-morrow when it is light," at last he said: "artificial light is of little use to me in this matter. Perhaps you'll come with me again—eh?"

"I'll try," I said, although, to be candid, I was not very keen upon a second visit to the presence of the disfigured body of the Professor. I could not see why Kirk was so anxious to avoid the police and to keep the affair out of the papers.

"The body must be buried before long," I remarked. "How will you obtain a medical certificate and get it buried by an undertaker?"

"Mr. Holford," he said, turning to me with an expression of slight annoyance upon his face, "I beg of you not to anticipate difficulty. It is the worst attitude a man can take up—especially in trying to solve a problem such as this. The future kindly leave entirely with me."

At that moment I was fingering a small test tube containing some thick grey-coloured liquid, and as I turned I accidentally dropped it upon the tiles with which the Professor had had the place paved. In an instant there was a bright flash, almost like a magnesium light, so brilliant that for a second we were both blinded.

"I wonder what that was?" he remarked, startled by the result. "One must be careful in handling what the dead man has left behind."

"Evidently," I said; "we cannot tell what these various experimental apparatus and tubes contain. Therefore we should handle them delicately."

And I bent to the table to examine another tube containing some bright red crystals held over an extinguished spirit-lamp by a brass holder, an action which my companion, I noticed, watched with a curious expression.

Was it suspicion of myself?

"Well, my dear friend," he exclaimed suddenly as he stood beside the table, "the problem is, as you see, rendered the more difficult of solution by the inexplicable fate which has overtaken the Professor's daughter. Here is a man against whom, as far as we know, nobody in the world had a grudge, who receives a telegram which he is careful to destroy, makes a preconcerted signal at his drawing-room window, and goes upon a journey to Edinburgh. We know that he went, for the conductor recollects asking if he would take an early cup of tea. Again, he received his daughter's telegram and replied to it. Yet at the same time he was in Edinburgh he was in this very room behind two locked doors of which he alone had the key, the victim of a brutally murderous attack! These doors were locked, and to enter here both he and the assassin must have passed through the boudoir within a yard or so of his daughter."

"Is there no other means of access except through the boudoir?" I asked. "Have the windows been examined?"

"Yes; all the windows were screwed down on the inside. To-morrow, in the light, you shall satisfy yourself. I must come here to search for any finger-prints," was his hasty reply. "When I caused these doors to be opened, I was careful not to allow the locksmith to see that any tragedy had occurred. The man was paid, and went away in ignorance. Yet when Miss Ethelwynn realized the

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th she was as one demented. At she refused to leave the place, I persuaded her, and she went her maid to her aunt's. I im- d upon her the value of silence, she gave me her word that she d say nothing of what had oc- red."

What about her maid Morgan?"

She is ignorant of the truth," he with a grim smile. "Well, this ing, it appears, the dead man's ghter returns in secret, enters her latch-key the house where father is lying, removes her hat fully, and then—"

Yes," I said. "And then? What you believe occurred?"

He was silent, his deep-set eyes neast in thought.

Well, I—I hardly know what to k," he declared. "It almost seems though she shared the same fate her father. That horrible dis- uration is most remarkable."

"Her entry here in secret and the strange fate that has overtaken her creases the mystery tenfold!" I de- clared. "Why didn't she call An- onio?"

"Perhaps that was her intention, but she was prevented," suggested my friend. And I saw that his glance was fixed upon me curiously, as though he were deliberately gauging my character and intelligence.

"But to me it appears as though her intention might have been to reach the laboratory unobserved," I said. "She may, indeed, have been up here for aught we know to the contrary."

"I hardly think so. She was far too horrified at sight of the body of her father, to whom she was so de- voted. The scene when she saw him dead was very painful."

"But might she not have been in- duced to return by morbid curiosity?" I suggested. "You've already told me that she was beside herself with grief."

"Well," he replied, with a sigh and a final glance across to where the dark object was huddled in the op- posite corner, "no purpose, I think, can be served by remaining here longer to-night. We must return in the morning. I only brought you here in order that you might fully understand the exact problem now be- fore us. Come along."

"But I don't see, Mr. Kirk, how it is possible for me to help you. I'm quite a novice in this kind of thing," I said.

"You are not a detective. If you were, I should not seek your aid," he snapped, as he led the way to the door and switched off the lights. "I know you think it rather strange that I have not called a doctor and the police, and had a post-mortem, and allowed the newspaper reporters to 'work up' a big sensation; but, as I've already told you, our success de- pends upon absolute secrecy. The affair is a startling one to you, no doubt; but if you were aware of what the tragedy really means you would be dumfounded. Why, the newspapers could make a world-wide sensation of it if only they got at the true facts; but they never will, I as- sure you—never."

"Then even I may not know the true facts?" I asked, as I stood with him again in the boudoir.

"As far as the tragedy is concern- ed, you already know them. They are just as I have told you. But there are other facts—facts concern- ing myself and also the Professor—which I am not permitted to divulge. They must," he added, "remain a secret."

"Well—if you are not perfectly frank with me, Mr. Kirk," I protest- ed, "I cannot see how I can regard you as a sincere friend. This is a serious and complicated problem, in which you require my assistance in an endeavor to seek a solution. How can I form any conclusions or help you if you deliberately hold back from me some of the circumstances?"

"I have held back none," was his hasty response—"at least, none which have any bearing whatever upon the tragedy. It is of myself and my own connection with Greer that I am speaking. I was the first person call- ed, before there was even a suspicion of anything wrong. The fact is, the dead man trusted me implicitly."

"And, according to your showing, certain enemies of yours suspected the truth—that your friendship for the Professor was only feigned."

My companion looked me straight in the face with his narrow-set eyes, and replied:

"My dear Mr. Holford, what my enemies say was, I admit, perfectly correct. I have sought to conceal nothing. Greer believed that I was his friend, but I hated him. I had good cause to do so!"

The man's crafty eyes again met mine, and I saw in them an expres- sion which I had never noticed be- fore. Was it possible that he was the unknown assassin, and was only misleading me by clever and cunning devices?

I recollected that he had told me that the Professor had stolen from him some valuable secret. Well, if he did not fear the crime of retaliation being brought home to him, why did he not go openly and lay the facts before the police? His evasive re- plies and thin excuses appeared to be utterly ridiculous. In my foolish ig- norance I still believed Kershaw Kirk to be an ordinary individual much like myself. The remarkable truth had not then been revealed to me—as it was later.

We descended to the dining-room, where Antonio and his brother Pietro were still watching beside the couch whereon lay the poor girl who had met with such a strange and inexpli- cable fate.

Kirk again knelt beside her, and for a long time searched for any wound she might bear. But he found none.

"Remember, Antonio, no person must enter this house under any pre- text whatever," my companion order- ed. "You are responsible."

"No one shall know anything, sig- nor," replied the man. "Morgan and the maids are all in ignorance—for you, signore, kept it so cleverly from them."

"A woman never can keep a secret," Kirk answered sharply, "and if we are to fathom the mystery of your master's death not a word must leak out. You know what I have told you."

"I recollect, signore," the man re- plied. And, using the Italian oath, he said, "I have promised you, upon the tomb of my sainted mother."

"Then close this room, and with your brother keep a watchful vigil until to-morrow."

And we both went out, and were soon running in the car back towards Bedford Park.

Arrived at his house, he insisted that I should enter for a "night-cap," it being then just past three o'clock. Therefore, reluctantly, I accompanied him within.

In his study a tantalus-stand and glasses were upon the table. He had thrown off his overcoat, and was about to pour me out some whisky, when the telephone bell suddenly rang. He put down the glass, and, walking to the instrument, answered the summons.

"Hulloa? Yes?" he said.

Then, as he listened intently, his face blanched. He spoke some quick words in German, which, unfortu- nately, I could not follow. They seemed like instructions.

Again he listened, but suddenly whatever he heard so appalled him that the receiver dropped from his thin, nerveless fingers, and with a low, hoarse cry he staggered across to his big grandfather chair, near which I was standing, and sank into it, rigid, staring, open-mouthed.

If ever guilt were written upon a man's face, it assuredly was written upon that of Kershaw Kirk at that moment.

(To be Continued.)

Friends With the World.

THE World has played fair with me
(And I with the World, I trust!)—
Broken no pact nor plight;
No wrong but Love could adjust;
Or, if fight we must,
We ever shook hands with a will,
At the end of the fight.

If a Better World there be—
Let be! I can only say,
Here I have found delight
That steads me upon my way,
Going out with day. . . .
I have been good friends with you World—
Good night, good night!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's Weekly.

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Mrs. Newbride—Boohoo! Henry threw a biscuit at me. One that I made myself, too! Mother—The monster! He might have killed you! —The United Presbyterian.

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OTTAWA, DEC. 9, 1909.

A wedding, more interesting than usual, as both bride and groom are particular favorites in Ottawa society, took place at Buena Vista, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, when their only daughter, Miss Lilias Ahearn, was married to Mr. Harry Southam, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Southam, of Hamilton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Herridge, of St. Andrew's Church, and was very quiet, the guests being limited to the relatives of both families and two or three of the more intimate girl friends of the bride. She wore her going-away costume, which was of old rose checked tweed. It was fashioned in panel effect over a bodice of spotted net of the same hue, the long coat having cuffs and revers of rose velvet, and a large beaver hat with long willow plumes. A magnificent diamond necklace, the groom's gift, sparkled round her throat, and a large bunch of lily of the valley gave a bridal touch to this very smart and effective toilette. Neither bride nor groom had attendants. The decorations consisted of hundreds of snowy 'mums, which were in evidence throughout the various rooms, and fragrant white roses arranged in crystal vases on the table, which was covered with Venetian lace. Mr. and Mrs. Southam left on the five o'clock train for New York, where the honeymoon will be spent, and on their return will occupy apartments at The Aylmer for the winter. The wedding gifts included a mahogany chest of table silver from the bride's parents; a silver tea and coffee service on a massive silver tray from Mr. and Mrs. William Southam, the groom's parents; a grandfather's clock of antique design in mahogany from the groom's three brothers, the Messrs. Wilson, Gordon and William Southam; a diamond and emerald pendant, sent from Italy by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ahearn, who are in Europe on their honeymoon; an exquisite set of Venetian lace doilies and centre piece from Mrs. Wilson Southam, besides several choice oils and water colors, and many articles both useful and ornamental in silver, cut glass, brass and china.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey and Lady Evelyn Grey left on Thursday morning for Montreal, His Excellency going on to Amherst, N.S., to officiate at the opening of the winter fair, while Her Excellency and Lady Evelyn went to New York to spend a week. Captain and Mrs. Ramsden, of London, England, were guests at Government House for a couple of days during the week en route home after a very enjoyable tour round the world.

Luncheons have had their full share of attention as usual, especially toward the week-end. Mrs. Fred Booth was the hostess at a large one, when her guests included twenty-five of the brightest girls and young matrons, who later in the afternoon enjoyed an interesting game of bridge. Mrs. R. L. Borden gave one of her very pleasant "sessional" luncheons, which she every year makes so successful, her guests being on this occasion Mrs. George E. Foster, of Toronto; Mrs. and Miss Lancaster, of St. Catharines; Mrs. Cloran, of Montreal; Miss Maddin, of Sydney, N.S.; Miss McColl, of Cobourg; Mrs. Sexsmith, of Peterborough; Mrs. David Henderson, of Acton; Mrs. Herron, of Pincher Creek, Alta.; Mrs. and Miss Wright, of Huntsville; Miss Marjorie Lennox, of Barrie, and Miss Wallace, of Woodbridge, all of whom are spending a portion of the winter in Ottawa.

Mrs. Norreys Worthington, wife of the Member of Parliament for Sherbrooke, entertained at bridge one evening at her pretty apartments in The Aylmer, in honor of Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, of Toronto, those invited to meet her being Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Pringle, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mr. Justice Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fauquier, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Broderick, Lord Lascelles, Capt. Newton, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Mrs. John Hodgins, Mr. Lloyd Harris, M.P., and Mr. H. Stanton. Mrs. Arnoldi was also the guest of honor at a small luncheon given by Mrs. Edward Fauquier. Other bridge hostesses who entertained at the end of the week were Mrs. George Cunningham, Mrs. William Saunders and Mrs. Archie May. The Misses Selwyn, of Gilmour Street, gave a most enjoyable little "Bridge" at the beginning of the week, when four tables of young people had an interesting game, and Mrs. Ralph Pierson was another hostess who invited a number of her friends to an afternoon bridge party, followed by a tea.

Mr. Leveson-Gower, who is sailing for England on the 11th, has been recently the special guest of several farewell gatherings. One of these was a dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmour entertained, and another was given at the Country Club by Mr. C. Berkeley Powell on Monday evening.

The wives of the various Cabinet Ministers, who are this year receiving together instead of as in the past, each receiving at her own home, held their weekly reception on Monday at the residence of Mrs. W. S. Fielding, wife of the Minister of Finance, and in spite of the rather threatening weather had a great many visitors.

The fact of the Senate having adjourned until January the 12th has given the senators a chance of retiring to their respective homes for the Christmas season, and there has this week been quite an exodus from town.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, whose marriage took place recently in the Capital, arrived in town from their honeymoon on Saturday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer at Rockcliffe until Tuesday, when they left for their home in Toronto.

Mrs. Clifford Sifton entertained at a very prettily appointed luncheon on Tuesday, the 7th, when her guests included Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Mrs. Colin McIsaac, Mrs. T. B. Flint, Mrs. Congdon of Dawson, Yukon, Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, Mrs. Ralph Smith of Nanaimo, B.C., Madame Roy of Edmonton, Mrs. McAllister of Sussex, N.B., Mrs. George May, Mrs. Augustus Power, Mrs. J. G. Rutherford, Mrs. Black of Windsor, N.S., and Mrs. J. P. Featherton.

THE CHAPERON.

SOCIETY

Captain H. A. C. Machin, M.P.P., Kenora, Mrs. Machin and daughter, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Radcliffe of the Bank of Montreal, North Toronto, returned home Thursday evening accompanied by Rev. Canon Machin, Captain Machin's father.

Mrs. E. A. Calvert, of 34 Huntley street, has gone to Atlantic City for six months.

Mrs. Durkin, Hazelton avenue, announces the engagement of her daughter, Margaret, to Mr. Robert M. Keating, of Saskatoon. The marriage will take place in Winnipeg in January.

Mrs. Charles Sampson, of Chicago, is coming to town for Christmas, which she will spend with her parents in Rusholme road.

The masqued costume dance given by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley on Monday evening was a great success, the young people entering into the sport of the hour and presenting some excellent representations of queer folk, gentle and simple, and even savage with much taste and fidelity. Seldom has a more appalling Maori chief done the social act than was Mr. Hotchbriss, nor a more perfectly gotten up Pochohontas than Miss Kammerer, even to the wee beaded mocassins in which she danced so gracefully. Mr. Alley was a glorious Toreador in cerise satin, green velvet and gold. Mrs. Alley was his Spanish sweetheart, and looked a picture in her gay costume. Miss Ruth Alley was a Spanish dancer with tambourine, and Miss Gladys Alley a tall and graceful Desdemona, with a cap of pearls resting on her curls, and a Venetian gown of soft white figured silk edged with pearls. Two Nuplutos, two Irishmen, a dainty Minnehaha, a quaint Crawford, a huge Buster Brown, a doll and several babies, two little Maarken girls, a pair of fascinating follies with "fools" to match them, Senoritas and damosels, an excellent Chinaman, a graceful Galatea, a mysterious Mantilla, a delightful girl in old-time gown and bonnet, copied from an old painting, Summer with roses and Night with stars, cook with linen suit and cap, and officers in uniform, students, cavaliers and queens all jostled in a rich *melange* of color and style. The refreshments were served in the supper room from a table pretty with scores of pink shaded lights and flowers. The cosy parlors and upstairs dressing room were much appreciated by patrons of the Metropolitan, and the always good floor in the dance-room was even too slippery on Monday. The music was splendid, and everything went so well that hosts and guests were in a very happy mood when farewells were said. The guests were largely the college friends of the Misses Alley. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alley and Mr. Harry MacMillan were the only ones who were not in fancy dress, but who joined heartily in the fun of the hour.

THE EVENING PAPER The News MOST PEOPLE READ

VOGUE

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Toronto's Home Paper

Daily in

The News

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the most satisfactory cold-weather shoes you have ever worn. Regal leathers keep the cold out and at the same time are light and comfortable to the feet. Regal *quarter-sizes* give you the same *exact* fit as the most expensive custom-built shoes.

The new styles in our Women's Regal Shoes have a dainty charm and grace that will win your instant approval.

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Cream Bonbons, Glace Nuts, Opera Bars, Peppermint Wafers, Maple Walnut Cream, and over sixty varieties of Chocolates.

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Walter B. Walby. Proprietor.

Better quality on the table — less work in the kitchen

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Quick Puddings

Have made "Made in Canada" mean something.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free.

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in very little time and almost no trouble at all.

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Samples on Request. Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and dealer's name and address.

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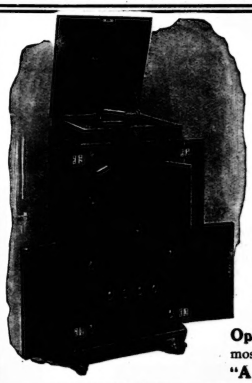

THE VICTROLA

is the greatest advance made in sound reproducing instruments since the Victor was invented. **The Victrola** is complete in itself. No unsightly horn. The sounding board surface amplifies and reflects the tone waves and the melody issues from behind the modifying doors, loud or soft, as desired. The lower section contains albums for 150 records. The great **Grand Opera Artists'** voices are most faithfully reproduced.

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The whole household derive pleasure from it. Open Saturday Evening.

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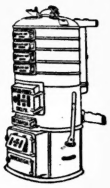

The **'Sovereign' Hot Water Boiler**

Made by the **TAYLOR-FORBES** Company, Limited GUELPH, CANADA.

Instal a "Sovereign" hot water furnace. It will heat all parts of the house equally and comfortably, and supply abundance of hot water for bath and kitchen as well. The "Sovereign" is the boiler for ready installation. It is built in separate sections so that no tearing down of cellar walls or partitions is necessary. It saves the coal. There is no house heating apparatus available that will give a better heat radiation per ton of coal.

Ask your plumber for an estimate for installing a 'Sovereign' in your house. It may be done without upset or confus on.

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Social Affairs in Hamilton

HAMILTON, DEC. 9, 1909.

MRS. F. H. WHITTON, South Bay street, was recently the hostess at a very bright and charming reception given to introduce her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Corbett Whitton, one of the season's brides, who looked very pretty and graceful in her wedding gown with corsage bouquet of orchids and lilies of the valley. Mrs. Whitton wore a becoming gown of blue with Irish lace, and bouquet of violets. The tea-table was centred with Killarney roses, circled by candles with soft pink shades. Mrs. J. M. Lottridge, Mrs. C. J. Jones, Mrs. George Vallance and Mrs. Slater presided, assisted by a bevy of pretty girls, among whom were Miss Edna Greening, Miss Charlotte Balfour, Miss Agnes Climie, Miss Acres and Miss Langmuir, Toronto. Some of those present were Mrs. Willard, Mrs. H. M. Watson, Mrs. Lynch-Staunton, Mrs. K. Hobson, Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mrs. Sumner Scott, Mrs. Breckenridge, Mrs. S. Barker, Mrs. Fenwick, Mrs. K. Bethune, Mrs. K. A. Robertson, Mrs W. Hendrick, Mrs. Van Allen, Mrs. George Rennie, Mrs. D. Storms, Mrs. John Moodie, Mrs. Charles Graham, Miss Agnes Hobson, Mrs. S. O. Greening, Mrs. D. R. Mills, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. W. Marshall, Mrs. Acres, Mrs. C. Wilcox, Mrs. John Moodie, Miss Moodie, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. W. Spratt, Mrs. Myler, Mrs. Carscallen, Mrs. K. A. Lucas, Mrs. W. Southam, Mrs. Hope, Miss Balfour, Miss Jeannette Lewis, Miss Dorothy Gates, Miss Reba Kittson, Miss B. MacDonald, Miss Elsie Forbes, Miss Violet Grant, Miss Wilcox, Miss Isabel Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Eckford, of Alberta, arrived at the Holmstead this week, and will spend the Christmas season with Mrs. Hendrie, going on early in the New Year to the South of France.

Mrs. Peterson, of Calgary, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Watson, Duke street.

Mrs. Gillard is spending this week in Toronto with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Southam, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Southam, Mrs. St. Clair Balfour and Mr. Gordon Southam, attended the wedding of Mr. Harry Southam in Ottawa.

Buffet luncheons seem to be as popular as ever, and these informal entertainments are by no means on the wane. Mrs. J. M. Eastwood was the hostess of one last week, about thirty guests being present. Among them were Mrs. James Turnbull, Mrs. John Crerar, Mrs. W. E. Sanford, Mrs. Lyle, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Backus, Mrs. James White, Mrs. Paul Myler, Mrs. Almon Abbott, Mrs. Merrick, Mrs. William Hendrie, Mrs. George F. Glassco, Mrs. W. A. Wood, Mrs. John Calder, Mrs. Gartshore, Mrs. William Gibson (Beamsville), Mrs. Mackie, Mrs. S. O. Greening, Mrs. Alex Beasley, Miss Gartshore and the Misses Hobson.

Dr. and Mrs. Allan Baines, Toronto, spent the week-end, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh C. Baker, Herkimer street.

Miss Dorothy Campbell, the British lady champion golfer, will spend some time in Hamilton, as she has decided to reside in Canada. At present she is the guest of Miss Florence Harvey, Robinson street.

Miss Violet Crerar has returned from a visit to Bronxville, N.Y.

Miss Douglas Young returned this week from Clifton Springs, N.Y.

Mrs. Hendrie Leggat left last week for Vancouver. During her visit here she was the *raison d'etre* of many charming entertainments.

Mrs. John Counsell has returned from London, and has quite recovered from her recent illness, and has settled her "Lares and Penates" in her Duke street residence.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Walker, Chicago, are guests of Mrs. K. T. Steele, Charlton avenue.

Mrs. Crawford Scadding has been the guest of Mrs. Hobson, Bay street, for a fortnight, and has been a much feted guest.

Two of our debutantes, Miss Kate Thomson and Miss Emma Vallance, attended the Bal Poudre at the King Edward, Toronto. Miss Constance Turnbull was also among the guests.

KATRINE.

A Song.

O YOU beautiful land,
Deep-bosomed with beeches and bright
With the flowery largesse of May
Sweet from the palm of her hand
Out-flung, till the hedges grew white
As the green-arched billows with spray.

White from the fall of her feet
The daisies awake in the sun!
Cliff-side and valley and plain
With the breath of the thyme growing sweet
Laugh, for the Spring is begun,
And Love hath turned homeward again.

Where should the home be of Love,
But there, where the hawthorn-tree blows,
And the milkmaid trips out with her pail,
And the skylark in heaven above
Sings, till the West is a rose
And the East is nightingale?

There where the sycamore trees
Are shading the satin-skinned kine,
And oaks, whose brethren of old
Conquered the strength of the seas,
Grow broad in the sunlight and shine
Crowned with their cressets of gold.

Deep-bosomed with beeches and bright
With rose-colored cloudlets above:
Billowing broad and grand
Where the meadows with blossom are white
For the foot-fall, the foot-fall of Love.
O you beautiful land!

How should we sing of thy beauty,
England, mother of men,
We that can look in thine eyes
And see there the splendor of duty
Deep as the depth of their ken,
Wide as the ring of thy skies.

O you beautiful land,
Deep-bosomed with beeches and bright
With the flowery largesse of May
Sweet from the palm of her hand
Outflung, till the hedges grew white
As the green-arched billows with spray,
O you beautiful land.

—From "Drake, an English Epic," by Alfred Noyes.

ARE YOU GOING SOUTH OR WEST THIS WINTER?

Now is the time to plan your trip to California, Mexico, Florida, or the Sunny South. Consult nearest Grand Trunk Agent regarding low tourist rates. Toronto City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Sts. Phone Main 4209.

Few of us have the courage to put the small apples at the top of the barrel.—Life.

The Provision Dealer's Wife (getting ready to attend a local function): "Now, Mary Jane, tell me, how does it look?"
Mary Jane (a good girl, but tactless, and over-used to the sight of the master's stock): "Oh, Mum, you look bee-utiful—just like one o' them lovely Christmas 'ams."

TEA FLAVOR

Tea acquires a flavor under the peculiar climate of Ceylon that cannot be acquired anywhere else on earth. The delicate fragrance and delightful aroma of

"SALADA"

will please you. Buy a package to-day from your grocer. You'll like it!

The Ideal Christmas Gift

A VICTOR or BERLINER GRAMOPHONE

with a dozen of the latest Victor or Red Seal Records. No other gift will furnish so much amusement for so long a time as a Victor or Berliner Gramophone. Come and hear all the new December Records in our Gramophone parlors. Ask to hear the new Caruso Records, and don't fail to see the Victrola Cabinet Machine, ranging from $150 to $300.

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A Christmas Present

Which Brings Happiness To Family And Friends For Many Years To Come

There is no entertainer like the Victor

Whether a few friends stop in, or you invite a whole house full of company, or whether you are all alone in the evening, the Victor is just the entertainer you need.

It brings to you the magnificent voices of the greatest operatic stars, the stirring music of celebrated bands and orchestras, the liveliest dance music, solos and duets on your favorite instrument, beautiful sacred music, the latest song hits, minstrel shows—the best entertainment of every kind by the world's best talent.

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New Double Faced Records 90c for the two

COMPLETE STOCK OF

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Taylor's

Jap Lily Perfume

Jap Lily is our greatest triumph in perfumes. It has a most delightfully exotic odor that brings you the breath of the choicest blossoms that grow in the far-off "Flowery Kingdom." Jap Lily is just the perfume that refined women will like. It is powerful but it is not offensively strong—just a drop or two is all you need and the odor is wonderfully persistent. Your druggist has Jap Lily. Try it. You will be delightfully pleased.

John Taylor & Co., Ltd. Toronto, Canada

[13]

EATON'S

SINGLE VASE
$12.50

ODD CUP & SAUCER
$3.00

Dear to Every Woman's Heart

The beautiful and artistic in Chinaware is held in high regard by all, and in the affection of the connoisseur Coalport China assumes first place; it therefore receives especial consideration from our Chinaware section

The dinner set illustrated at lower right—an "open stock" pattern—is of rich Cobalt blue, separated by clusters of delicate pink flowers and green foliage on a pure white surface, elaborate gold tracings and scroll patterns forming an excellent combination. Each piece is finished with the Gadroon edge heavily covered with burnished gold. A very useful set of 84 pieces. Price, $287.10.

This set may be purchased piece by piece at any time, so that broken articles may be replaced—or the complete set gradually acquired.

The famous Indian Tree Coalport pattern is adequately represented, as shown by this price-list:—

5 in. plates, 50c. each; 6 in. plates, 60c. each; 8 in. plates, $1 each; 7 in. soup plates, 85c. each; Tea cups and saucers, 75c. each; Ramakins, 85c.; A.D. Coffee cups and saucers, 75c.; Breakfast cups and saucers, $1.00; Bouillon cups and saucers, $1.00 each; Chocolate pots, $3.75; Cream jugs, 60c. and 85c.; Egg cups, 65c. each, Egg sets $4.25, fruit saucers 40c. each.

In our "open stock" pattern Dinner-ware, are such world-renowned makes as Royal Chelsea, Royal Doulton, Crown Derby, and Adderly.

Our odd fancy-china includes Coalport, Dresden and Wedgewood.

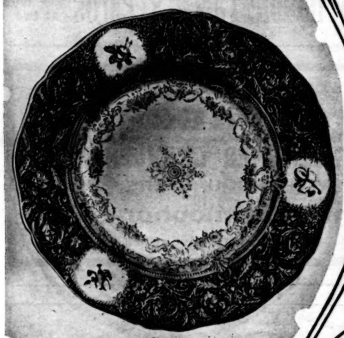
Ornamental pieces are to be found in Amphora-ware, genuine Terra Cotta, Royal Doulton and Royal Bond.

Particularly during the Christmas season odd pieces of fancy china are of special interest; this announcement illustrates five very handsome examples from a very complete assortment.

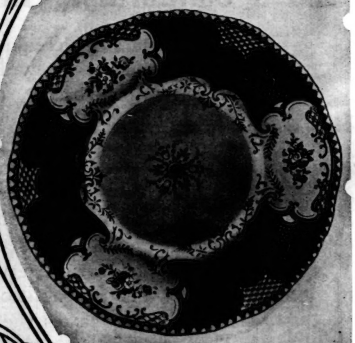
PRICE
$2.75

SINGLE PLATE
$45.00

ODD PLATE
$6.00



ODD PLATE
$75.00



COBALT BLUE
84 PIECE SET
$287.10

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